

Ind 1567
1564
23. 8. 20
12. 2. 4
p26

Witty plea=

saunt and profita=
ble workes of mai=
ster Skelton,
Poete Lau=
reate.

Henry Grene
William Browne

Nowe collected and
newly published.

ANNO
1568.



A

Imprinted at London in Fleetestreate,
neare vnto saint Dunstones
churche by Thomas
Marshe.

Salve plus decies q̄ sunt momenta dierum,
Quot generū species, quot res quot nomina rerū,
Quot prati flores, quot sunt in orbe colores,
Quot Pisces, quot aues, quot sunt in equore naues,
Quot volucrū penne, quot sunt tormenta gehēne,
Quot cœli stelle, quot sunt in orbe puella,
Quot sancti rome, quot sunt miracula thome,
Quot sunt virtutes, tot vobis mitto salutes.

If flouth and fract of time,
(that wears eche thing a way)
Should rust and canker worthy artes,
Good works would soen decay.

If suche as pze sent are,

For goeth the people past:

Our selus should soen in silence slepe,

And loes renom at last.

No soyll noz land so rude,

But som odd men can shoe:

Than should the learned pas vnkno wne,

whoes pen & skill did floe.

God sheld our flouth wear sutch,

Oz world so simple nowe:

That knowledge scaept without reward,

Who sercheth vertue thro we

And paints forth vyce a right,

And blames abues of men:

And shoes what lief desearues rebuke,

And who the pza yes of pen.

You see howe forayn realms,

Aduance their Poets all:

And ours are drowned in the dust,

Oz flong against the wall.

In Fraunce did Marrot raigne,

and neighbour thear vnto:

Was Petrark, marching full with dantte,

Who erst did wonders do

Among

Among the noble Grekes,
Was Homere full of skill:
And where that Ouid nozish was,
The soyll did flourish still.
With letters hie of stile,
But Virgill wan the fraes,
And past them all for deep engyn,
And made them all to gae
Upon the bookes he made,
Thus eche of them you see
Wan prayse and fame and honoz had,
Eche one in their degre.
I pray you then my friendes,
Disdaine not for to vewe:
The workes and sugred verses fine,
Of our raer poetes newe
Whoes barbarous language rued,
Perhaps ye may mislike,
But blame them not that ruedly playes
If they the ball do strike.
For skorne not mother tunge,
Whabes of englishe breed,
I haue of other language seen,
And you at full may reed.
Fine verses trimly wrought,
And couct in comly sort,
But neuer I nor you I troe,
In sentence plaine and short.

Wd yet beholde wth eye,
In any foraine tonge:
A higher verse a flatter style,
That may be read or song.
Than is this daye in dede:
Our englishe verse and ryme:
The grace wherof doth touch y gods,
And reach the cloudes sometime.
Thozow earth and waters deepe,
The pen by skill doth passe:
And featly nypps the worldes abuse,
And shoes vs in a glasse,
The vertu and the vice,
Of enry wyght a lyue:
The hony combe that bee doth make,
Is not so sweete in hyue.
As are the golden leues,
That drops from poets head:
Which doth surmount our comō talke
As farre as dros doth lead.
The flowre is sifted cleane,
The bran is cast aside.
And so good corne is knowne from chaffe,
And each fine graine is spide.
Peers plowman was full plaine,
And Chausers sprēt was great:
Girle Surry had a goodly bayne,
Lord Claus the marke did beat.

Ans

And Phaer did hit the pꝛicke,
In thinges he did translate:
And Edwards had a special gift,
And diuers men of late.
Hath helpt our Englishe tounge,
That first was baes and bzute
Ohe shall I leaue out Skeltons name,
The blossome of my frute,
The tree wheron in deed,
My bzanchis all might groe,
For Skelton wore the Lawzell wreath,
And past in schoels ye knoe,
A poet for his arte,
Whoes iudgment suer was hie,
And had great pꝛacties of the pen,
His works they will not lie.
His terms to taunts did lean,
His talke was as he wzaet:
Full quick of witte, right sharp of words,
And skilfull of the staet.
Of reason riep and good,
And to the haetfull mynd:
That did disdain his doings still,
A skoznar of his kynd.
Most pleasant euery way,
As poets ought to be:
And seldom out of Princis grace,
And great with eche degre.

A. ity.

Thus

Thus haue you heard at full,
What Skelton was in deed:
A further knowledge shall you haue,
If you his bookes do reed,
I haue of meer good will,
Theas verses witten heer:
To honour vertue as I ought,
And make his fame apier.
That whan the Garland gay,
Of lawzel leaues but laet,
Small is my pain, great is his prayes,
That thus sutch honour gaet.

Finis q Churchyarde.

hormas B

*Workes of Skelton newly collected
by I. S. as foloweth.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 The crowne of law-
rel. | 21 En parlement a
Paris. |
| 2 The bouge of court. | 22 Epitaphes of two
knaues of dise. |
| 3 The duke of Albany | 23 Lamentation for
Porwiche. |
| 4 Speake parrot. | 24 Against y Scottes. |
| 5 Edward the fourth. | 25 Praise of y palmtre |
| 6 Against the Scottes | 26 Bedel quōdā Belial. |
| 7 Ware the hawke. | 27 The dolorus death
of the Lord Percie
Erle of Northum-
berlande. |
| 8 Howe euery thinge
must haue a time. | 28 Epitaphium Mar-
garete countisse de
Derbi. |
| 9 A prayer to the fa-
ther of heauen. | 29 Epita. Hen. septi. |
| 10 To y second person. | 30 Eulogium pro suo-
rum temporum. |
| 11 To the holy ghost. | 31 A parable by Wil-
liam Cornishe in y
Flēte. |
| 12 The tunning of C-
linour Humming. | 32 Against venem- is
tongues. |
| 13 The relucēt mirro-
r | 33 Of Calliope. |
| 14 Why come ye not
to court. | |
| 15 Colyn Clout. | |
| 16 Philip sparowe. | |
| 17 Of a comly Cope-
crowne. | |
| 18 Upō a deadmās hēd | |
| 19 To maistris Anne. | |
| 20 Of thze fwoles. | |

A Rectyng my syght towarde the zodiake
The signes. xij. for to beholde a farre
Whan Mars retrograunt reuerfed his backe
Lorde of the yere in his orbicular
Put vp his sworde, for he coude make no warre
And whan Lucina plenary dyd shyne
Scorpion ascendyng degrees twyle nyne

In place alone, than musyng in my thought
How all thing passeth, as doth the somer flowre
On euery halfe my reasons forthe I sought
Howe often fortune varyeth in an houre
Now clere wether, forth with a stormy shoure
All thynge compassed, no perpetuyte,
But now in welthe, now in aduersyte.

So depely drowned I was in this dumpe
Encraumpysht so soze was my conceyte
That me to rest, I lent me to a stumpe
Of an oke, that somtyme grewe full streyght
A myghty tre and of a noble heyght
Whose beaute blasted was wth the boysters winde
His leaues losse, the sappe was from the rynde.

Thus stode I in the fytthy forest of Balthres
Enswoked with sylt of the myrry mole
Where hartes belluyng embosed wth distress
Ran on the raunge so longe, that I suppose
So as men can tell where the hynde calfe gose.
For he fal y^e forster that so wel can bate his hounde
But of my purpose now turne we to the grounde
A. whyles

CWhylis I stode musynge. in this meditacion
In slumbrynge I fell, and halfe in a slepe
And whether it were of ymaginacion
Or of humors superflue, that often will crepe
In to the brayne by dzyngyng ouer depe
Or it proceded of fatall perswasion
I can nat tell you what was the occasion

But sodaynly at ones as I me aduysed
(As one in a trans or in an ertasy)
I saue a pauplyon wonderfly disguised
Garnysshed freshe after my fantasie
Embachyde with perle and stones preciously
The ground engrosed and bet with bournie gold
That passynge goodly it was to be holde

Within that a princes excellent of porte
But to recounte her riche abilyment
And what estates to her dyd resoꝛte
Wherto am I full insuffycient
A goddesse immortall she dyd represent
As I harde saye Dame Pallas was her name
To whom supplied the royall quene of fame

The quene of fame to dame Pallas.

Princes most pulant of hygh preeminence
Renowned lady aboue the sterre heuyn
All other transcendynge of very congruence
Madame regent of the sciences leuyn
To whose state all noblenesse most lenen
My supplicacion to you I arrete
Wherof I beseeche you to fendre the effecte.

That bntremembred it is vnto your grace
Howe ye gaue me a ryall commaundement
That in my courte Skelton shulde haue a place
Bycause that he his tyme studiously hath spent
In your seruice: and to the accomplyshement
Of your request, registred is his name
With laureate triumphe in the courte of Fame

But good ma dame the accustome and vsage
Of auncient poetes ye wote full wele hath bene
Them selvs to embusy with all their hole corage
So that theyr workes myght famously be sene
In figure wherof they were the laurell grene
But howe it is, Skelton is wunder slacke
And as we dare we fynde in hym a lacke

For ne were onely he hath your promotion
Out of my bokes full soone I shulde hym rase
But sithe he hath taiked of the sugred potion
Of Heliconis well: refreshed with your grace
And wyll nat endeuour hymselfe to purchase
The fauour of ladys with wordes electe
It is syttynge that ye must hym correcte.

¶ Dame Dailas to the quene of Fame.

The sum of your purpose, as we are aduysed
Is that our seruaunt is some what to dull
Wherin this answere for hym we haue cōprised
He we ryuers ren nat till the sprynge be full
Better a dūme mouthe than a brayneles scull
For if he gloriously publyshe his matter
It... men wyll saye howe he doth but flatter.

A.ii.

And

And if so him fortune to write true and plaine
As somtyme he must vices remorde
Than some wyll say he hath but lytell brayne
And how his wordes with reaso wil nat accorde
Beware, for wytyng remayneth of recorde
Displease nat an hūdrd for one mānes pleasure
Who wyrteth wysely hath a great treasure.

Also to furnyshe better his excuse
Quide was banysshed for such a skyll,
And many mo, whom I coude endure.
Iuuenal was thzet parde for to kyll
For certayne inuectiues: Yet wrote he none yll
Sayinge he rubbed some vpon the gall,
It was not for hym to abyde the triall.

In general wordes I say nat greatly nay
A poet somtyme may for his pleasure taunt
Spekyng in parables, howe the fox, the grey
The gander, the goole, and the huge oliphant
Went with the pccocke agaynst the fesaunt
The lcsarde came leaping and sayd that he must
With helpe of the ram lay all in the dust.

Yet druerse there be industriouse of reason
Som what wolde gadder in their coniecture
Of suche an endarked chaptre some season
Howe be it, it were harde to cōstrue this lectre
Sophisticated craftely is many a confecture
An other mannes mynde diffuse is to expone
Yet harde is to make but some faute be foune.
The

The queene of fame to dame Dallas
M Adams with fauor of your benigne suffraunce
Unto your grace thā make I this motiue
Wherto made ye me hym to auance
Unto the rowme of laureat promotiue?
Or wherto shulde he haue the prerogatiue
But yf he had made some memorzall
Wherby he myght haue a name immortall:

To passe the tyme in sloughfull ydelnesse
Of your royall palais it is nat the gyse
But to do somwhat eche man doth hym dresse
For howe shulde Cato els be called wyse
But that his booke, whiche he dyd deuyse
Recorde the same? Or why is had in mynde
Plato, But for that he lefte wytyng behynde

For men to loke on: Aristotille also
Of philosophers called the principall.
Olde Diogines, with other many mo
Demosthenes that oratour royall
That gaue Eschines suche a cordiall
That banished was he through his propoſicion
Agaynst whome he coude make no contradiction.

To Dame Dallas to the queene of fame
Soft my good syſter, & make there a pauses
And was Eschines rebuked as ye ſay?
Remember you well, poynnt well that clause
Wherefore than rased ye nat away
His name? Or why is it I you praye,
That he to your court is goynge and commynge
Sith he is ſalaundred for defaute of counnyng?

The Durne of fame to dame Pallas.
MA dame your apposelle is well inferred
And at your auantage quickly it is
Touched: and harde for to be barred
Yet shall I answere your grace as in this
With your refozmacion if I say amis
For but if your bounte dyd me assure
None argument els could nat longe endure

As touchyng that Eschines is remembred
That he so shulde be, me semeth it syttyng
All be it great parte he hath surrendred
Of his honour, whose dissuasyue in wyttynge
To corage Demosthenes was moche excitynge
In settynge out fresshely his crafty persuation
From whiche Eschines had none euasion

The cause why Demosthenes so famously is
Onely proceded, for that he did outray (bruted
Eschines: whiche was nat shamefully confuted
But of that famous oratour I say
Whiche passed all other: wherfore I may
Amonge my recordes suffre him named. (med
For though he wer vāquished yet was he nat sha

As Hierome in his preāble frater Ambrosius
From that I haue sayd in no poynt doth vary
Wherin he reporteth of the coragious
Mordes, that were moche consolatory
By Eschines reherled, to the great glory
Of Demosthenes, that was his vtter so
Fewe shall ye fynde or none that wyll do so.

Dame

Dame Dallas to the quene of Fame.

A thanke to haue ye haue well deserued,
your mynde y can maynteyne so apparētly
But a great parte yst ye haue reserued
Of that must folow than consequently
Or els ye demeane you inordinatly
For if ye laude hym, whom honour hath opprest
Than he that dothe worst is as good as the best.

But whom y ye fauour, I se well hath a name
Be he neuer so lytell of substaunce
And whom ye loue nat, ye wyll put to shame
Ye counterwey nat euynly your balaunce
As well folp as wysdome oft ye do auauunce
For reporte ryseth many dyuers wayes
Some be moche spoken of for makynge of trapes

Some haue a name for thefte and bybery
Some be called crafty, that can pyke a purse
Some men be made of for their mockery
Som careful cokolds, soe haue their wiues curse
Som famous witwoldes, & they be moche worse
Som litherons, som losels, som naughty packes
Som facers, som byacers, som make gret cracks.

Some dronke dastards with their dyve soules
Some sluggyshe slouens y slepe day and night
Knot and Keuell be in your courte roules
A iutenauce & Discheke these be men of myght
Ertozcion is counted with you for a knyght
These people by me haue none assignement
Yet they ryde and renne from Carlill to Kent.

But lytell oꝛ nothyng ye shall here tell
Of them that haue vertue by reson of counnyng
Whiche soueraynely in honoure shulde excell
Men of suche matters make but mummyng
Foz wysdome and sadnesse be set out a sunnyng
And suche of my seruautes as I haue promoted
One faute oꝛ other in them shalbe noted

Either they wyll say he is to wyse
Or elles he can nought but whan he is at scole
Proue his wytte sayth he at cardes oꝛ dyce
And ye shall well fynde he is a very fole
Twyshe, set hym a chayer oꝛ reche hym a stole
To syt hym vpon, & rede Iacke a thꝛ umis bibil
Foz truly it were pite that he sat idyll.

The quene of Fame to Dame Dallas.

I make repugnāce againe that ye haue said
Of very dutie it may nat well accorde
but your benign suffrāce foz my discharge I laide
Foz that I wolde nat with you fall at discorde
But yet I beseeche your grace that good recorde
May be brought forth suche as can be founde
w laureat triuphe why Skeltō shulde be croude,

Foz elles it were to great a derogacion
Unto your palais our noble courte of Fame
That any man vnder supportacion
Without deseruing shulde haue the best game
If he to the ample encrease of his name
Can lay any warkes that he hath compiled
I am content that he be nat exiled

From

From the laureat senate: by force of proscription
Or elles ye knowe well I can do no lesse
But I must bannyssh the hym fro my iurisdiction
As he that aqueynteth hym with Idelnesse
But if that he purpose to make a redresse
What he hath done let it be brought to syght
Graunt my petition, I aske you but ryght.

¶ Dame Pallas to the quene of F am:

¶ To your request we be well condiscended
Call forth, let se where is your clarionar
To blowe a blaste with his longe bzyeth extended
Colus your trumpet that knowen is so farre
That bararag bloweth in euery marciall warre
Let hym blowe now, that we may take a belwe
What poetes we haue at our retynewe.

¶ To se if Skelton wyll put hym selfe in pzease
Amonge the thickest of all the hole route
Make noise ynoughe, for claterars loue no peace
Let se my sylster, now spede you, go aboute
Anone I say this trumpet were founde out
And for no man hardely let hym spare
To blowe bararag, tyll both his eien stare.

¶ Skelton poeta.

F Or the with there rose among the throng
A wonderfull noyse, and on euery syde
They pzed i fast, some thought thei wer to log
Some were to hasty, and wolde no man byde
Sue whispzed, sue rowned, sue spake, & som cride
With heuyng and thouyng, hane in and haue out
Some ran the next waye, some ran about.

A. b.

There

There was supnge to the quene of Fame
He plucked him backe, and he went afoze.

Pay hold thy tūge q an other let me haue y nās
Make rowme said an other ye prese all to soze
Som sayd, holde thy peas y gettest here no moze
A thousande thousande I saue on a plumpe
With that I harde the noyse of a trumpe

That longe time blew a full tymorous blaste
Like to the Boziall wyndes, whan they blowe
That tolowes, and towne, and trees dāwne cast
Droue clowdes to gether like dryftes of snowe
The dredeful dinne droue all the route on a row
Som trēbled, som girned, som gasped, som gased
As people halfe peuissh oz men that were mased

Anone all was whyshste, as it wer for y nones
And eche man stode gasyng & star yng bpo other
With that there come in wonderly at ones
A murmur of minstrels, that suche an other
Had I neuer sene, some softer some lowder
Orpheus the Thracian harped melodiously
With Amphion, and other musis of Archady.

Those heuenly armony was so passing sars
So truly propozcioned, and so well dyd gree
So dully entuned with euery measure
That in the forest was none so great a tre
But that he daunced for ioye of that gle
The huge myghty okes them selve did auauunce
And lepe from the hilles to lerne for to daunce

In so

In so much the stumpe, wherto I me lente
Sterte all at ones an hundred fote backe
With that I sprange vp towarde the tent
Of noble dame Pallas, wherof I spake
Where I saue came after I wote full litel lacke
Of a thousande poetes assembled to gether
But Phebus was forrest of al. that came theder

Of laurell leaues a cronell on his heed
With heares encrisped yolowe as the golde
Lametyng Daphnes, whom w the darte of lede
Cupide hath stryken so that she ne wolde
Concente to Phebus to haue his harte in holde
But for to preserue her maydenheed clene
Transformed was she into the laurell grene.

Medled with murning y most part of his muse
O thou gaffull harte, was euer moze his songe
Daphnes my derlyng why do you me refuse?
Yet loke on me, that leued you haue so longe
Yet haue compassion vpon my paynes stronge
He sange also, howe the tre as he did take
Betwene his armes he felte her body quake

Then he assurded into this exclamacion
Unto Diana the goddes immortall
O merciles ma dame harde is your consellacion
& so close to kepe your cloyster virginall
Enharded adyament the sement of your wall
Alas what ayle you to be so ouerthwart
To banyshe pite out of a maydens harte:

Why

Why haue the goddes shewed me this cruelte:
Sith I contrpyed first pziniples medycinable
I helpe all other of their infirmyte
But nowe to helpe my selfe I am not able
That profitteth all other is nothinge profitable
Unto me, alas that herbe nor gresse
The feruent ares of loue can not repress.

O fatall fortune what haue I offended:
Odious disdayne why raist þ me on this facyon:
But sith I haue lost nowe that I entended
And may nat atterne it by no mediacion
Yet in remembraunce of Daphnes trāsformation
All famous poets ensuyng after me
Shall weare a garlande of the laurell tre

This said, a great nombze folowed by and by
Of poetes laureat of many diuerse nations
Parte of their names I thynke to specifie
First olde Quintilian with his Declamations
Theocritus with his bucolicall relations
Hesiodus the Icononucar,
And Homerus the freshe historiar.

Prince of eloquence Tullius Cicero,
With Salust agaynst Lucius Catiline
That wrote the history of Jugurtha also,
Daide enshryned with the Musis nyne,
But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne
Of cluisters engrosed with his ruddy flotes
These oratozs & poetes refreshed their throttes.
Lucan

Lucan with stacius in Achilliedos
Percius pzeded forth with problemes diffuse
Virgill the mantuan with his enridos
Iuuenall satirray that men makythe to muse
But blessed Bacchus the pleasant god of wyne
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy flotes
These orators & Poetes refreshed their throttes

There Titus L. inius hym selfe dyd auaanee
With decadis historious which that he mēgleth
With maters y amout the Romayns in substance
Ennius that wrote of marciall warre at length
But blessed Bacchus potenciall god of strengthe
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators & poetes refreshed their throttes.

Aulus Gellius that noble historiar,
Orace also with his newe poetry
Maister Terence the famous comicar,
With Plautus that wrote many a comedy
But blessed Bacchus was in their company
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators & poetes refreshed their throttes.

Senec full sobzely with his tragedies,
Boece recomforted with his philosophie,
And Maximiane with his madde ditties,
Howe dotynge age wolde iape with yonge foly
But blessed Bacchus most reuerent and holy
Of clusters engrosed with his ruddy dropes
These orators & poetes refreshed their throttes.

There

There came John Boccas in his bolues grete
Quintus Cursius full craftely that wrote
Of Alexander: And Macrobius that did treate
Of Scipiōs dreame what was the true probate
But blessed Bacchus that neuer man forgate
Of clusters engroled with his ruddy dropes
These orators & poetes refreshed their throttes.

Bogius also that famous florentie
Mistred there among the with many a mad tale
With a frere of Fraunce men call Syr Gaguine
That frowned on me full angerly and pale
But blessed Bacchus, that bote is of all bale
Of clusters engroled with his ruddy dropes
These orators & poetes refreshed theyr throttes.

Plutarke and Patrarke two famous clarkes
Lucilius and Valerius Maximus by name
with Vincētius in speculo y wrote noble warkes
Propertius and Pisandros poetes of noble fame
But blessed Bacchus that maistrise oft doth frame
Of clusters engroled with his ruddy dropes
These notable poetes refreshed theyr throttes.

And as I thus sadly among them aduysed
I saw Gower, y first garnished our englishe rude
And maister Chaucer, that nobly entreprised
How y our englishe myght freschely be ennewed
The monke of Bury than after them ensued
Dane John Lydgate: these englishe poetes thre
As I ymagened repayzed vnto me.

To

To gether in armes as bretherne embased
Their apparell farre passing beyond y I can tell
w diamantes & rubies their taberdes were trased
None so riche stones in Turkey to sell
They wanted nothyng but the Laurell.
And of their bounte they made me goodly chere
In maner and forme as ye shall after here.

Master Gower to Skelton.

Brother Skelton your endeuorment
So haue ye done, that meretoziously
Ye haue deserued to haue an enplement
In our collage aboue the sterre skye
Bycause that ye encrease and amplifie
The bruted Britons of Brutus Albion
That welnere was lost whā that we were gone

Porta Skelton to Master Gower.

Master Gower I haue nothyng deserued
To haue so landabyle A commendacion
To yow thze this honoz shalbe reserued
Arrectinge vnto your wyle examinacion
How all that I do is vnder Refformacion
For only the Substance of that I entend
Is glad to please and loth to offend.

Master Chaucher Lawyat poete to Skelton.

Cunterwaying your busy diligence
Of that we beganne in the supplement
Enforced are we you to recompence
Of all our holle collage by the agreement
That we shall byynge you personally present
Of noble Fame before the quenes grace
In-whose courte poynted is your place.

Poeta

¶ Poeta Skelton answereth

O Noble Chaucer, whose pullished eloquence
Our englische rude so freshely hath set out
That bounde are we with all due reuerence
With all our strengthe that we can bryng about
To owe to you our seruice, & more if we mowte
But what shulde I say, ye wote what I entende
Whiche glad am to please, and loth to offende.

¶ Maister Lydgate to Skelton.

So am I preuēted of my bretherne twayne
In rendryng to you thanks meretory
That welnere nothyng there doth remaine
Wherwith to gyue you my regraciatory
But that I poynt you to be protonotory
Of James courte, by all our holle assent
Auaunced by Pallas to laurell preferment.

¶ Poeta Skelton answereth.

So haue ye me far passyng my merites extolled
Maister Lydgate of your accustomable
Bounte, and so gloriously ye haue enrolled
My name. I knowe well beyōde that I am able
That but if my warkes therto be agreable
I am elles rebuked of that I entend
Whiche glad am to please and loth to offende

So Finally, whā they had shewed their deuise
Under the forme as I sayd before
I made it straunge, and drewe backe ones or twice
And euer they presed on me more and more
Tyll at the last they forced me so sore
That wth them I went where they wold me bryge
Unto the pauplyon, where Pallas was sytting.

¶ Dame

Of Lawrell

Danie Pallas comāded y they shuld me couay
In to the riche palace of the quene of Fame,
There shall he her e what she to hym will say
Whan he is called to answere to his name,
A crye anone forthwith she made proclame,
All orators and poetes shoulde thider go before
With all the pzease that there was lesse & more.

Forthwith I say: thus wādring in my thought
Howe it was, or elles within what howres
I can nat tell you, but that I was brought
In to a palace, with turrettes and towres
Engalared goodly with halles and bowres
So curiously, so craftly, so cōnyngly wrought
That all the worlde I trowe and it were sought

Suche an other, there could no man fynde
Wherof partly I purpose to expounde
Whyles it remayneth freshe in my mynde
W turks and grossolites enpaued was the ground
Of birral enboised were the pyllers round
Of elephantes tethe, were the palace gates
Enlosenged with many goodly plates

Of gold: entached with many a precious stone
A hundred steppes mountynge to the halle
One of iasper, an other of whales bone,
Of diamantes poynted, was the Rokky wal.

The crowne

The carpettes within and tappettes of pall
The chambzes hanged with clothes of Arace
Enuanted with rubies y v aute was of this

Thus passed we forth. walkyng vnto y pretory
Wher y postis wer e bulioned w saphirs idy blew
Englased glitteryng with many a clere story
Facietes & smaragdes out of y florth they grew.
Vnto this place all poetes there dyd sue
Wherin was set of Fame the noble quene
All other transcendyng most richely besne

Vnder a glorious clothe of estate
Fret all with orient perles of Garnate
Encrowned as emperesse of all this worldly fate
So ryally, so richely, so passyngly orzate
It was excedyng beyonde the comune rate
This house environ was a myle about
If. xii. were let in. xii. hundred stode without

Thā to this lady and souerayne of this palace
Of pursuantes ther p̄sented i w many diuers tale
Some were of Poyle, and some were of Thrace
Of Lymeryk, of Lorei, of Spaine, of Portugale
From Papuls, frō Pauern, and frō Kouceuale
Some from Flaunders, some fro the see coste
Some frō the maine lāde, some fro the frēch host.

with

Of Lawrell

With how doth y north, what tydiges i y south
The west is wyndy, the East is metely wele
It is harde to tell of enery mannes mouthe
A slypper holde the taylor is of an ele
And he halteth often that hath a kyby hele
Sue shewed his safeconduct, sue shewed his chart
Some loked ful smothely, and had a fals quart.

With sir I praye you a litell tyme stāde backe
And let me come in to delyuer my letter
An other tolde, howe shyppes went to wracke
There were many wordes smaller and greater
With I as good as thou, I faith and no better
Some came to tell treuthe, some came to lye.
Some came to flatter, some came to spy,

There were I saye of all maner of sortes
Of dertmouth, of plymouth, of portesmouth also
The burgeis and the bayliues of the. v. portes
With nowe let me come, and nowe let me go
And all tyme wandred I thus. to and fro,
Tyll at the laste these noble poetes thre
Unto me sayd, lo syz nowe ye maye se,

Of this hyghe courte the dayly busynes
From you must we, but nat longe to tary
..Lo hither cometh a goodly maistres
Occupacion, James regestary.

The crowne

Whiche shalbe to you a scuerayne accessory
With singular pleasures to dryue away y tyme
And we shall se you agayne or it be pryne.

Whā they wer past, & went forth on their way
This gentilwoman, that called was by name
Occupacion, in ryght goodly araye
Came towarde me, and smyled halfe in game.
I saue her smyle, and than I dyd the same
With that on me she cast her goodly loke
Under her arme me thought she had a boke.

Occupacion to Skelton.

L Pke as the lارke vpon the somers daye
Whā Titā radiāt burnisheth his beemes bryght
Mounteth on hye, with hir melodius laye
Of the son shyne engladed with the lyght
So am I supprised with pleasure and delyght
To se this houre nowe, that I may saye
Howe ye are welcome to this court of araye

Of your aqueryntaūce I was in tymes paste
Of studious doctrine whan at the port salu
Ye fyrst arryued, whan broken was your masse
Of worldly trust, than dyd I you reskew
Your storme dryuen shyp I repared newe
So well entaled, what wynde so euer blow
No stormy tempest your barge shall ouerthrow

Wel

Of Lawrell

Welcome to me as hertly as herte can thinke,
Welcome to me with all my holle desyre
And for my sake spare neyther pen nor ynke
Be well assured I shall aqute your hyre.
Your name recoūtyng beyonde the land o Tirc
From Sydony to the mount Olympian
From Babyll towre to the hils Caspian.

¶ Skelton o eia anly ereth.

I Thanked her moche of her most noble offer
Affiauntyng her myne hole assuraunce
For her pleasure to make a large profer
Empyntyng her wordes in my remembraunce
To owe her my seruice with true perseueraunce
Come on with me she said, let vs nat stande
And with that worde she toke me by the hande

So passed we forth into the forsayd place.
With such comunicacion as came to our mynde
And than she sayd, whyles we haue tyme & space
To walke where we lyst, let vs somewhat fonde
To passe the time with, but let vs wast no wynd
For ydell Janglers haue but lytell bzayne
Wordes be swordes and harde to call agayne

Into a felde she brought me wyde and large
Enwalled about with the stony flynt
Strongly enbateld muche costious of charge
To walke on this wal, she bid I should nat stint

The crowne

Go softly she said, the stones be full glynt
She went befoze and bad me take good holde
I sawe a thousande yates newe and olde

Than questioned I her what these yates ment,
Wherto she answered, and byefly me tolde
Howe from the East vnto the Occident
And from the South vnto the North so colde,
These yates she said, whiche that ye beholde
Be issues and portes from all maner of nacions
and seriously she shewed me their denominaciōs

They had wytynges some greke, some ebrew,
Some Romayne letters as I vnderstode
Some were olde wryten, some were wrytē new,
Sūe carectis of Caldoy, some frēche was ful good
But one gate specially, where as I stode
Had grauen in it of Calcidony a capitall. A.
What gate call ye this? and she sayd Anglia

The buyldyng therof was passing cōmendable
Wherō stode a lybbard crowned w gold & stones
Terrible of countinaunce, & passing formidable
As quickly touched as it were fleshe and bones
As gaily that glaris, as grimly that gronis
As fierly frownyng as he had ben fyghtyng
And w his forme fote, he shoke forth this writig.

Of Lawrell

Cacosinthon ex industria.

*Formidanda nimis Iouis ultima fulmina tollis
Vnguibus ire parat loca singula liuida curuis
Quam modo per Phœbes nummos raptura Celeno;
Arma, lues, luctus, scilicet, luis fraus barbara tellus
Mille modis erras odium tibi querere martis.
Spreto spineto cedat saluunca roseto.*

Than I me lent and loked ouer the wall
Innumerable people pzed to euery gate
Shet were y gates, they might wel knocke & cal
And turne home agayn, for they came al to late
I her demaunded of them and their astate
Forsothe q the, these be haskardes & rybaudes
Dicers, carders, tumblers with gambaudes.

Forbzers of loue, with baudzie anneynted
Brapneles blynkardes that blowe at the cole
Falle forgers of money for coynnage atteynted
Pope holy hypocrites as they were golde & hole,
Poule hatchettes y prate well at euery ale pole
Kyt, reueler, rayler, brybery, thefte,
With other condicions that well might be lefte.

Sue sayne the self soles, & wold be called wyse
Soe medling spies, by craft to grope thy minde
Some disdaynous daucockes that al men dispise
False flatterers that faune the, & cures of kynd
B.iiii. That

The crowne

That speke faire before the, & shrewdly behynde
Whither they come crowding to get them a name
But hayled they be homwarde wth sorow & shame

With that I herde gunnes rushe out at ones
Bowes, bowes, bowes, that all they out cryde
It made some limpe legged & broised their bones
Some were made pyuysh the poyssibly pynke eyde
That evermore after by it they were aspyde
And one ther was there, I wondred of his hap
For a gunstone I say had all to lagged his cap.

Ragged and dagged and cunnyngly cut
The blast of the bymiston blew away his braine
Mased as a marche hare, he ran lyke a scut
And sir amonge all me thought I sawe twayne
The one was a tumbler that after ward agayne
Of a dyssour a devyll way grewe a sentilman
Perspater the seconde that quarelles began

wth a pellet of peuisshenes thei had such a stroke
That al h^{is} dayes of their lyf shal stick by their rib
Foo, foiky baudias som smelled of h^{is} smoke (bes
I saw diuers h^{is} were caried away thens i cribbes
Dasyng after dotrels lyke drunkardes h^{is} dribbes
These titivils wth taupins were touched & tapped
wroche mischef I hight you amog the ther happed

Somtyme as it semeth whan the mone lyght
By

Of Lawrell.

By meanes of a grosely endarked clovde,
Sodainly is eclipsed in the wynter nyght
In like maner of wyse, amytt dyd vs shrowde
But wel may ye thinke. I was nothyng proude
Of that auentures, whiche made me sore agaste
In darkenes thus dwelt we, tyll at the last

The clowdes gon to clere, the mist was rarified
In an herber I sawe brought where I was
There byrdes on the bzere sange on euery syde
With aleyes ensanded about in compas
The bankes enturfed with singular solas
Enrailed with rosers, and vines engraped
It was a new comfort of sorowes escaped

In the middes a cundite, y curiously was cast
With pypes of golde, engulshyng out streames
Of cristall, the clerenes these waters far past
Enswimming with roches, barbils, & breames,
Whose skales ensilured again the son beames
Englisterd: that ioyous it was to be holde
Than farthermore about me my sight I reuolde

Where I sawe growyng a goodly laurell tre
Enuerdured with leaue, continually grene,
Aboue in the top a byrde of Araby
Men call a phenix: her wynges byt wene
She bet vp a fyre with the sparkes fall kene

With

The crowne

luna spe
iosa in
aptis.

lota ex
illectiam
intutis
i oliu.

With brannches & boughes of the swete olyue
whose flagraunt flower was chese preseruatiue.

A geynst al infections, with rancour enflamed
Ageynst all baratours broisiours of olde
It passed all balumes that euer were named
Or gummes of Saby so derely that be solde
There blew in that garden a soft piplyng colde
Embreyng of zephirus with his pleasat wynde
Al frutes & flowres grewe there in their kynde.

Dryades there daunced vpon that goodly soile
With the nyne muses Pierides by name
Phyllis and Testalis there tresses with oyle
There newly enbybed: & rounde about the same
Grene tre of laurell, moche solacious game
They made w chapplettes and garlandes grene
And formest of al Dame Flora the quene

Of somer so formally she foted the daunce
Ther Cithous sat twinklyng vpo his harpestri-
And Topas his instrument dyd auaunce (ges
The poemes and stories auncient in bynges
Of Athlas astrology, and many noble thynges
Of wandryng of the mone the course of the son
Of men and of bestes, and whereof they begone,

What thyng occasioned the showres of rayne
Of

Of Lawrell.

Of fyre elementar in his supreme spere
And of that pole artike, whyche doth remayne
Behynde the tayle of vrsa so clere
Of Iliades he preched with their drowly there
Immovstred with mislyng and ay droppynge dry
And where the two trions a man shoulde espye.

And of the wynter dayes that hye theym so fast
And of the wynter nyghtes that tary so longe
And of the somer dayes, so longe that done lasts
And of their short nyghtes: he brought i his soge
How wroge was no right, & right was no wroge.
There was counter yng of carols i meter & i vers
So many, that longe in were to reherce.

Occupacion to Skelton.

Howe saye ye: is this after your appetite?
May this cōtent you & your mery mynde?
Here dwelleth pleasure, with lust and delyte
Continuall comfort here ye may fynde
Of welthe and solace nothyng leste behynde
All thyng couēably here is contrived
Whether with your sprites may be reuyed.

Poeta Skelton Answereth.

Questionles no doubt of that ye saye
Jupiter him selfe this life myght endure
This love excedeth all worldly sport and playe
Paradise, this place is of syngular pleasure
O well were hym that herof might be sure

And

The crowne

And here to inhabite, and aye for to dwell
But goodly maystres one thyng ye me tell

Occupacion to Skelton.

Of your demaunde shew me the content
What it is, and where vpon it standes
And if there be in it any thyng ment,
Wherof the answer restyth in my handes
It shall be losed ful sone out of the bandes
Of scrupulus doubt wherfore your mid discharge
And of poar will the playnnes shewe at large

Poeta Skelton answereth.

I thake you goodly maiestres to me most benign
That of your bountie so well haue me assured
But my request is nat so great a thyng
That I ne force what thoughe it be discured
I am nat wounded but that I may be cured
I am nat laden of lyddynes with lumps
As dased doterdes that dreame in their dumps.

Occupacion to Skelton.

Nowe what ye meane I trowe I coniect
God grue you good yere ye make me to smile
Nowe by your fayth is nat this the effect
Of your question ye make all this whyle
To vnderstande who dwelleth in yone pile
And what bludzer is voder y playeth diddill diddill.
He fyndeth false mesures out of his fonde fiddill

Inter

Of Lawrell

Interpolata (que industriusum postulat
interpretem) satyra in uatis
aduersarium.

Tressis Agasonis species prior, altera Daut.
Aucupium culicis limis dum torquet ocellum.
Concipit, aligeras rapit, opetit, spice muscas.
Mala quoque fouet, fouet aut que Iupiter, aut que
Frigida Saturnus, Sol, Mars, Venus, Algida Luna,
S' tibi contingat uerbo aut committere scripto
Quam sibi mox tacita sudant precordia culpas
Hinc ruit in flammis, stimulans hunc urget & illum
Inuocat ad rixas, uanos tamen excitat ignes.
Lacra mouens tacitus, rumpantur ut ilia Codro.

17. 4. 7. 2. 17. 5. 18.

18. 19. 1. 19. 8. 5. 12.

Nota Al
chimiam
& septē
metalla.

His name for to knowe if that ye lyst
Enuious Kancour truly he hight
Beware of him I warne you: for if ye wyte
Howe dangerous it were to stande in his lyght
ye wold nat deale wyth him thought y ye might.
For by his deuillische drift & graceles, prouision
An holle realme he is able to set at dyuision.

For whā he speketh fairest thā thiketh he most il
ful gloriously can he glose, thy mynd for to fele
He wyl sett men a feighting & syt him selfe styll
And smerke lyke a smythy cur at sperkes of stele
He

The crowne

He can neuer leane warke whyles it is wele
To tell all his touches it were to great wonder
The deuyll of hell and he be seldome a sonder

Thus talkig we went forth i at a postern gate,
Turning on the right hāde, by a wynding staire
She brought me to a goodly chambze of astate,
Where the noble countes of Surrey in a chaire
Satte honorably, to whom dyd repayze
Of ladyes a Beuy. with all dewe reuerence
Syt downe sayze ladyes and do your diligence

Come forth gentylwomen I pray you she said
I haue contrpyed for you a goodly warke
And who can worke best nowe shalbe assayd
A cronell of laurell with verdures light & darke
I haue deuised for Skelton my clerke
For to his seruyce I haue suche regarde
That of our bountie we wyll hym rewarde.

For of all ladyes he hath the library
Their names recountyng in the court of Fame
Of all gentylwomen he hath the scrutiny
In J. mes courte reportyng the same
For yet of women he neuer sayd shame
But if they were coutrefettes & women the call
That list of their lewdnesse with him for to bzal.

with

Of Lawrell

With þe tappettes & carpettes were layde
Wheron these ladies softly myght rest
The saumpler to sowe on, the laces to embzarde
To weaue in the stole some were full prest
With slaies, with tanelis, with hedelles wel drest
The frame was bzought forth w his weauig pin
God giue them good spede their warke to begin.

Some to embzowder put them in prease
Wel gydig their glottō to kepe streight their silk,
Some pyzlyng of golde their worke to encrease
With fingers sniale, & handes as white as mylk
With reche me that skayne of tewly sylke
And wynde me that botoume of suche an hewe
Greene, red, tawney, whyte, purple, and blewe,

Of brokē warkes wzoght many a goodly thig
In castyng, in turnyng, in florishing of flowres
With burres robogh and buttons surffyllyng
In nedyll warke raysyng byzdes in bowres
With vertue enbesed all tymes and howres
And truly of theyr bountie thus were they bent
To worke me this chaplet, by good aduise ment.

Occupacion to Skelton.

B. Holde and se in your aduertisement,
Howe these ladies and gentyl women all
For your pleasure do theyr edeuourment
And for your sake, howe fast to warke they fall

To

The crowne

To your remembraunce wherfore ye must call
In goodly wordes pleasauntly comprised
That for them some goodly concepte be deuised.

With p[ro]p[er] captacions of beneuolence
Ornatel[ly] pullyshed after your faculte
Sith ye must nedes afforce it by pretence
Of your profession vnto humanite
Commensyng your proces after their degree
To eche of them redyng thākes cōmendable
With setence fructuous, and termes couenable
Porta Skelton answereth.

Alansyng my selfe some thanke to deserue
I me determyned for to sharpe my pen
Deuoutly arrectyng my prayer to Minerue
She to bouche safe me to enforme and ken
To Mercury also hertely prayed I then
Me to supporte, to helpe, and to assyst
To gyde & to gouerne my dzedful trembling fitt

As a mariner that amased is in a stormy rage
Hardly be stad and dryuen is to hope
Of that the tempestous wynde will a swage
In trust wherof comfort his heart doth grope
From the anker he cutteth the gabill rope
Committeth al to god, and letteth his ship ryde
So I beseeche Iesu now to be my gyde
To the right noble countes of Surrey.

After

Of Lawrell

After all duly ordred obeyfaunce
In humble wyse as lowely as I maye
Unto you madame I make reconisaunce
My lyfe enduryng I shall both wyte and saye
Recounte, reporte, reherse without delaye
The passynge bountie of your noble estate
Of honour & worship which hath y^e former date.

Lyke to Argiua by iust resemblaunce
The noble wyfe of Polimites kynge
Prudent Rebecca, of whom remembraunce
The bible maketh, with whose chaste luyng
Your noble demenour is counterwayng
Whose passing bounte, and right noble estate
Of honour and worship it hath the former date.

The noble Paphitia quene of the grekes land
Habilimentes royall founde out industriously
Thamer also wrought with her goodly hande
Many diuises passynge curiously
Whom ye represent and exemplify
Whose passynge bounte and right noble estate,
Of honour and worship it hath the former date,

As dame Thamaris whiche toke the kyng of
Cyrus by name, as writeth the story. (Perse)
Dame Agrippina also I may reherse
Of gentill corage the parfite memory

The crowne

So shall your name endure perpetually
Whose passyng bounte and right noble estate
Of honour and worship it hath the former date.

Tom y lady Eilabet h Howarip

To be your remembrance madame I am bounde
Lyke to Aryna maydenly of porte
Of vertue & connyng the well and perfitt groude
Whom dame nature, as well I may reporte
Hath freshely enbeautied w many a goodly sorte
Of womāly fetures, whose flourishing tender age
Is lusty to lake on, plesaunt, demure, and sage,

Goodly Creseid: fairer than Polyrene
For to enuyne Pandarus appetite
Troilus I trowe, if that he had you sene
In you he wolde haue set his holle delyte
Of all your beaute I suffice nat to write
But as I sayd your flourishing tender age
Is lusty to loke on, plesaunt, demure, & sage.

Tom y lady Myrriall hawarde.

M I lytell lady I may nat leaue behynde
But to do you seruice nedes now I must
Benigne curteyse of gentill harte and mynde
Whom fortune and fate playnly haue discusst
I onge to enioye pleasure, delyte, and lust,
The embudded blossoms of roses redde of hewe
With lilies white your beauty doth renewe.

Com

Of Lawrell

Compare you I may to Cidippes the mayde
That of Aconclus whan she founde the byll
In her bosome, lorde howe she was afrayde
The ruddy shamefastnes in her bysage fyll
Whiche maner of abaschemēt became her not yll
Right so madame the roses redde of hewe
With lillies whyte your beuatie doth renewe
To my lady Anne Dakers of the south.

Zeusis that enpicted fayre Helene the quene
You to deuise his crafte were to seke
And if Apelles, your countenaunce had sene
Of porturature, which was the famous greke
He could not deuise the lest point of your cheke
Princes of youthe and flowre of goodly porte
Vertue, cunnynge, solace, pleasure, comferte.

Paregall in honour vnto Penelope
That for her trouth is in remembraunce had
Fayre Dianira surmountynge in beautie
Demure Diana womanly and sad
Whose lasty lokes make heuy hartes glad
Princes of youthe, and flowre of goodly porte
Vertue cunnynge, solace, pleasure, comferte.

To maistres Margary wentworthe.

With Margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantyll
As of your maydenhede.

The crowne

Playnely I can nat glose
Ye be as I deuyne
The praty primerose
The goodly columbyne.

With margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantill
Is of your mayden hede

Benygne, courteise, and meke,
With wordes well deuysed
In you who lyst to seke
Be vertues well compysed.

With margerain gentill
The flowre of goodly hede
Embrowdered the mantill
Is of your mayden hede.

*To maistres Margaret
Tylney.*

I you assure
Ful well I knowe,
My busy cure
To you I owe
Humbly and lowe
Commendyng me
To your bounte.
As Machareus

Fayre Canace
So I, I wys
Endeuoure me
Your name to se
It be enrolde.
Writen with golde
Whedra ye may
Well represent

Inten

Of Lawrell

Intentyue ay
And diligent
No tyme my spent
Wherfore delyte
I haue to wyte
Of Margarite

Perle orient
Lode sterre of lyght
Moche relucen
Ma dame regent
I maye you call
Of vertues all.

To maisters Iane Blenner- Haiset.

What thoughe my penne ware faynt
And hath smalle lust to parnt
Yet shall there no restraynt
Cause me to cease,
Amonge this prease,
For to encrease
Your goodly name.

I wyll my selfe applye
Truste me ententyuely
You for to stellifye
And so obserue
That ye ne swarue
For to deserue
Immortall fame.

Sith maistres Iane Haiset
Smalle flowres helpe to sette
In my goodly chappelet
Wherfore I rende, of her the memorie

The crowne

Unto the legende of sayre Leodomie.

To maisters Isabell Pennell.

By saynt Mary my lady
Pour mammy and your dady
Brought forth a goodly baby
My mayden Isabell,
Keflarynge rosabell.
The flagraunt cammamell,
The ruddy rosary,
Tho souerayne rosemary
The praty strawbery,
The columbyne, the nepte,
The ieloffer well sette,
The propre violet.

Ennewed your colowre
Is lyke the dasy flowre,
After the Aprile showre.

Sterre of the morowe grave,
The blossom on the spraye,
The freshest flowre of Maye.

Maydenly demure,
Of woman hede the lure,
Wherfore I make you sure,
It were an heuently helthe,
It were an endlesse welthe,
A lyfe for god hym selfe,

To here this nyghtyngale
Amonge the byrdes smale,

Of Lawrell

Warbelynge in the bale
Dug, dug, iug, iug,
Good yere and good lucke,
With chukke, chukke, chukke, chukke.

To maistres Margaret Hussey.

Mirry Margaret	Gentill as faucoun
As midsomer flowre	O2 hauke of the towre
Gentyll as faucoun	As patient & as styll
O2 hauke of the towre	And as ful of good wil
With solace & gladnes	As fayre Niphill
Noch mirth & no madnes	Coliander
All good and no badnes	Sweete pomaunder
So ioyously	Dood Cassander
So maydenly	Stefast of thought
So womanly	Wel made, wel wrought
Her demenyng	Far may be sought
In euery thyng	Erst that ye can fynde
Far, far passyng	So curteise so kynde
That I can endite	As mirry Margarete
O2 suffice to write	this midsomer flowre
Of mirry Margarete;	Gentyll as faucoun
As midsomer flowre	O2 hauke of y towre.

To maistres Geretrude
Statham.

Thoughe ye were harde harted
And I with you thwarted

The crowne

With wordes that smarted,
Yet nowe doutles, ye gyue me cause
To wyte of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With woman hede endude
With vertue well renude.

I wyll that ye shalbe
In all benignite, Lyke to dame Palsiphe.
For nowe doutlesse, ye gyue me cause
To write of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With wolwan hede endude,
With hertue well renude.

Partly by your counsell.
Garnysshed with laurell.
Was my freshe cozonell.
Wherfoze doutles
Ye gyue me cause
To write of you this goodly clause
Maistres Geretrude
With womanhede endude
With vertue well renude.

To maistres Isabell Knyght
But if I shoulde aquite your kyndnes
Els saye ye myght
That in me were great blyndnes
I for to be so myndles

And

Of Lawrell

And coulde nat wyte
Of Isabell knyght

It is nat my custome nor my gyse
To leaue behynde
Her, that is both womanly and wyse
And specially whiche glad was to deuyse
The meanes to fynde
To please my mynde.

In helpynge to warke my laurel grene,
With sylke and golde
Galathea the mayde wel besene.

Was neuer halfe so fayre as I wene
Whiche was ertolde, A thousande folde

By Maro the Mantuan prudent
Who lyst to rede,
But and I had leyser competent
I coude shewe you suche a president
In very dede, Howe ye excede.

Occupacion to Skelton.

Withdraue your hand, the time passeth faste
Set on your heed this laurell which is wrought
Here you nat Colus. for you bloweth a blaste
I dare well saye, that ye and I be sought.
Make no delay, for now ye must be brought
Before my ladys grace, the quene of Fame,
Where ye must brefely answer to your name.

Skelton Poeta.

C. v.

Casting

The crowne

CAsyng my syght the chambze about
To se howe duly, eche thyng in ordze was
Towarde the dore as we were comyng out
I sawe maister Newton set with his compass
His plummet, his pensell, his spectacles of glas
Deuylsynge in picture by his industrious wit
Of my laurell the proces euery whitte.

Fozth with vpon this as it were in a thought
Gower, Chawcer, Lydgate these thze
Before remembzed, me courteisely brought
Into that place, where as they leste me
Where all the sayd poetes sat in their degre
But whan they saw my laurell richely wzought
All other belyde were countrefet, they thought.

In comparison of that whiche I ware
Some preysed the perle, some the stones bzyght
Well was hym that therbpon might stare
Of this warke they had so great delyght
The sylke, the golde, the flowzes fresh to sight,
They sayd my laurell was the goodlyest
That euer they saw, & wzought it was the best,

In her estate there sate the noble quene
Of Fame, perceuyng howe that I was cum
She wondzed me thought at my laurell grene
She loked hautely, and gaue on me a glum
There was amoge them no word thā but mum

Of Lawrell

For eche mā herkened what she wolde to me say
Wherof in substance I brought this awaye.

The queene of Fame to Skelton.

My frende sith ye are before vs here present,
To answer vnto this noble audience
Of that shalbe reasoned ye must be content
And for as moche as by the hye pretence
That ye haue now by the preeminence
Of laureat triumphe, your place is here reserved
We will vnderstande howe ye haue it deserued.

Skelton porta to the queene of Fame.

Right high and mighty princes of astate
In famous glozy all other transcendyng
Of your bounte the customable rate
Hath ben ful often, and yet is attendyng
To all that to reason is condescendyng
But if hasty credēce by maintenaunce of myght
Fortune to stande betwene you and the lyght.

But suche euidence I thynke for to enduce,
And so largely to lay for myne indemnyte
That I trust to make mine excuse
Of what charge so euer ye lay against me
For of my bokes, parte ye shal se
Which in your recordes I know wel be enrolde
And so occupacion your Regester me tolde.

Forth with she comāded I shuld take my place
Calioys pointed me where I shoulde sit

with

The crowne

With that. Occupacion pleased in a pace
Be mirry she sayd, be nat a ferde a whit
Your discharge here vnder myn arme is it
So than comaunded she was vpon this
To shewe her boke: and she sayd here it is.

The quene of Fame to Occupacion.

Your boke of remembrance we wil now y^e ye rede
If any recordes in nombze can be found
What Skelton hath copiled and witten in dede
Rehersynge by ordze, and what is the grounde
Let se nowe for hym, howe ye can expounde
For i our court ye wote wel his name ca nat rise
But if he wyte oftener than ones or twyse.

Skelton Poeta.

With that of y^e boke losende were the claspes
The margēt was illumined al with golde railles
And bice enpicted, with grassoppes & waspes.
With butterflies, and freshe pecoche tailles.
Enflozed with flowres and slymy snayles,
Enuied pictures well touched and quickly
It wold haue made a mā hole y^e had be right sikly

To beholde, howe it was garnished and bound,
Encouerde ouer with golde of tissue fine
The claspes and bulliōs were worth a. D. poude
With balassis & carbūcles y^e borders dyd shyne
With aurum musicum euery other lyne
Was witten: and so she dyd her spede
Occupacion immediately to rede.

Of Lawrell.

Occupacion readeth and expoundeth some
part of Skeltōs boke and balades with
dities of pleasure: In asmoche as it
were to longe a proces to re-
herce by name, that
he hath com-
piled.

¶

Of your oratour and poete laureate
Of Englande, his warkes here they begyne
In primis the boke of Honozouse astate
Item the boke howe men shoulde fle synne
Item royall demenaunce, worshyp to wyne
Item the boke to speke well or be still.
Item to lerne you, to dye whan ye will.

Of vertue also, the souerayne enterlude
The boke of the roliar, prince Arthurs creation
the false faith y now goth which daily is renude
Item his dialogues of ymaginacion
Item Antomedon of loues meditacion
Item newe grammer in englishe compilled
Item Bouge of courte, where drede was begylled

His comedy, Achademios called by name
Of Tullis familiars the translation
Item good aduiselement that hzaineles doth blame
The

The crowne

The recule against Gaguine of the frech nation
Item the Poppingay, that hath in commendacio
Ladies and gentillwomen suche as deserued
And suche as be countrefettes they be reserued.

And of soueraintie a noble pamphlet.
And of magnificence a notable mater
Howe countrefet countenaunce of the new get
With crafty conueyaunce doth smater & flater
And cloked collusion is brought in to clater
With courtly abusio who pryteth it wel in minde
Much doublenes of y world therin he may finde.

Of manerly maistres Margery mylke and ale
To her he wrote many maters of myrth
Yet thoughe I saye it, therby lieth a tale
For Margery wynded & brake her hynder gyrt
Lorde howe she made moche of her gentill byrth
W gigerly go gingerly her taile was made of hay
So she neuer so gingerly her honestie is gone a-
(waye.

Harde to make ought of that is naked nought
This fustian maistres and this giggishe gale
Wonder is to write what wretches she wrought
To face out her folly with a mydsomer mase
W pttche she patched her pitcher should nat crase
It may well ryme but shrewdly it doth accorde
To pyke out honestie of suche a potthorde.

Patet

Of Lawrell.

Patet per uersus.

*Hinc puer hinc natus? uir coniugis hinc spoliatus
Iure thoric? est? fetus deli, de sanguine cretus.*

Hinc magis extollo, quod erit puer alter Apollo.

Si queris qualis? meretrix castissima talis.

Et rebus & ralis, & reliqualis

A good herynge of these olde talis

Fynde no mo such scom wanflete to walis

Et reliqua. omelia de diuersis tractatibus.

O f my ladis grace at the contemplacion

Dut of frenche into englische prose

Of mannes lyfe the peregrinacion

He dyd translate: interprete, and disclose

The treatise of triumphes of the redde rose

Wherin many stozies are bresely containned

That vntremembred longe tyme remagned.

The duke of Borkes creaücer whā Skeltā was

Howe Henry the. viij. kynge of Englande

A treatise he deuysed, and brought it to pas

Called *speculum principis*, to beare in his hande

Therin to rede, and to vnderstande

All the demenour of princely astate

To be our kynge of god preordinate.

Also the tunning of Elinoz Kunmyng

With Colin clout, John pue, with Josforth Jacke

To make suche trifels it asketh some counnyng

In

The crowne

In honest myzth parde requireth no lacke
The white appereth the better for the blacke
And after couueyaunce as the worlde gose
It is no foly to vse the walthemannes hole.

The vmbles of venison, the botels of wyne
To faire maistres Anne, that shuld haue be sent
He wrote therof many a praty lyne
Where it became, and whither it went
And howe that it was wantonly spent.
The balade also of the mustarde tarte
Suche problemes to paint it longeth to his arte.

Of one Adam all a knaue late dead and gone
Dormiat in pace like a dormous
He wrote an epitaph for his graue stone
With wordes deuout and sentence Egerdous
For he was euer agaynst goddes house
All his delite was to bzaule and to barke
Agayne holy church, the prest, and the clarke.

Of Philip sparowe the lamentable fate
The dolefull desteny, and the carefull chaunce
Deuised by Skelton after the funerall rate
Yet some there be there with that take greuaunce
And grugge therat with frowning cōtenaunce
But what of that: harde it is to please all men
Who lyst amende it, let hym set to his penne.

For

Of Lawrell

For the gyse now adayes,
Of some iangelynge dayes
Is to discommende
That they can nat amende
Thoughe they wolde spende
All the wittes they haue

What ayle them to depaue
Philippe sparowes graue
His dirige, her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrthe and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to myscontent
With Philipps enterement

Alas that goodly mayde
Why shoulde she be asfayde?
Why shoulde she take shame,
That her goodly name
Honorably reported,
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate, with ladies of astate?

I coniure the Philip sparowe
By Hercules that hell dyd harowe
And with a venemous arowe
Slewe of the Epidaurus
One of the Centaures

O Onocentaurus, O Hippocentaurus
By whose myght and mayne

The crowne

An hart was slayne with hoznes twayne
Of glitteryng golde, And the apples of golde
Of Hesperides with holde
And with a dragon kepte
That neuer more slepte
By marciall strength, He wan at length.

And slewe Gerione, With thre bodyes in one
With mighty corage, Adaunted the rage
Of a lyon sauage.

Of Diomedis stabyll, He brought out a rabill
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bounses

And with mighty luggynge
Wastelynge and tuggynge,
He plucked the bull, By the hozned scul
And offred to Cornucopia,
And so forthe per cetera

Also by Hecates bowes
In Plutos gastly towre.

By the vgly Eumenides,
That neuer haue rest nor ease
By the venemous serpent,
That in hell is neuer bzent.

In Lerua the grekes fen
That was engendred then

By Chemeras flames,
And all the deedly names,
Of infernall posty

Where

Of Lawrell

Where soules frye and rosty.

By the stygial flode, And the Acremes woode
Of Cocytus botomlesse well.

By the ferryman of hell

Caron with his berde boze
That roweth with a rude oze,
And with his frounsed fore toppe
Gydeh his bote with a proppe.

I coniure Philippe and call
In the name of kynge Saul.

Primo regum expres, He had the Phitones
To wytche crafte her to dres,
And by her abusions,
And damnable illusions,
Of merueylous conclusions,
And by her supersticions,
And wonderfull condicions,
She rayled vp in that stede
Samuel, that was dede.

But wheder it were so, He were *idem innumere*
The selfe same Samuel,
Howe be it to Saul he dyd tell
The Philistinis should hym askye
And the nerte daye he should dye,
I wyll my selfe discharge
To lettred men at large.

But Philip I coniure the
Powe by these names thre

The crowne

Diana in the woddes grene,
Luna that so bryght doth shene,
Proserpina in hell, That thou shortly tell
And shewe nowe vnto me,
What the cause may be, Of this perplexite,

*Inferias Philippe tuas sroupe pulcra ioanna
Instante pectus, cur nostri carminis illam
Nunc tudet est sero, minor est infamia Vero*

Than suche as haue disdayned,
And of this worke complayned,
I praye god they be payned
No worse than is containned
In verses two or thre,
That folowe as ye maye se

*Luride cur liuor Volucris pia funera damnas
Talia te rapiant, rapiunt quæ sata Volucrem,
Est tamen inuidia mors tibi continua.*

The groūting & h groining of h groning swyne
Also the Mournyng of the mapely rote
Howe the grene couerlet suffred great pyne.
When the flie net was set for to catthe a cote
Strake one with a byzobolt to the heart rote
Also a deuoute prayer to Moysses hornes
Betriſied merily, medled with scoznes.

Of paitantes that were played in ioyous garde
He wiste of a mow through a mud wall

Howe

Of Lawrell

Howe a doe cam trippynge in at the rere warde
But lord howe the parker was wroth with all
And of castell Angell the fenestrall
Glitteryng and glisteryng and gloriouly glased
It made some mennes eyen dasyld and dased.

The repete of the recule of Kosamides bowze
Of his pleasant paine there and his glad desires
In plantyng & plucking a propre ieloffer flowze
But howe it was, some were to recheles
Nat withstanding it is remedeles
What myght she say: what myght he do therto:
Though Jack sayd nay: yet moe ther lost her sho.

Howe than lyke a man he wan the Barbican
With a saute of solace at the longe last
The colour deedly, swart, blo, and wan
Of Creone her lambe is dede and past
The cheke and the necke but a shorte cast
In fortunes fauour euer to endure
No man lyuyng he sayth can be sure.

Howe dæ Minerva first found þe oliue tre, the red
& plated yet wher neuer before was noe, vnshred
An hynde vnhurt it by casuelte, nat bled
Recouerd whan the forster was gone, and sped
The hartes of the herd began for to grone, & fled
The houndis began to yerne and to quest: & died
D.iii. with

The crowne

With lyttell busines standeth moche rest. in bed.

His epitomis of the myller and his toly make
How her ble was bryght as blossom on the spray
A wanton wenche and well coulde bake a cake
The myllar was loth to be out of the way
But yet for all that be as be may
Whether he rode to Swalsham or to Some
The myllar durst nat leaue his wyfe at home

With wofully arayd and shamefully betrayde
Of his making deuoute medytacions
Vexilla regis he deuysed to be desplayde,
With Sacris solempnus, and other contemplacions
That in them comprised considerations
Thus passeth he the time both night and day
Somtime with sadnes, somtime with play

Though Galene and Dioscorides
With Hipocrates, and mayster Auicen
By theyr phislike done many a man ease
And though Albumasar can the enforme and ken
What constellacions ar good or bad for men:
Yet whan the raine raineth and y gose winketh
Litell wotteth y gosling what the gose thinketh

He is nat wise agayne the streame y striueth
Dun is in the mize, dame reche me my spar

Of Lawrell

Heddes must he ren that the deuill dyneth
Withan the stede is stolen sparre the stable dur
A gentyll hounde shoulde neuer playe the kur
It is soone aspyed where the thorne pricketh
And well woteth the cat whose berde she licketh

With Marione clarione fol lucerne
Grande iuir, of this frenche prouerbe olde
Howe men were wont for to discerne
By candelmas dape, what wether shoulde i holde
But Marione clariõe was caught in a colde
And all ouercast with cloudes unkinde
This goodly flowre with stormes was outwilde

This ieloffer getill, this rose, this lylly flowre,
This prime rose percles, this propre violet,
This delicate daisy, this straubery prately set,
This columbyne clere and freshest of coloure
With frowarde frostis alas was all to fret
But who may haue more vngacious life
Than a chilles byrde and a knaues wife?

Thinke what ye will	<i>Vxor tua sicut Vitis</i>
Of this wanton byll.	<i>Habetis in custodiam</i>
By Mary Gypcie	<i>Custodite sicut scittis.</i>
Quod scripsi scripsi	<i>Secundum Lucam. &c.</i>

Of y bone horns of Aschryge beside Barcastede
D.iiii. That

The crowne

That goodly place to Skelton most kynde,
where the sange royall is, Christis blode so rede
wherupon he metrifed after his mynde.

A plesāter place thā Ashurge is, hard were to fide
As Skeltō reherleth with wordes fewe & playne
In his Distichon, made on verses twayne.

Fraximus in cliuo frondet que Viret sine riuo.

Non est sub diuo similis sine flumini uiuo

The Pacion of soles he leste nat behinde,
Item Apollo that whirled vp his chare,
That made some to snurre and snuse in y wind
It made them to skip, to stampe, and to stare,
whiche (if they be happy) haue cause to beware
In rymynge and raylynge with him for to mell
For drede y he lerne them theyr A.B.C. to spell

Poeta Skelton

with that I stode vp, halfe sodaynly afrayde
Supplieng to Fame, I besought her grace
And that it wolde please her full tēderly I prayd
Out of her bookes Appollo to rase.

Pay syr she sayd, what so in this place
Of our noble courte is ones spoken out
It muste nedes after ren all the worlde aboute.

God wote these wordes made me full sad
And whan that I sawe it wolde no better be

But

Of Lawrell

But that my petition wolde nat be had,
What shoulde I do, but take it in gre:
For by Jupiter and his high maiestye,
I dyd what I coulde to scarpe out the scrolles
Apollo to rase out of her ragman rolles.

Nowe here of it erketh me lenger to wypte,
To Occupacion, I wyll agayne resort
Whiche redde on styll, as it came to her syght
Kendrynge my deuises I made in disporte
Of the mayden of Kent called comforte
Of louers testaments & of theyr wanton willis
And howe Jollas loued goodly Phillis.

Diodorus Siculus of my translation
Out of freshe latine into our englyshe playne
Recoūtyng comodites of many a strange nacion
Who redeth it ones wolde rede it agayne
Six volumes engrosed together it doth cōtayne.
But whan of the laurell she made rehersall
Al orators and poetes with other great and smal

A thousande thousande I trowe to my dome
Triumphat triumphat they cried all about
Of trūpettes & clariōs the noyse went to Rome
The sterre heuē me thought shoke with y shout
The ground groned & trēbled y uoyse was so stout
The quene of Fame cōmaūded, shet fast y booke

The Prologue to the

And therwith sodaynely out of my slepe I woke

My mide of the great din was sondele amased
I wyped myn eyen for to make them clere
Than to the heauen sphericall bpwarde I gased
Where I sawe Janus with his double chere
Makynge his almanak for the newe yere
He turned his tirickes his boluell ran fast
Good lucke this newe yere the olde yere is past.
*Mens tibi sit consulta petis? sic consule menti,
Emula sis Iani, retro speculetur et ante.*

*Skeltonis alloquitur librum suum.
Ite Britannorum lux o radios Britannum
Carmina nostra pium Vestrum celebrate Catullum
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Adonis erat.
Dicite Skeltonis Vester Homerus erat.
Barbara cum lacio pariter iam currite Versu.
Et licet est Verbo pars maxima texta Britanno,
Non magis incompta nostra Thalia patet:
Est magis inculta nec mea Caliope.
Nec vos poeniteat Inuoris tela subire.
Nec vos poeniteat rabiem tolerare caninam,
Nam Maro diff. miles non tulit ille minas,
Immunis nec enim musa Nasonis erat.*

Renouoy.

Go litell quaire
Demeane yon faire

Take no dispaire
Though I you wzate

Of Lawrell

After this rate
In englishe letter
So muche the better
Welcome shall ye
To some men be
For latin warkes
Be good for clarkes
Yet nowe and then
Some latin men
May happely loke
Upon your boke
And so procede
In you to rede
That so in dede
your fame may sprede
In lengthe and bzyde
But that I drede
you shall haue nede
you for to spede
To harnes bryght
By force of might
Agaynst enuy
And obloquy
And wote ye why
Pat for to fyght

Agaynst dyspyght
For to derayne
Batayle agayne
Scornfull disdayne
For for to chyde
For for to hyde
You cowardly
But courteisly
That I haue pende
For to defende
Under the banner
Of all good maner
Under protection
Of sad correction
With toleration
And supportacion
Of reformation
If they can spy
Circumspectly
Any worde defaced
That myght be raised
Els ye shall praye
Them that ye may
Continue still
With theyr good wyll.

*Ad serenissimam maiestatem regiam, pariter cū dñō
Cardinalilegato a latere honorificatissimo 1576.*

Lautre

The Prologue to the

Lautre enuoy.

Perge liber, celebrem pronus regem Venerare
Henricum octauum, resonans sua premia laudis.
Cardineum dominum pariter Venerando salutes,
Legatum a latere & fiat memor ipse precare,
Prebendæ quam promiser mihi credere quondam,
Meque suam referas pignus sperare salutis
Inter spemque metum.

Twene hope & drede

My lyfe I lede

Small sekernes.

But of my spede

Howe be it I rede

Both worde & dede

In noblenes.

Should be agrede

Dz els, &c.

The Prolgue to the Bouge

Of Courte,

In Autumpne whan the sonne in byrgyne
By radpante hete enrypped hath our corne
Whan luna full of mutabylte
As Emperes the dyademe hath woꝛne
Of our pole artyke, smyllynge halfe in scoꝛne
At our foly, and our vnstedfastnesse
The tyme whan Mars to warre hym dyd dres,
I cal

Bonge of Courte

I callynge to mynde the greate auctoryte
Of poetes olde, whiche full craftely
Under as couerte termes as coulde be
Can touche a trouth, and cloke subtylly
With freshe utteraunce full sentenciously
Dyuerse in style some spared not byte to wyte
Some of mortalitie nobly dyd endyte

Wherby I rede, theyr renome and theyr fame
Maye neuer dye, but euermore endure
I was soze moued to a forse the same
But Ignoraunce full soone dyde me dyscure
And shewed that in this arte I was not sure
For to Illumine she sayd I was to dulle
Aduyfynge me my penne awaye to pulle

And not to wyte, for he so well atteyne
Excedyng ferther than his connyng is
His heed maye be harde, but feble is brayne
Yet haue I knowen suche er this
But of reproche surely he maye not mys
That clymmeth hyer than he may fotinge haue
What and he slyde downe, who shall hym saue?

Thus vp & downe my mynde was drawen & cast
That I ne wyfte what to do was a beste
So soze enwered that I was at the laste
Enforst to slepe, and for to take some rest

And

The Prologue to the

And to lye downe as soone as I my dresse
At har wyche porte slumbrynge as I laye
In myne hostes house called powers keye

We thought I sawe, a shyppe goodly of sayle
Comie saylyng forth in to that hauen brood
Her takelyng ryche and of hye apparayle
She kast an anker and there she laye at rode
Marchauntes her borded to se what she had
There in they founde Royall marchaundyse
Fraghted with pleasure of what ye could deuise

But than I thought I wolde not dwell behynde
Arrange all other I put my selfe in prece
Than there could I none aquentaunce fynde
There was moche noyse anone one cryed cese
Sharpely comaūdyng eche man holde his pece
Maysters he sayd, the shyp that ye here se
The bowge of courte it hyghte for certeynte.

The owner therof is lady of estate
Whooes name to tell is dame saunce pere
Her marchaundyse is ryche and fortunate
But who will haue it muſte paye therfore dere
This royall chaffre that is shyped here
Is called fauoure to stonde in her good grace
Than should ye se there prestynge in a pace.

Bonge of Courte

Of one and other that wolde this lady se
Which sat behynde a tranes of sylke fyne
Of golde of tesselw the fynest that myght be
In a trone whiche ferre clere dyd shyne
Than Phebus in his spere celestyne
Whooos beautie bonoure goodly porte
I haue to lytyll connyng to reporte

But of eche thyng there as I toke hede
Amonge all other was wyrtten in her trone
In golde leters this worde whiche I dyd rede
Garde le fortune que est mauek et bone
And as I stode redyng this verse my selfe alone
Her chyef gentylwoman daunger by her name
Gave me ataunte and sayd I was to blame.

To be so pette to prese so proundely vypp
She sayd she trowed that I had eten sause
She asked yf euer I drank of sauces cuppe
And I than softely answered to that clause
That so to saye, I had gyuen her no cause
Than asked she me Syr so god the spede
What is thy name: and I sayd it was drede

What moued the quod she hydder to come
Forsoth quod I to bye some of your ware
And with that worde on me she gaue a glome
With browes bente and gan on me to stare

Full

The Prologue to the

Full daynously and fro me the dyd fare
Leuyng me stondynge as a mased man
To whome there came an other gentiltwoman.

Desire her name was and so she me tolde
Sayenge to me brother be of good chere
Abashe you not but hardely be bolde
Auaunce your selfe to apzoehe and come nere
What though our chaffer be neuer so dere
Yet I auyle you to speke for ony drede
Who spareth to speke, in faith he sparcth to sped

Mai stres quod I, I haue none aquentaunce
That wyll for me be medyatoure and mene
But this an other I haue but smale substance
Peace quod Desyre ye speke not worth a bene
If ye haue not in fayth I will you lene
A precious Jewell no rycher in this londe
Bone auenture haue here nowe in your honde.

Shyfte now therewith let se as ye can
In Bowge of courte cheuylsaunce to make
For I dare saye that there nys erthly man
But and he can bone auenture take
There can no fauoure nor frendshyp him forsake
Bone auenture may byynge you in suche case
That ye shall stonde in fauoure and in grace.

But

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The Prologue

But of one thyng I warne you er I goo
She that styrreth the shyp make her your frende
Maystres quod I, I praye you tel me why so
And how I may that waye & meanes fynde
Forsoth quod she how euer blowe the wynde
Fortune gydeth and ruleth all our shyppe
Whom she hateth shall ouer y shyp borde skyp.

Whome she loueth of all pleasure is riche
Whyles she laugheth and hath luste for to playe
Whome she hateth she casteth in the dyche
For whā she froueth she thinketh to make a fray
She cheryshed hym and hym she chaseth away
Alas quod I how myght I haue her sure
In fayth quod she by bonz auenture.

Thus in a row of marchauntes a grete route
Sued to fortune that she wolde be theyr frynde
They thronge in faite and flocked her aboute
And I with them prayed her to haue in mynde
She promysed to vs all she wolde be kynde
of bowge of court she asketh what we wold haue
And we asked fauoure, and fauoure she vs gaue

Thus endeth the Prologue.

Drede.

The sayle is by fortune ruleth our helme

We wante no wynde to passe now ouer all

C.i.

Fauoure

The Bouge of Courte

Fauoure we haue tougher then an y elme
That will abide an d neuer frome vs fall
But vnder honie ofte time lieth bytter gall
For as me though te in our shippe I did se
Full subtell persones in nombze foure and thre

The first was fauell full of flaterie
With fables false that well coude sayne a tale
The seconde was Suspecte whiche that dayly
Dysdempte eche man with face deedly & pale
And Haruy haster that well coude picke a male
With other foure of theyz affynpte
Dysdayne. Kpotte. Dysymuler, Subtylte.

Fortune theyz frende to whom oft she dyd daunce
They coude not sayle they thought they were so
And oftentimes I wold my selfe auaunce (sure
With them to make solace and pleasure
But my dyspote they coude not well endure
They sayd they hated for to dele with Drede
Than Fauell gan with fayze speche me to sede
Fauell,

Nothinge erthly that I wonder so soze
As of your conninge that is so excellent
Deynte to haue with vs suche one in stoze
So vertuously that hath his dayes spent
Fortune to you gyftes of grace hath lent
Lo what it is a man to haue counninge

The Bouge of courte

All erthly tresoure it is surmountinge

Ye be an apte man as ony can be found
To dwell with vs & serue my ladyes grace
Ye be to her yea worth a thousande pounde
I herde her speke of you within shorte space
When there were dyuerse y soze did you manace
And though I saye it, I was my selfe your frend
For here be dyuerse to you that be vnkinde

But this one thinge ye maye be sure of me
For by that lorde that bought dere all mankinde
I cannot flatter I must be playne to the
And ye nede ought man shew to me your minde
For ye haue me whome faythfull ye shall finde
Whyles I haue ought by god y shalte not lacke
And if nede be, a bolde worde I dare cracke

Paye naye be sure whyles I am on your syde
Ye may not fall truste me ye maye not fayle
Ye stande in fauoure and fortune is your gyde
And as she wyll so shall our greate shyppe sayle
These lewd cok witts shal neuer moze preuaile
Againstte you hardely therfore be not afrayde
Fare well till soone but no worde that I sayde

Drede.

Than thanked I him for his great gentylnes
But as me thought he ware on him a cloke

The Bouge of Courte

That lynced was with doubtfull doublenes
We thoughte of wordes that he had full a poke
His stomake stuffed ofte tymes wyde reboke
Suspycyon me thoughte mett hym at a bande
And I drewe nere to herke what they two sayde

In sayth qd suspecte, spake drede no worde of me
Why what than wylte thou lette men to speke
He sayth he can not well accorde with the
I wylthe qd suspecte goo playe him I ne reke
By chryst qd fauell drede is soleyne freke
What lete vs holde hym vp man for a whyle
Ye so qd suspecte, he maye vs bothe begyle

And whan he came walkinge soberly
With whom, and, ha, and with a croked loka
We thoughte his heed was full of gelousy
His even rollynge his hondes fast they quoke
And to me warde the strayghte way he toke
God sped brother to me quod he than
And thus to talke with me he began,

Suspicion

We remembre the gentylman ryght now
That comaund w you me thought a party spake
Beware of hym for I make god answe
He wyl begyle you and speke fayre to your face
We neuer dwelte in suche an other place
For here is none that dare well other truste

But

The Bouge of court

But I wolde tell you a thinge and I durste

Speke he a fayth no wordeto you of me
I wote and he dyde ye wolde me tell
I haue a fauoure to you wherof it be
That I muste shewe you muche of my counselle
But I wonder what the deuyl of hell
He sayd of me whan he with you dyd talke
By myne adynse vse not with him to walke

The soueraynst thinge that any man may haue
Is litill to saye, and muche to here and se
For but I trusted you so god me saue
I wolde nothing so playne be
To you onely me thynke I durste shryue me
For nowe am I plenarely dysposed
To shewe you thyngs that may not be disclosed
Drede,

Than I assured hym my fydelyte
His counseyle secrete neuer to dyscure
If he could fynde in herte to truste me
Els I prayed hym with all my besy cure
To kepe it hymselfe for than he myght be sure
That no man erthly could hym be wyse
Whyles of his mynde it were lockte with y keye

By god quod he this and thus it is
And of his mynde he shewed me al and some

The Bouge of Courte

Farre well quod he we will talke moze of this
So he departed there he wolde be come
I dare not speke I promised to be dome
But as I stode musinge in my minde
Haruy haster came lepinge light as linde,

Upon his breste he bare a versinge bore
His throte was clere and lustely coulde fayne
We thought his gowne was all furred with fore
And euer he sange, lithe I am nothinge plaine
To kepe him from pikinge it was a grete paine
He gased on me with his gotishe berde
Whan I loked on him me purse was halfaferde

Heruy Haster

Syz god you saue why loke ye so sadde
What thinge is that I maie do for you
A wonder thinge that ye ware not madde
For and I studie shelde, as ye do now
My witte wolde waste I make god auowe
Tell me your minde me thinke ye make a verse
I could it skan and ye wolde reherse

But to the pointe shortelie to procede
Wher hathe your dwelling ben er ye came here
For as I trowe I haue sene you in dede
Er this whan that ye made me roiall chere
Holde vp the helme loke vp & lete god stere

The Bouge of court

I wolde be merie what wind that euer blowe
Heue & how rombelow row y bote noz mā rowe
Princes of youghtecan ye singe by rote
Or shall I saile with you a feloship assaie
For on the booke I can not singe a note
Wolde to god it wolde please you some daye
A ballade booke before me for to laye
And lerne me to singe (Ke mi fa sol)
And when I saile bobbe me on the noll

Loo what is to you a pleasure great
To haue that coninge & waies that ye haue
By goddes soule I wonder howe ye gete
Soo great pleasur or who to you it gaue
Sir pardone me I am an homelie knaue
To be with you thus perte and thus bolde
But ye be welcome to our houssholde

And I dare saie there is no man here Inne
But wolde be glade of your companie
I wiste neuer man that so soone coude winne
The fauoure that ye haue with my lady
I praye to god that it maie neuer dy
It is your fortune for to haue that grace
As I be saued it is a wonder case

For as for me I serued here many a daie

And

The Bouge of Courte

And yet vnneth I can haue my luyng
But I requyre you no worde that I saye
For and I knowe any erthly thyng
That is agayne you ye shall haue wetynge
And ye be welcome sye so god me saue
I hope here after a frende of you to haue
Drede.

With that as he departed so frome
Anone there mette with hym as me thoughte
A man, but wonderly besene was he
He loked hawtie he sette eche man at noughte
His gawdy garment wth scores was all wrought
With Indygnacion lyned was his hode
He frowned as he wolde swere by cockes blode.

He bote the lyppe he loked passynge cove
His face was belymmed as byes had hym stouge
It was no tyme with hym to Iape nor toye
Cruye hath wasted hi^{is} lyuer & his lounge
Hatred by the herte so had hym wzoung
That he loked pale as ashes to my syghte
Dysdayne I wene his comerous crabes byghte

To heruy haster than he spake of me
And I drewe nere to harken what they two sayde
Now quod Dysdayne as I shall saued be
I haue grete scozne & am ryght euill apayed
Than quod Heruy why arte thou so dysmayde

The Bouge of court

By chryst quod he for it is shame to saye
To se Johan dawes that came but yester daye

How he is now taken in conceyte
This doctour dawcocke Dede I wene he hight
By goddes bones but yf we haue some slepte
It is lyke he wyll stonde in your lyghte
By god quod heruy & it so happen myghte
Let vs therfore shortly at a worde
Fynde some mene to caite hym ouer the borde

By him y me bought than quod Dysdayne
I wonder sore he is in suche conceite
Turde qd Haster I wyl the nothyngge sayne
There must for him be layde some prey bepte
We tweyne I trowe be not without dyscepte
Fyrste pycke a quarell & fall out with him then
And so out face hym with a carde of ten,

Forthwith he made on me a proude assawte
With scorfull loke meuyd all in moode
He wente about to take me in a sawte
He froude he stared he stamped where he stode
I loked on hym I wende he had be woode
He set the arme proudly vnder the syde
And in this wise he gan with me to chide

Dysdayne

Remembrest thou what thou sayd yester myghte
Wylte

' The Bouge of Courte

Wylte thou abide by the wordes againe
By god I haue of the now grete dispite
I shall the angre ones in euery vaine
It is grete scorne to se suche an haine
As thou arte one that came but yesterdaie
With vs olde seruantes suche maisters to plate
I tell the I am of countenaunce
What wenest I were, I trowe y know not me,
By goddes woundes but for displeaunce
Of my querell soone wolde I venged be
But no force I shall ones mete with the
Come whan it will oppose the I shall
What som euer auenture therof fall

Trowest thou dreuill I saie thou gadwodie knaue
That I haue deinte to se the cherished thus
By goddis side my sworde thy berde shall haue
Well ones thou shalte be chermed I wus
Paie strawe for tales thou shalt not rule vs
We be thy betters and so thou shalte vs take
Or we shall the out of thy clothes shake

Drede,

With that came Kyotte rushing al at ones
A rustie galande to ragged and to rente
And on the borde he whirled a paire of bones
Quarter trepe delus he clattered as he went
Poue haue at all by saint thomas of kente

And

The Bouge of court

And euer he threwe & kyft I wote nere what
His here was growen thowse out his hat

Than I behyld he how he dysgyfled was
His heed was heuy for watchinge ouer night
His eyen blered his face shone like a glas
His golwe so shorte that it ne couer myght
His rumpe he wente so all for somer light
His hose was garded with a lyfte of grene
Yet at the knec they were broken I wene

His cote was checkerd with patches rede & blewe
Of kyzkeby kendall was his shorte demye
And ay he sange in fayth decon thou crewe
His elbowe bare he ware his gere so nye
His nose droppinge, his lippes were full drye
And by his syde his whynarde & his pouche
The deuyll might dance therin for any crouche

Counter he coude (O lur) vpon a pottle
And ecstliche fedder of a capons tayle
He set vp frasthely vpon his hat a losse
What reuell route quod he and gan to rayle
How ofte he hit Jenet on the tayle
Ot selyce fete wse and lytell prety cate
How ofte he knocked at her klycket gate

What should I tell moze of his rybaudrye

The Bouge of Courte

I was a shamed so to here hym prate
He had no pleasure but in harlotrye
Ay quod he in the deuylles date
What arte thou I sawe the nowe but late
Forsoth quod I in this courte I dwel nowe
Welcome quod Kyote I make god auowe
Ryot

And syz in fayth why comste not vs amonge
To make the mery as other felowes done
Thou must sware and stare man aldaye longe
And wake all nyght and slepe till it be none
Thou mayste not studeye oz muse on the mone
This worlde is nothing but ete drynke and slepe
And thus with vs good company to kepe

Plucke vp thyne herte vpon a mery pinne
And let vs laugh a plucke oz twayne at nale
What the deuyl man myrth is here within
What lo man se here of dyce a bale
A bydelynge caste for that is in thy male
Now haue at all that lyeth vpon the burde
I ye on this dyce they be not worth a turde

Wane at the hasarde oz at the dosen browne
Or els I pas a penny to a pounce.
Now wolde to god thou wold leye money down
Lorde how that I wolde caste it full rounde
Ay in my pouche a buckell I haue founde

The

The Bouge of court

The armes of calyce I haue no coyne noz crosse
I am not happye I renne ay on the losse

Now renne muste I to the stewes syde
To wete yf malkyn my leman haue gete ought
I lete her to hyze that men may on her ryde
Her armes easly ferre and nere is soughte
By goddis sydes syns I her thyder broughte
She hath gote me moze money with her tayle
Than hath some shyppe that into borde was sayle

Had I as good an hors as she is a mare
I durste auenture to Journey through Fraunce
Who rydeth on her he nedeth not to care
For she is trusted for to breke a launce
It is a curtel that well can wynche & prauce
To her wyll I nowe all my pouerty lege
And tyll I come haue here myne hat to plege
Drede

Gone is this knane this rybande foule and leude
He ranne as faste as euer that he myghte
Unthyrstynes in him maye well be shewed
For whome tyborne groneth both daie & nighte
And as I stode and caste a syde my syghte
Daldayne I sawe with Dysymulacyon
Standynge in sadde communicacyon

But there was poyntyng & noddynge wth hede
And

The Bouge of court

And many wordes sayd in secrete wyse
They wandred ay and stode styll in no stede
We thoughte alwaye Dissymular dyde deuyse
We passynge soze myne herte than gan aryse
I dempte and drede their talkynge was not good
Anone dysymular came where I stode

Than in his hode I sawe there faces fweyne
That one was lene & lyke a pyned ghost
That other loked as he wolde me haue slayne
And to me warde as he gan for to coost
Whan that he was euen at me almoost
I sawe a knyfe hyd in his onc sleue
Wheron was wyte n this worde in ysch eke

And in his other sleue me thought I sawe
A sponne of golde, full of hony swete
To fede a sole, and for to prepe a dawne
And on that sleue these wordes were wyte
A false abstracte cometh frome a fals concrete
His hode was syde his cope was roset graye
These were the wordes y he to me dyde saye.

Dysymulacyon.

How do ye maister ye loke so soberly
As I be saued at the dredfull daye
It is a perilous vyce this enuy
Alas a connyng man ne dwelle maye
In no place well but soles with fraye

But

The Bouge of court

But as for that conninge hath no soe
Saue him that noughte can scripture saith soe.

I knowe your bertue and your lytterkture
By that lytell conninge that I haue
Ye be maligned soze I you ensure
But ye haue crasse your selfe alwaie to saue
It is grete skorne to se a misproude knaue
With a clerke that conning is to prate
Let them go, loyse them in the deuilles date

For all be it that this longe not to me
Yet on my backe I bere suche lewde delving
Right now I spake with one I trowe I se
But what a strawe I maye not tell all thing
By god I saie there is grete herte brenning
Betwene the personue ye wote of Iou
Alas I coulde not dele so with an yew

I wold eche man were as playne as I
It is a worlde I saye to here of some
I hate this fayninge fye vpon it fye
A man can not wote where to become
I wis I coulde tell but humlery home
I dare not speke we be so layde awaite
For all our courte is full of desceite

Now by saint frauncys that holy man & frere

I hate

The Bouge of court

I hate this wayes agayne you that they take
Where I as you I wolde ryde them full nere
And by my trouthe but yf an ende they make
Yet wll I save some wordes for your sake
That shall them angre I holde thereon a grote
For some shall wene be hanged by the throte.

I haue a stopprnge oyster in my poke
Truste me and yf it come to a nede
But I am lothe for to reyse a smoke
Yf ye could be other wyse agrede
And so I wolde it were so god me spede
For this maye brede to a confusyon
Without gad make a good conclusyon.

Save se where yonder stondeth the feder man
A flaterynge knaue & false he is god wote
The dreuill stondeth to herken and he can
It were more thyrpste he bought him a new cote
It will not be, his purse is not on flote
All that he wereth it is borowed ware
His wytte is thynne his hode is threde bare.

More could I save but what this is ynowe
A dewe till soone we shall speke more of this
We muste be ruled as I shall tell you howe
Amendes maye be of that is now a mys
And I am your syz so haue I blys

The Bouge of courte

In euery poynte that I can do or saye
Gyue me your honde fare well & haue good daye

Drede

Sodaynly as he departed me fro
Came pressynge in one in a wonder araye
Er I was ware behynde me he sayde bo
Than I astonyed of that sodeyne fraye
Sterte all at ones I lyked nothyng his playe
For yf I had not quykely fledde the touche
He had pluckte oute the nobles of my pouche.

He was trusted in a garmente strayte
I haue not sene suche an others page
For he coude well vpon a casket wayte
His body all pounsed and garded lyke a cage
Lyghte lyme synger he toke none other wage
Harken quod he lo here myne honde in thyne
To vs welcome thou arte by saint Ruyntyne.

Discepte.

But by that lorde that is one two and thre
I haue an errande to rounde in your ere
He tolde me so by god ye may trust me
Parte remembre whan ye were there
There I wynted on you, wote ye not where
In(A) loco I mene iurta (B)
Woo is hym that is blynde and maye not se

But to here the subtylte and the crafte

A.f.

As

The Bouge of courte

As I shall tell you yf ye will harke agayn
And whan I sawe the horsons wolde you hafte
To holde myne honde by god I had grete payne
For forthwyth there I had hym slayne
But that I drede, mozdre wolde come oute
Who deleth wth shrewes, hath nede to loke about.

¶ Drede.

And as he rounded thus in myne ere
Of false collusion confetryd by assente
He thought I se lewde felowes here and there
Came for to flec me of mortall entente
And as they came the shypborde fast I hente
And thoughte to lepe, and even with that woke
Caughte penne and ynke & wrote this lityll boke

I wolde therwith no man were myseontente
Beseechynge you that shall it se or rede
In euery poynte to be indyfferente
Syth all in substaunce of flubzyng dooth procede
I wyl not saye it is matter in dede
But yet oftyme, suche dzenies be founde trewe
Now constrewe ye, what is the resydewe.

¶ Thus endeth he Bowge of
Courte.

Skelton Laureate. &c.

Howe the douty Duke of Albany lyke a
cowarde knyght, ran alwaye shamfully with an
hundred thousande fratlande scottes
and faint harted frenchemen:
beside the water of.
Twede. &c.

Rioyse Englande
And vnderstande
These tidinges newe
Whiche be as trewe
As the gospel:

This duke so fell Of Albany
So cowardly
With all his hooft
Of the scottyshe coost
For all theyr boost
Fledde lyke a beest.
Wherfore to ieste
Is my delyght
Of this cowarde knyght
And for to wryght
In the dyspyght
Of the scottes ranke
Of Huntley banke
Of Lowdyan. Of Locryan

F.ii.

And

And the ragged ray
Of Galaway.

Dunbar, Dundee
We shall trewe me
False scottes are ye
Pour hartes soze faynted
And so attaynted
Lyke colwardes skarke
At the castell of warke
By the water of Twede
We had euill spede.
Lyke cankerd curre
We losse your spurres
For in that fraye
ye ranne awaye
With hey dogge hay.

For sir William Lyle
Within thorte whyle
That valiaunt knyght
Putte you to flyght
By his valpauce
Two thausande of fraunte
There he putte backe
To your great lacke
And vtter shame
Of your scottyshe name.

Your

For these Chestayne
Hoyde of all brayne
Duke of all Albany
Than shamefuly
He reculed backe
To his great lacke
Whan he herde tell
That my Lorde Amrell
Was comyng downe
To make hym frowne
And to make hym lowe
With the noble powre
Of my lorde Cardynall
As an hoost royall
After the auncient manner
With saint Cutberdes banner
And saint Williams also
For capitayne ranne to go
To go to go to go
And brake vp all his hoost
For all his crake and boost
Lyke a cowarde knyght
He fledde and durst nat fyght:
He ranne awaye by night

But now must I
Pour duke ascry, Of Albany
With a worde oz twayne

In sentence playnes
Ye duke so doutty
So sterne so stouddy
In shorte sentens
Of your pretens
What is the grounde?
Bzeuely and rounde
To me expounde
Or els wyll I
Curydently
Shewe as it is
For the cause is this
Holwe ye pretende
For to defende
The yonge Scottyshe kyng
But ye meane a thyng
And ye coude byng
The matter about
To putte his eyes out
And put hym downe
And set hys crowne
On your owne heed
Whan he wer e deed
Such trechery : And traytozy
Is all your cast.
Thus ye haue compass
With the frenche kyng
A fals rekenyng

To enuade Englande
As I vnderstande.
But our kyng royall
Whose name ouer all
Noble Henry the eyght
Shall cast a beyght
And sette suche a snare
That shall cast you in care
Bothe kyng Fraunces and the
That knowen ye shall be
For the moost recrayd
Cowardes afrayd
And falsest forsworne
That euer were bozne.

O ye wretched scottes
Ye pnaunt pylpottes
It shalbe your lottes
To be knytte vp with knottes
Of halters and ropes
About your traytours throttes:
O scottes pariaured
Unhaply bzed
Ye may be assured
Your falschod discured
It is, & shal be. Fro the scottish se
Unto Sabione
For ye be false echone

False and false agayne
Neuer true nor playne
But flery, flatter and fayne
And euer to remayne
In wretched beggary
And many misery
In lousy lothsumnesse
And scabbed scorffynesse
And in abhominacion
Of all maner of nacion
Nacion moost in hate
Proude and poore of state:

Twyt scot go kepe thy den
Well nat with Englyshe men
Thou dyd nothyng but barke
At the castell of warke:

Twyt scot yet agayne ones
We shall breke thy bones
And hang you vpon polles
And byrne you all to colles
With twyt scot, twyt scot twyt
Walke scot go begge a byt
Of brede, at ylike mannes hecke
The fynde scot breke thy necke
Twyt scot agayne I saye
Twyt scot of Galaway
Twyt scot, shake thy dogge hay

Twyt

I wyf scot thou ran away
We set nat a flye

By your duke of Albany

We set nat a prane

By suche a drunken drane

We set nat a myght

By suche a coward knyght

Suche a proude palyarde

Suche a skyrz galiarde

Suche a starke coward

Suche a proude pultrowne

Suche a foule Coytrowne

Suche a doutty dagswayne

Sende him to Fraunce agayne

To bring with hym moze brayne

From kynge Fraunces of Frauns

God sende them bothe myschauns:

Ye scottes all the rable

Ye shall neuer be hable

With vs for to compare

What though ye stäpe and scare

God sende you sorow and care

With vs whan euer ye mell

Bet we bear away the bell

Whan ye cankerd knaues

Must crepe in to your caues

Your heedes for to hyde

For ye dare nat abyde.

CSir

Sir duke of Albany
Right inconueniently
Ye rage and ye raue
And your worshyp deprauē
That lyke duke Hamylcar
With the Romayns y made war
For lyke his sonne Hanyball
For lyke duke Haldorbalt
Of Cartage in Aphrike
Yet somewhat ye be lyke
In some of their condicions
And their false sedycions
And their dealyng double
And their weywarde trouble:
But yet they were bolde
And manly manyfolde
Their enemyes to assaile
In playn felde and battaile.

But ye and your hoost
Full of bragge and boost
And full of waste wynde
Howe ye wyll beres bynde
And the deuill downe dyngē
Yet ye dare do nothyngē
But lepe away lyke frogges
And hyde you vnder logges
Lyke pygges and lyke hogges
And lyke maungy dogges.

What

What an army were ye?
Or what actuyte?
As in you beggers braules
Full of scabbes and scaules:
Of vermyne and of lyce
and of all in ner vyce.

Syz duke: nay syz duche
Syz drake of the lake: sir duche
Of the donghyll, for smalllucke
We haue in feates of warre
We make nought but ye marre
We are a fals entrusar
And a fals abusar
And an vntrewe knyght
Thou hast to lytell myght
Agaynst Englande to fyght
Thou art a graceles wyght
To put thy selfe to flyght
A vengeaunce and dispight
On the must nedes lyght
That durst nat byde the sight
Of my lorde amrell
Of chivalry the well
Of knighthode the floure
In euery marciall thoure
The noble erle of Surrey
That put the in suche fray
Thou durst no felde derayne

For no batayle mayntayne
Against our stonge captaine
But thou ran home agayne
For feare thou shoulde be slayne
Lyke a scottyshe keteryng
That durst abyde no reknyng
Thy hert wolde nat serue the
The synde of hell mot sterue the.

No man hath harde
Of suche a colwarde
And such a mad ymage
Caried in a cage:
As it were a cotage
Or of suche a malowment
Carped in a tent
In a tent: nay nay
But in a mountayne gay
Lyke a great hill: For a wyndmill
Therin to couche styll
That no man hym kyll
As it were a gote
In ashepe cote
About hym a parke
Of a madde warke
Men call it a toyle
Therin lyke a royle
Sir Dunkanye dared
And thus ye prepared
Your carkas to kepe

Lyke

Lyke a sely shepe
I shepe of Cottyswolde
From rayne and from colde
And from raynning of rappes
And suche after clappes
Thus in your cowardly castell
Ye deceite you to dwell
Suche a captayne of fozs
It made no great fozs
If that ye had tane
Your last deedly bane
With a gon stone
To make you to grone
But hyde the sir Toppas
Nowe into the castell of Was
And lurke there lyke an as
With some scottyshe as
With dugges dugges dugges
I shewe thy scottishe lugges
Thy munnynnys and thy crag
For thou can not but brag
Lyke a scottyshe hag
A due nowe sir wzig wrag
A due sir dalpzag
Thy melling is but mockyng
Thou mayst giue vp thy cockyng
Gyue it vp. And cry croke
Lyke an huddy peke:

Wlberts

Wherto shuld I more speke
Of suche a farly freke
Of suche an horne keke
Of suche a bolde captayne
That dre nat turne agayne
Nor durst nat crak a worde
Nor durst nat drawe his swerde
Agaynst the lyon whete
But ran away quyte
He ran away by nyght
In the owle flyght
Lyke a colwarde knyght
A due colwarde a due
Fals knight and mooste vntreue
I render the fals rebelle
To the flingande fende of helle.

Hearke yet sir duke a worde
In ernest or in borde
What haue ye villayn forged?
And vtrulently dysgorged
As though ye wolde parbrake
Pour auauns to make
With wordes enbofed
Ungracioufly engrosed
Howe ye wyll vndertake
Our royall kyng to make
His owne realme to forsake
Suche lewde langage ye spake:

Sir

Sir Dukan in the deuill waye
Be well ware what ye say.
Ye saye that he and ye
Whiche he and ye: let se
Ye meane Fraüces french kyng
Shulde bring about that thing.
I say thou lewde lurdayne
That neyther of you twayne
So hardy nor so bolde
His countenaunce to beholde
If our moost royall Harry
Lyst with you to varry
Full soone ye shoud miscary
For ye durst nat tarry
With hym to stryke a stownde
If he on you but frounde
Nat for a thousande pouned
Ye durst byde on the grounde
Ye wolde run away rounde
And cowardly tourne your backes
For all your comly crackes
And for feare par case
To loke hym in the face
Ye wolde defoule the place
And run your way apace
Thoughe I trym you thys trace
With englyshe somwhat base
Yet saua voster grace

Therby

Therby I shall purchase
No displeasure nor rewarde
If ye wele can regarde
Your cowardly cowardnesse
And your shameful doublenesse.

Are ye nat frantike madde:
And wretchedly bestadde
To rayle agaynst his grace
That shall bring you full bace
And set you in suche case
That bytwene you twayne
There shalbe drawen a trayne
That shalbe to your payne
To flye ye shalbe fayne
And neuer tourne agayne:
What wold Fraunces our friar:
Be suche a false lyar
So madde a cordylar
So madde a murmurar
Ye muse somewhat to far
All out of ioynt ye iar
God let you neuer thryue
Wlene ye daucokes to dryue
Our kyng, out of his reime
Ge heme ranke scot ge heme
With fonde Fraunces french kyng
Our mayster shall you brynge

I trust

I trust to lowe estate
And mate you with chek mate:
Your braynes are ydell
It is time for you to byddell
And pype in a quibyle
For it is impossible
For you to bring about
Our kyng for to dzyue out
Of this his realme royall
And lande imperiall
So noble a prince as he
In all actyuite
Of hardy merciall actes
Fortunate in all his faytes:
And nowe I wyll me dresse
His valiaunce to expresse
Though insufficient am I
His grace to magnify
And laude equiuallently
Howe be it loyally
After myne allegyaunce
My pen I will auauance
To extoll his noble grace
In spyght of thy cowardes face
In spyght of kyng Fraunces
Deuoyde of all nobles
Deuoyde of good corage
Deuoyde of wysdome sage

Mad:frantyeke, and sauage
Thus he dothe disparage
His blode with fonde dotage:

A prince to play the page
It is a rechelesse rage
And a lunatyke ouerage
What though my stile be rude:
With trouth it is ennewde
Trouth ought to be rescude
Trouth should nat be subdude

But now we will Ierpounde
What noblenesse dothe abounde
And what honour is founde
And what vertues be resydent
In our royall regent
Our perelesse president
Our kyng most excellent:

In merciall prowes
Lyke vnto Hercules
In prudence and wysdom
Lyke vnto Salamon
In his goodly person
Lyke vnto Absolon
In loyalte and foy
Lyke to Ector of Troy
And his glory to increas
Lyke to Scipiades

In

In royal' mageste
Lyke vnto Ptholome
Lyke to duke Josue
And the valiaunt Machabe:

That if I wolde repozte
All the roiall sorte
Of his nobilyte
His magnanymyte
His animosite
His fragalite
His lyberalite
His affabilite
His humanyte
His stabilitie
His humilite
His benignite
His royall dignyte.

My lernyng is to small
For to recount them all.
What losels than are ye
Lyke cowardes as ye be
To rayle on his astate
With wordes inordinate.

He rules his cominalte
With all benigne
His noble baronage
He putteth them in corage

To exployte dedes of armys
To the damage and harmys
Of suche as be his foos
Where euer he rydes oz goos
His subiectes he dothe suppozte
Maintayne them with comforte
Of his mooste princely pozte
As all men can repozte:

Than ye be a knappishe sozte
Et faitez a luy grant tozte
With your enbofed iawes
To rayle on hym lyke dawes
The fende scrache out your mawes:

All his subiectes and he
Moost louyngly agre
With hole hart and true mynde
They fynde his grace so kynde
Wherwith he dothe them bynde
At all houres to be redy
With hym to lyue and dye
Their bodyes and their gode
And to spende their hart blode
With hym, in all dystresse
Alway in redynesse.

To assyst his noble grace
In spyght of thy cowardes face
Moost false attaynted traytour
And false forsworne faytour,

Quaunt

Quaunte cowardde recrayed
Thy pride shalbe alayd
With sir Fraunces of Fraunce
We shall pype you a daunce
Shall tourne you to myschauns:

I rede you loke about
For ye shalbe dryuen out
Of your lande in shorte space
We will so folowe in the chace
That ye shall haue no grace
For to tourne your face
And thus saint George to bozowe
Ye shall haue shame and sorowe.

Clenuoy.

Golytell quayze quickly
Shew them that shall you rede
How that ye are lykely
Ouer all the worldes to spede:
The fals Scottes for dzed
With the duke of Albany,
Beside the water of Twede
They fledde full cowardly.


Though your englishe be rude
Barreyne of eloquence
Yet breuely to conclude
Grounded is your sentence

On trouthe, vnder defence
Of all trewe englyshemen
This mater to credence
That I wzate with my pen.

Skelton Laureat: obsequious
et loyall,

To my lord Cardynals
right noble grace. &c.

Alenuoy.

 Olytell quayze apace
In moost humble wyse
Before his noble grace
That caused you to deuise
This lytel enterpryse
And hym moost lowly pray
In his mynde to compryse
Those wordes his grace dyd saye
Of an ammas gray.

Je, Joy enterment
En sa bone grace.

The booke compiled by maister
Skelton, Poet Laureat called
Speake Parrot.

My name is parrot, a bird of paradise
By nature deuised, of a wonderous kynd
Dienteli dieted, with diuers delicate spice
Eyl Euphrates that floud, driueth me into Inde
Where men of that countrey, bi fortune me find
And send me, to great Ladys of estate
Then parrot must haue an almon or a date.

A cage curiously caruen, with siluer pin
Properly painted, to be my couertowre
A myrrour of glasse, that I may tote therein
These maidens ful mekely w many a diuers flur
Freshly they dresse, and make swete my boure
With speke parrot I pray you, ful courteously thei
Parrot is a goodly byrd, a pretty Popagey (say

With my becke bent, my litle wanton eye
My feders freshe, as is the Emrawde grene
About my necke a circulet, lyke the ryche rubys
My lyttle legges, my fete both fete and cleane
I am a minion, to wayt vpon the quene
My proper parrot, my lttle pretty soole
With ladies I learne, and go with them to scole.

Speake Parrot.

Hagh, ha, ha, parrot, ye can laugh pretely
Parrot hath not dined, of al this long day
Lyke your pus cat parrot can mute and cry
In lattyn, in Chrewe, Araby and Caldey
In greke tonge, parrot, can both speake and saye
As percius that poet, doth report of me
Quis expediuit plitatio suam Chire.

Howsle frenche of parrise, Parrot can learne
Pronousynge my purpose, after my properte
With perliez bien, Parrot ou perlez rien
With Duche, with Spanish, my tonge can agre
In English, to God Parrot can supple
Christ saue king Henry the eight our roial king
The red rose in honour, to flourish and spring.

With Katherin incōparable: our roial quene also
That parelespōgarnet christ saue her noble grace
Parrot sauius, habler castiliano
With si dasso de costo, in turkey and in frace
His consiliū expers, as teacheth me horace
Mole ruit sua, whose dices at pregnaunte.

My lady maisters, dame Philology
Gaue me a gift, in my nest whan I lay
To learne al language, and it to speke aptely
Now pandez mozy, war franticke som men saye
Pzoneles oz freneses, may not hold her way

Speake Parrot

An almon now for Parrot, delicatly drest
In salve festa dies toto, their doth best.

Moderata iuuant, but toto doth errede
Dicression is mother of noble vertues all
Hiden agan, in greke tonge we rede
But reason, and wit wanteth their prouinciall
When wilfulnes, is vitar generall
Hec res acu tangitur, Parrot par masoy
Ticez vous Parrot, Tenez vous coye.

Besy, besy, besy, and besines agayne
Que pēlez voꝝ parrot, what meneth this besines
Titulus in Dreb, troubled Arons brayn
Melchisedecke mercifull, made Hoboe merciles
To wise is no vertue, to medling, to restles
In measure is treasure, cum sensu narturato
Ne tropo saung, ne tropo mato.

Aram was fired, with caldies fire called Ur
Job was brought vp, in the land of Hus
The linage of lot, toke suppozte of Assur
Terebofeth is Ebzue, who list the law discus
Peace Parrot pe prate, as pe were ebzius
Howst the lyuer god, ban hemrick ic seg
In popeting grew peres, whā parrot was ancg

What is this to purpose, ouer in a whinninmeg
Hop

Speake parrot

Hoy Lobin of Londeon, wold haue a bit of bread
The Iebet of Baldock, was made for Jacke leg
A narrow vnfeathered, and without an hed
A bagpype without blowyng, standeth in no sted
Some run to far before, some run to far behinde
Some be to churlish, and some be to kynd.

It dien serueth for Crstrych fether
It dien, is the laugnage of the land of Weme
In Affric tongue, Byrsa is a tonge of lether
In Palestina, there is Jerusalem
Collustru now for parot, whit bred & swete creme
our thomase she doth trip, our ienet she doth shail
Parrot hath a blacke beard, & a faire grene tayle.

Mozzth myne owne shelf, the offermonger say
Fate, fate, fate, ye trysh water lag
In flettering fables, men fynde but lytle sayth
But moueatur terra, let the world wag
Let syz wzig wag, wzaistle wyth sir declarag
Euery man, after his maner of wayes
Pawbe uene aruer, so the welche man sayes

Such shzedis of sentence, strowed in the shop
Of auncient Aristippus, and such other mo
I gather together, and close in my crip
Of my wanton concept, vnde do promo
Dilemata docta, in pedagogio
Sacro batum, wherof to you I breake

I praye

Speake parrot

I pray you, let parrot haue lybertie to speke:

But ware the cat parrot, ware the false cat
With who is there, a mayd, nay, nay, I trow
Ware ryat parrot, ware ryot, ware that
Meate, meate for parrot: meate I say how
Thus diuers of language, by learnyng I grow
With has me swete parrot: has me swete swete
To dwel amonge Ladies, parrat is mete.

Parrot, parrot, parrot, praty popigay
With my beke I can pyke, my lytle praty too
My delight is solas, pleasure: disport and play
Lyke a wanton whan I will, I rele to and froo
Parrot can say, Cesar, aue, also
But Parrot, hath no fauour to Efebon
Above all other byrdes, set parrot alone.

Ulula, Efebon, for Jeremy doth wepe
Sion is in sadnes, Rachel ruly doth loke
Madianita, Jetro, our moyses kepeth hys shepe
Gedeon is gon, that Zalmane vndertoke
Dreb et zeb, of Iudicum rede the boke
Howe Gebal, Amon, and Amoloch, harke, harke
Parrot pretendeth to be a bibil clarke..

O Efebon Efebon, to the is come agayne
Heon the regent amozozum
And hog that fat hog, or basan dothe retayne

The

Speake parrot

The crafty colstroinus cananeoꝝum
And assilum, whilom, refugium miseroꝝum
Non phanum sed pꝛophanum, standeth in litle
Alula Elebon, foꝛ leyt is starke ded. (sted

Estbon, Maribon, whelston, nerte Barnet
A trim tram foꝛ an hoꝝs mil it wer a nise thinge
Deintes foꝛ dammoysels, Chaffer far fet
Bo ho doth bark wel, but hough ho ruleth y ring
Fro scarpary to tartari renoun therin doth spꝛig
With he said, & we said ich wot now what ich wot
Quod magnus est dominus iudas scarioth.

Ptholomie, and haly were cunnyng and wyse
In the vol vel, in the quadꝛant, & in the astꝛoloby
To pꝛonosticate truli the chaũce of fortunes dise
Some trete of their tirikis, some of astꝛology
Some pseudo pꝛopheta with Chiromaney
If fortune be frendly, and grace be the guyde
Honoure with renoune, will renne of that side

Minon calon

Agaton quod parato.

in greca

Let parrot I pray you, haue liberty to pꝛate
Foꝛ aurea lingua greca, ought to be magnified
If it wer cond perfutely, and after the rate
As lingua latina, in schole matter occupied
But our grekis, their greke so wel haue applied
That they cannot say in greke, riding by the way
How

Speake Parrot

How hosteler, fetch me my horse a bottel of hay.

Neither frame a silogisme, in phrises somozū
For maliter et grece, cum medio termino
Our grekes ye walow, in the washbol argolicozū
For though ye can tel in greke what is phozmia
Yet ye seke out your greke, in Capricornio
For they scrape out good scripture, & set in a gal
Ye go about to amend, and ye mar all.

Some argue, secundum quid ad simpliciter
And yet he would be rekened, pro ario pagita
And some make distinctions, multipliciter
Whether ita were before uou, or uou before ita
Neither wise nor well lerned but like hermophra
Set sophia a side, for every Jacke raker. (dita
And every mad niedler must now be a maker.

In achademia Parrot, dare no probleme kepe
For grecisari, so occupieth the chayze
That letinum fari, may fal to rest and slepe
And silogisari, was drowned at sturbridge faire
Triniale, & quatriuials, so soze now they appair
That Parrot that Popagay, hath pity to beholde
How þ rest of good lerning, is roulled bp & trolde

Albertus de modo significandi
And Donatus, be dryuen out of schole

Prisians

Speake Parrot

Parisians hed broken, now handy dandy
And inter did ascolos, is rekened for a sole
Alexander, a gander of Menanders pole
With da cansales, is cast out of the gate
And da racionales, dare not shew his pate,

Plant si in his comedies, a childe that now rehers
And medil with Quintilian, in his declarations
That pety Caton, can scantly construe a verse
With Aucto, in Greco, & such solemnpn salutaciōs
Can skantly the tensis, of his comugacions
Setting their mindes, so much of eloquence
That of theyr scole maters, lost is the hole setēce

Now a nutmeg, a nut meg, cum garfopholo
For parrot to pike vpon, his brayne for to stable
Swete synamum stikes, and pleris commusco
In paradise. that place of pleasure perdurable
The progeny of parrottis, wer faire & fauorable
Now in valle ebzon, parrot is fayre to fede
Christ crosse, & sanct nicolas, parrot be your good
(pede

The myrrour that I tote in, quasi diaphonum
Vel quasi speculum, in Enigmatē
Clencum, or elles, Entimaticum
For logicions to loke on, somewhat sophistic
Retorciōs and oratours, in freshe humanite
Support parrot, I pray you w your suffrage or
(nat

Speake Parrot

Of confuse tantū, auoyding the checkmate
But of that suposicion, that called is arte
Confuse distrubitiue, as parrot hath deuised
Let euery man, after his merit, take hys part
For in this proces, parrot nothig hath surmised
No matter pretended, noz nothyng enterprysed
But that metaphoza, alegoria with all
Shall be his protection, his pauis and his wall.

For parrot is no churlish chough noz no flekid py
Parrot is no pendugum, that men call a carlyng
Parrot is no woodcocke, noz no butter fly
Parrot is no scamring scare, that mē cal a startig
But parrot is mine own dere harte, & my derlig
Melpomene y fair maid, she burnished his beke
I pray you let parrot, haue libertie to speke.

Parrot is a fayze byrd for a Lady
God of his goodnes him framed and wrought
Whan parrot is dead she doth not putrify
Ye all thinge moztall shall turne vnto noughte
Except mannes soule, that Chzist so dere bought
That neuer may dye, noz neuer dye shall
Make much of parrot, that popegay royal.

For that pereles prynce, that parrot did creat
He made you of nothing, by his magisty
Point wel this probleme, that parrot doth prate
And

Speake parrot

And remembre among, how parrot and ye
Shal lepe from this life, as merve as we be
Pompe, pryde, honour, ryches and worldly luste
Parrot saith plainly, shall tourne all to dust.

Thus parrot doth pray you
With heart most tender
To reken with this recule now
And it to remember

Psitacus ecce cauo nec sunt mea carmina phebo
Dignasceo Tamen est
Plena camena dec.

Secundum Skeltonida famigeratum
in piercorum Cathalago numeratum
Gala'thea.

Itaque Consolanimi inuicem
in uerbis istis.

Candidi lectores callide callete
Vestrum seute, psitacum.
Galethea.

Now kus me parrot, kus me, kus, kus, kus
Gods blessing light on thy swete litle mus

Vita & anima
zoelzepsiche

Aquinates Amen,
Concubunt grece, Non
est hic sermo pudicus

Actia

Speake Parrot:

Ergo
Actica dictamina
Suus plumbilamina
Vel spuria Vitulamina
Auertat hoc Vxania

Amen amen
and set to a.d
And then it is amend
Our new found a.b.c.

Cum ceteris
paribus.

Of the death of the noble Prince
kyng Edward the forth,
per Skeltonidē Laureatum.

Meremini me, ye that be my frendes
This worlde hath formed me down to fall
How may I endure when y euery thyng
What creature is borne, to be eternall (endes
Now there is no more, but pray for me all
Thus say I Edward, that late was your kyng
And. xliii. yeres ruled, this imperiall
Some vnto pleasure, and some to no likyng
Mercy I aske of my misdoynge
What auaileth it, frendes to be my fo
With I can not resist, nor amend your cōplainig
Quia ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

H.

I slepe

Edvvard the fourth

I slepe now in molde, as it is naturall
As earth vnto earth, hath his reuerture
What ordeyned god, to be terrestriall
Without recours, to the earth of nature
Who to liue euer, may be sure
What is it to trust, on mutabilitie
Sith that in this world, nothing may indure
For now am I gone, that late was in prosperite
To presume ther vppon, it is but a vanitie
Not certaine: but as a chery sayre ful of wo
Raygned not I of late: in great felicite
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where was in my lyfe, such one as I
While lady fortune: with me had continuance
Graunted not she me, to haue victoꝝy
In England to raine, and to contribute Fraunce
She toke me by the hand, and led me a daunce
And with her sugred lips, on me she smyled
But what for her dissembled countenaunce
I could not beware, til I was begiled
Now from this world, she hath me excild
When I was lothest, hens for to go
And I am in age, but as who saith a childe.
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I had ynough, I held me not contente
Without remembraunce, that I should dye
And moꝝe ouer to incroche, redy was I bente

I kne w

Edvard the fourth

I knew not how long, I should it occupy
I made the tower stronge, I wist not why
I knew not to whom, I purchased Tetersfall
I amended Douer, on the mountayne hye
And London I prouoked, to fortify the wal
I made Pottingam, a place royal
Wyndsoz, Eltam, and many other mo
Yet at the last, I went from them al
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Where is now, my conquest and victoꝝy
Where is my riches, and my royal araye
Where be my coursers, and my horses hye
Where is my myꝛth, my solas, and play
As vanite to nought, al is wandꝛed away
O lady Wesse, longe foꝛ me may ye cal
Foꝛ I am de parted, til domes day.
But loue ye that lord, that is soueraygne of all
Where be my castels, and buildinges royall
But Winsore alone, nowe I haue no mo
And of Eton, the prayers perpetuall
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

Why shoulde a man, be proude oꝛ presume hye
Saint Bernard, therof nobly doth treat
Sythe a man, is nothing but a sacke of stercoꝝri
And shall retorne, vnto woꝛmes meate
Whye, what came of Alexander the great
Oꝛ elſe of stronge Sampson, who can tell
Wher no woꝛmes oꝛdened, theyꝛ flesh to treat

Edvard the fourth

And of Salomon, that was of witt the well
Absolon, profered his heare for to sel
Yet for al his beutie, wormes eat him also
And I but late in honour did excell
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

I haue played my pageyond, now am I past
Ye wot wel all, I was of no great yeld
This al thing concluded, shalbe at the last
When death approcheth, then lost is the felde
Then sithen this worlde, me no longer vp helde
For nought wold conserue me, here in my place
In manus tuas domine, my spirite vp I yealde
Humbly beseching, the God of his grace
O ye curtesse commens, your hartes vnbrace
Beningly now to pray for me also
For right wel you know, your kyng I was
Et ecce nunc in puluere dormio.

¶ F I N I S.

Skelton Laureate against the Scottes.

Against the proud Scottes clatter yng
That neuer will leaue theȝ tratl yng
When they the felde, and lost their kyng
They may wel say, fye on that winning.

against the Scots

L O these fond sottes. And tratling scottes
How they are blind. In their owne minde
And will not know. Their ouerthrow
At Branston more. They are so stowze
So frantike mad. They say they had
And wan the felde. With speare and shield
That is as trew. As blacke is blew
And grene is gray. What euer they say
Jemmy is dead. And closed in leade
That was theyz own king. Fye on that winning

At Flodden hilles. Dure bowes our bylles
Slewe all the floure. Of theyz honoure.
Are not these scottes. Foles and sottes
Suche boiste to make. To prate and crake
To face to brace All boyde of grace
So proud of hart. So ouerthwart
So out of frame. So boyd of shame
As it is enrold. Wrytten and told
Within this quaire. Who list to repair
And ther in reed. Shal finde in deed
A mad rekening. Considering all thing
That the scottes may sin. Fye on the winning
When the Scotte lyued.

I Oly Jemmy, ye scoznesfull Scot
As it come vnto your lot
A solempne sumner for to be
It greeth nought for your degre

against the Scottes

Our kyng of England for to fight
Your soueraine lord, our prince of might
He for to send, such a Citation
It shameth al your noughty nacion
In comparison, but kynge kopping
Unto our prince, annointed kyng
He playe Hop Lobbeyn of Lowdean
He shew ryght wel, what good ye can
He may be Lord of Locrian
Christ sence you, with a fryng pan
Of Edingborow, and sainte Jonis towne
A dieu syz somner, cast of your crowne.

When the Scot was slayne.

Continually I shall remember
The mery moneth of September
With the, xi. day of the same
For than began, our myrthe and game
So that now I haue deuised
And in my minde, I haue comprised
Of the proude Scot, kyng Jemmy
To wyte some lyttell tragedy
For no manner consideration
Of any sorowful lamentation
But for the special consolacion
Of al our royal englysh nacion
Melnomone, I muse tragediall
Unto your grace, for grace now I call
To guyde my pen, and my pen to enbibe

Alumine

against the Scots

Illumine me, your Poet, and your scribe
That with mirture of Aloes and bitter gall
I may compound, confections for Accordiall
To angre the Scottes, & Irish kiteringes withal
That late were discomfekt, with battaile marciall
Thalia, my muse, for you also cal I
To touche them with tauntes of your armonye
A medley to make, of mirth with sadnes
The hartes of England, to comfort with gladnes
And now to begyn, I wyll me a dres
To you reherfing, the somme of my proces.

Kynge Iamy, Jemmy, Jocky my ioye
Summond our king, why did ye so
To you, nothing it did accord
To Summon our king, your soueraigne Lorde
A kyng a Summer, it was great wonder
Know ye not suger, and salt a sonder
Your Summer to saucye, to malapert
Your harrold in armes, not yet halfe expert
Ye thought ye did, yet valiauntlye
Not worth thre skippes of a Dove
Syr skyr galpard, ye were so skit
Your wil, than ran before your wyt.

Your lege ye layd, and your alpy
Your franticke fable, not worth a fly
Frenche kyng, or one or other
Regarded you should your lord your brother

against the Scottes

Crowed ye sir Jemy, his nobel grace
From you sir Scot, would tourne his face
With gup syz Scot, of Calawey
Now is your pryde fall to decay
Wale v2id, was your fals entent
For to offende your president
Your soueraigne Lord, most reuerente
Your Lord, your brother and your regent.

In him is figured, Melchisedecke
And ye were disloyall Amalecke
He is oure noble Scipione
Annoynted kynge, and ye were noue
Thoughe ye vnturlye your father haue slayne
His tytle is true, in Fraunce to raygne
And ye proude Scot, Dundee, Dun jar
Wardy ye were, his homager
And suter to his Parliament
For your vnturthe, nowe are ye shent
Ye bare your self, somewhat to bold
Therfore ye lost, your copp hold
Ye were bonde tenent, to his estate
Lost is your game, ye are checke mate

Unto the castell of Roxram
I vnderstande, to sone ye came
At Branston moze, and Flodden hilles
Our Englysh bowes, our Englysh bylles

Against

against the Scots

Against you gaue so sharpe a shower
That of Scotland, ye lost the flower
The white Lyon: there rampaunte of moode
He raged and rente out your hart bloude
He the White, and you the Red
The white there slewe the red starke ded
Thus for your guerdon quyt are ye
Thanked be God in trinite
And swete saint George our ladyes knyghte
Your eye is oute, a dewe good nyghte.

Ye were starke mad to make a fray
His grace beyng out of the way
But by the power and might of God
For your taylor ye made a rod
Ye wanted wit, sir at a worde
Ye lost your spurs: ye lost your sword
Ye mighte haue busked you to huntly bankes
Your pryde was peuysh to play suche prankes
Your pouerte could not attayne
With our kyng royal, war to maintaine.

Of the kyng of Nauerne, ye myght take heed
Ungraciously howe he dothe speede
An double dealyng, so he dyd dreame
That he is kyng, wythoute a keame
And for example, he woulde none take
Experiens hath brought you in such a brake

Your

against the Scots

Your wealth, your joy, your sport, your play
Your bragging boast, your royal aray
Your beard so brym, as bore at baye
Your seven sisters, that Sun so gay
All haue ye lost, and caste awaye.

Thus fortune hath turned you: I dare wel saye
Now from a kyng, to a clot of clay
Dute of Robes, ye were shaked
And wretchedly ye lay, starke all naked
For lacke of grace, harde was your hap
The Popes cures, gaue yon that clap.

Of the out ples, the rough foted Scottes
We haue wel eased them of the bottes
The rude rācke Scottes, lyke droncken dranges
At Englysh bowes haue fetched theyr banes
It is not sitting, in towre and towne
A Summer, to were a kynges crowne
Fortune on you, therfore dyd frowne
Ye were to hye, ye are cast downe
Syr summer now, where is your crowne
Cast of your crowne, cast vp your crowne
Sir Summer, now ye haue lost your crowne
Quod Skelton Laureate, Oratoure to the kyn-
ges most royal estate.

SCorica redicta in formam prouincie
Regis parebit nutibus anglie:

Alioquin (per desertum sin) super Cherubim
Cherubin, seraphim, seraphin que ergo. &c.

against the Scots

Unto diuers people that remord this
ryming againste the Scot Jemmy.

I Am now constraind
With wordes nothynge fayned
This inuective to make For som people sake
That lyst for to iangell
And waywardly to wzangell
Againste this my makynge
Their males thereat shakynge
At it reprehending. And benemously stingyng
Kebukynge and remordyng
And nothynge accordynge

Cause they haue none other
But for that he was hys brother
Brother vnnaturall. Unto our kyng royall
Against whome he dyd fighte
Faslye agaynst all ryghte
Lyke that vtrue rebell
Fasle Cayne agaynst Abell

But who so there at pyketh mood
The tokens are not good
To be true Englysh blood
For if they vnderstood
His traitourly dispight
He was a recraped knyght
A subtill slymatike
Ryghte neare an heritike
Of grace out of the state

And

Skelton Laireate

And died excommunicate
And for he was a kynge
The more shameful rekenyng
Of hym shoulde men reporte
In earnest and in spote
He scantlye loueth oure kynge
That grudgeth at this thinge
That caste suche ouerthwartes
Percase haue hollowe hartes

Si veritatē dico, quare non creditis

*michi. Chorus de Dys contra Scottes, cum omni
processionali festiuitate solemp. & sauit
hoc Epitoma. xxii. die
Septembris. &c.*

S Alue festa dies toto resonabilis euo
Qua scottus iacobus obruius en se cadit
Barbara scottorum gens per fida plena malorum
Vincitur ad Norran, uertitur inque fugam
Vasta paulus sed campestris (borie memoratur
Braxion more) scottins terra perosa fuit
scottica castra fremunt F'oddun sub mōtibus altis.
Que Valide inuadens dissipat angla manus
Millia scottorum trusit gens anglica passim
Luxuriat tepido sanguine pi gais humus
Pars animas miseri miseras, misere sub umbras
Pars tuit in foueas, pars subiit latebras

Skelron Laureate

iam quid ag't iachebus, damnorū gremine cretus
Persidus Vt nemroth lapsus ad iam ruit
Dic modo scotterum dudum male fane malorum
Rector nunc Regeris mortuus ecce iaces
sic Leo te Rapidus Leo candidus inclitus urfit
quo Leo in Rubins ultima f. ta luis
Anglia doc choreas Resonent tua tempana psallas
Da laudes domino, Da pia uota deo.

Hec Laureatus Skeltonis

Regine orator.

Chorus de dis. &c. super triumph ali victoria contra
gallos. &c. cantauit solemmiter hoc Elogium
in profesto diui iohannis ad
de colationem.

Salue festa dies toto memorabilis euc.
Qua rex Henricus gallico bella premit
Henricus Rutilans Octauus noster in armis
Tir wime gentis nemit stravit humi
Sceptriger anglorum bello ualidissimus hector
Francorum gentis colla superba terit
Dux armis nuper celebris inodo dux meritis
De longuile modo dic quo tuo pompa ruit
De cleremount clarus dudum dic galle superbe
Vnde superbus eris? carcere nonne gemis?
Discite francorum gens cetera capti, britannum

Nosce

Vv are the havvke

Noscite magnimum, subdite uos que sibi
Gloria cappa docis diue miles que Marie
Illius hic sub ope Gallica regna reget.
Hoc insigne bonum diuino Numine gestum
Anglica gens referat semper, ouis que canat
Per Skeltonida Laureatum,
Oratorem Regium.

Here after folovveth the booke,
entituled. Ware the Hawke.
Per skelton Laureat.

*Prologus Skeltonidis Laureati super
ware the Hawke.*

This worke deuised is
For such as do a mis
And specially to controule
Suche as haue cure of soule
That be so farre abused
They can not be excused
By reason nor by lawe
But that they play the diue
To hawke or else to hunte
From the Altar to the funte
With crye vnreuerente
Before the Sacramente

Within

Vvare the havvke

Within the holy church boundis
That of our faith, the ground is
That pryest that hawkes so
All gr ace is farre him fro
He semeth a sismatike
Or else an heritike
For faith in him is faynte
Therefore to make complaynte
Of suche mysadvised
Parsons, and disgised
This boke we haue deuised
Compendiouslye comprised
No good priest to offend
But such dawes to amend
In hope that no man shall
Be discontent withall.

I Shall you make relacion
By waye of a pestrofacion
Under suppoztacon
Of your pacient tolleracion
How I Skelton Laureat,
Deuised and also wzate
Upon a lewde Curate
A parson beneficed
But nothing well aduised
He shall be as now nameles
But he shall not be blameles

Vv are havvke

For he shall not be shameles
For sure he wrought a mis
To hawke in my churche of Dis
This sonde frantike fauconer
With hys poluted pawtner
As priest vnreuerent
Straight to the Sacrament
He made his Hawke to fly
With hogenous shote and crye
The hye aulter he strypt naked
There on he stode and craked
He shoke downe al the clothes
And sware horrible othes
Before the face of God
By Moyses and Arons rod
Or that he thence yede
His hawke should pray and fede
Upon a pigeons maue
The bloude ran downe raso
Upon the auter stone
The hawke tyred on a bonne
And in the holy place
She muted there a chalse
Upon my corporas face
Such sacrificium laudis
He made with such gambatodis.

Obseruate.

His second hawke waxed gerpe

And

Vvare the havvke

And was with flying wery
She had flow in so oft
That on the rode lost
She perked her to rest
The Fauconer then was prest,
Came running with a dow
And cryed stow stow stow
But she would not bowe
He then to be sure
Called her with a lure
Her meate was very crude
She had not wel endude
She was not cleane ensaymed
She was not wel reclaymed
But the sawconer vnsaymed
Was much moze febler bzained
The hawke had no lyst
To come to hys syst
She loked as she had the fronce
With that he gaue her a bounce
Ful vpon the gorge
I wyl not sayne nor forge
The hawke with that clap
Fell downe with euil hap
The church dozes wer sparred
Fast bolted and barred
Pet with a pretty gin
I fortunied to come in

Vvare the havyke

This rebell to beholde
Whereof hym I controulde
But he sayd that he wolde
Agaynst my mynde and will
In my churche hawke styll.

Considerate

On saint John decollacion
He hawked on this facion
Temptore, vesperarum
Sed, non secundum sarum
But lyke a marche harum
His braynes were so parum
He sayde he would not let
His houndes for to let
To hunte there by lyberte
In the dispite of me
And to halowe there the fore
Downe went my offering box
Boke bel and candell
Al that he might handell
Cros staffe, lectrine and banner
Fel done on thys manner.

Deliberate

With troll, citrace and troupe
They ranged hankin boupe
My church all about
Thys sawconer gan shoute
These be my gspellers

These

Vvare the havvke

These be my pistillers
These be my queristers
to helpe me to singe
My hawkes to mattens ring
In this priestly giding
His hawke then flew vpon
The rode with Mary and Iho
Delt he not lyke a fon
Delt he not lyke a daw
Or elsse is this goddes law
Decrees or Decretals
Or holy sinodals
Or elsse prouincials
Thus within the wals
Of holy church to deale
Thus to ringe a peale
With his hawkes belles
Doutles suche losels
Make the church to be
In smal auctorite
A curate in speciall
To snapper and to fall
Into this open crime
To loke on this were tyme

Vigilate.

But who so that lokes
In the officials bokes
Ther her may see and reed

J.ii.

That

Vvare the havvke

That this is matter in deed
How be it mayden meed
Made them to be agreed
And so the scribe was feed
And the Pharasaye
Than durst nothing say
But let the matter slip
And made truth to trip
And of the spituall law
They made but a gew gaw
And toke it out in drynke
And this the cause doth shynke
The church is thus abused
Keproched and polluted
Correction hath no place
And al for lacke of grace

De plorate.

Loke now in Crodi
And de archa domini
With regum by and by
The Bibel wyl not lye
How the temple was kept
How the temple was swept
Where sanguis taurozum
Aut sanguis vitulozum
Was offred within the wals
After ceremonials
When it was poluted

Sentence

Vvare the havvke

Sentence was erecuted
By way of expiacion

Diuinitate.

Then much more by the rode
Where chrystes pzeious bloud
Daily offred is
To be poluted this
And that he wished with all
That the dowues donge downe
might fall

Into my chalis at mas
When consecrated was
The blessed sacrament
A priest vnreuerent
He sayde that he would Hunt
From the aulter to the Funke

Reformat.

Of no tyrande I rede
That so farre dyd excede
Neither yet Dioclesian
Nor yet domitian
Nor yet croked Cacus
Nor yet drunken Baccus
Nothor Olibrius Nor Dionysius
Nothor Phalaris
Reherfed in valerius
Nor Sardanapallus
Unhappiest of all

Vvare the havvke

Noz Pero the worst
Noz Claudius the curst
Noz yet Egeas
Noz yet syz Pherumbzas
Noz her zozobabell
Noz cruell Iesabell
Noz yet tarquinius
Whome Titus Linius
In wrytinge doth enroll
I haue red them poll by poll
The stoye of Aristobel
And of Constantinobel
Whiche citye Discreantes wan
And slue many a chzisten man
Pet the Sowden noz the turke
Wzought neuer such a worke
For to let their hawkes flye
In the church of Saint Sophy
With much matter moze
That I kepe in stoze

Pensitate

Then in a tabel playne
I wzote a verse oz twayne
Where at he made disdayne
The pekythe parson brayne
Coude not reache noz attaine

What

Vvare the havvke

What the sentence mente
He sayde for a croked intent
The wordes were parverted
And this he ouerthwarted
Of the whiche processe
Ye maye knowe more expresse
If it please you to loke
In the residue of this booke.

Here after followeth the Table.

LOke on this tabul
Vvwhether thou art a bul
To rede or to spel
Vvhar these verses tel.

*Sicculo lutueris est colo bunraad
Nixphedras uisatum caniuter aumtantes.*

*Raterplas Natambrian um sudus itnugenus;
18.10.2.11.19.4.13.3.3.1. tēualet.*

Cartula stet precor hec uello temeranda petulea

Hos rapiet Numeros non homo sz mala bos.

*Ex parte. Rem carte aduerse aperte, pone musam
are thusam hanc.*

I.iiii.

Calhere

Vvare the havvke

Where to shoulde I rehers
The sentence of my vers.
In them be no scholes
For bzaynslicke franticke soles
Construas hoc, domine dawcocke,

Ware the hawke.

Maister Sophista
Pe simpler, silogista
The Deuelyshe dogmatista
Pour hawke on your fist
To hawke when your list
In ecclesia ista domine cacapisti
With thy hawke on thy fist
Punquid sic diristi. Punquid sic fecisti
Sed vbi hoc legisti
Aut vnde hoc, doctor dawcocke,

Ware the hawke.

Doctor Dialectica

Where finde you in Ipotetica
Or in Cathagoria. Latina, sine bozica
To vse your hawkes, forica
In propiciatorio, tanquam, diuersorio
Vnde hoc, domine dawcocke

Ware the Hawke.

Saye to me Jacke haris
Quare accuparis Ad sacramentum altaris
For no reuens thou spares
To shake my pygeons federis

Super

Vvare the havvke

Super, arcam federis
Unde hoc, doctor dawcocke

Ware the Hawke.

Sic dominus vobiscum Par aucupium

Ye made your hawke to cum

De super candelabrum

Christi crucifiri

To fede vpon your fistye

Dic inimice crucis christi. Tibi didicisti

Facere hoc, domine dawcocke

Ware the Hawke

Apostata Julianus

Por yet Nestorianus

Thou shalt no where rede

That they dyd such a dede

To let theyz hawkes fly

Ad ostium tabernaculi

In quo est corpus domini

Cave hoc, doctor dawcocke

Ware the Hawke

This doutlesse ye raued

Dis churche ye thus depraued

Wherfore as I be saued

Ye are therfore be knaued

Quare, quia euangelia

Concha, et conchelia

Ancipiter, & sonalia

Cetera, quoque talia

Tibi

Tibi sunt equalia

Unde hoc domine dawcocke

Ware the Hawke

Et relis et ralis Et reliqualis

From Granada to galis

From winchelsea to wales

Non est brainsicke tales

Nec minus racionalis. Nec magis bestis

That singges with a chalis

Construas hor doctor dawcocke

Ware the Hawke.

Mased witles smery smyth

Hamper with your hammer vpon thy styth

And make here of a sickel or a saw

For though ye liue. a. c. yere ye shal dye a daw

Mos valete doctor indiscrete

*Skeltonis Apostrophat ad diuum iohannem decollatum
in cuius profesto sicbat hoc a ucupium.*

O Memoranda dies qua decolare iohannes Acupiu
facit hoc quandam quod fecerit infra ecclesiam de
dis uiolans sua sacra sacrorum rector de Whiph
stocke doctor cognomine daucocke, & dominus wodcocke,
probat. probat hic. probat, hec hoc.

*Idem. de liber a dicacitate poetica, in cextolem
da proliate et in per fricam da ignobilate.*

Libertas

Libertas ueneranda pijs concessa poetis, discendi est
quecunque placent querunque iuuabunt uell que-
cunque ualent iustas defendere causas uell que-
cunque uolent stolidos mordere petulcos. Ergo da bis
uentam.

Quod Skelton Laureat

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede.

To hastye of sentence
To searse for none offence
To scarce of your expens

To large in negligence

To slacke in recompens

To haute in excellence

To lighte intelligence

And to lyghte of credence

Where these kepe residence

Reason is banyshe thence

And also dame Prudence

With sober pacience.

All noble men of this take hede
And beleue it as your crede

Then wythoute collusion

Marke well this conclusion

Therowe suche abusion

And by suche Illasion

Unto greate confusion
A nobell man may fall
And hys honoure appall
That yf ye thinke this shall
Not rub you on the gall
Then the deuill take all
All nobell men of this take hede. &c.

Quod Skelton Laureate.

Ye may heare now, in this Rhyme
How euery thing, must haue a time.

Tyme is a thing, that no man may resist
Time is transitory, and Irreuoicable
Who saith the cōtrary, time passeth as him
Time must be taken, in season couenable (list
Take time when time is, for time is ay mutable
All thing hath time, who can for it prouide
Bide for time who wil, for time wil no mā abide
Tyme to be sad, and time to play and spozte
Time to take rest, by way of recreation
Tyme to study, and time to vse comfort
Tyme of pleasure, and time of consolation
Thus time hath his time, of diuers maner faciō
Tyme for to eate and drynke, for thy repast
Tyme to be liberall, and time to make no wast
Tyme to trauel, and time for to rest
Time for to speake, and time for to hold thy peace
Time

Time woulde be vsed, when time is best
Time to begin, and time for to cease
And when time is, put thy self in pzease
And when time is, to holde thy selfe a backe
For time wel spent, can neuer haue lacke.

The rotes take their sap, in time of vere
In time of sommer, floures freshe and grene
In time of haruest, men their corne there
In time of winter the North wind wareth bene
So bitterly biting, the floures be not sene
The kalendis of Janus, with his frostes hore
That time is, whē people must liue bpō the store
Quod Skelton Laureat.

A prayer to the father of heauen.

O Radiant luminary of light interminable
Celestiall father, potenciall God of might
Of heauen and earth. O lord incōperable
Of al perfections the essenciall most perfighte
O maker of mankind, that formed day and night
Whose power imperial, cōprehēdeth euery place
Mine hart, my mind, my thought, my hole delite
Is after this lyfe, to se thy glozious face.

Whose magnificence, is incomprehensible
Al argumentes of reason, whiche far doth excede
Whose deite doutles, is indiuisible
From whō al goodnes, and vertue both procede
Of

Of thy support, al creatures haue neede
Assist me good Lord, and graunt me of thy grace
To liue to thy pleasure, in word thought & dede
And after this lyfe to see thy glozious face.

To the seconde
Parlone.

O Benigne Iesu, my souerain lorde and
kyng
The only sonne of God, by filiation
The second parson, without beginning
Both god & man, our faith maketh plain relacio
Mary the mother, by way of incarnation
Whose glozious passion, our soules doth reuiue
Against al bodely, and ghostly tribulacion
Defend me with thy piteous woundes fine

O periles pynce, paynted to the death
Rufully rent, thy body wan and blo
For my redemption, gaue vp thy vntal breathe
Was neuer sorow, lyketo thy deadly wo
Graunt me, out of this world when I shal go
Thine endles mercy, for my preseruatiue
Against the world, the flesh, the deuill also
Defende me with thy piteous woundes fine.

To the holy ghost.

O Firy sentence, inflamed with all grace
Enkynndeling hertes, with bandes cha-
ritable

The endlesse rewarde, of pleasure and solace
To the father, and the son, thou art communicable
In vnitate, which is inseperable
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against al suggestions deadly, and dampnable
Rescu me good Lorde, by your preservation.

To whome is appoynted, the holy ghost by
name

The third parson, one god in Trinite
Of perfyt loue, thou art the ghostlye flame
O mirrour of mekenes, peace and tranquillitye
My confort, my counsel, my parfit charity
O water of lyfe, O wel of consolacion
Against all stozmes, of hard aduersitie
Rescu me good Lord, by thy preservation.

Amen.

Quod Skelton Laureate.

Here after foloweth the
boke called Clinour
Kumming.

The tunnyng of Elynour
Rummyng. Per. Skelton
Laureate.

Tell you I chill
If that ye wyll
A whyle be still
Of a comelye gyll
That dwelt on a hyl
But she is not gryll
For she is somewhat sage
And well woꝛne in age
For her visage
It woulde asswage
A mannes courage
Her lothelye leare
Is nothyng cleare
But bgye of cheare.
Droupye and drowlye
Scurvy and lowly
Her face all bowly
Comelye crinkled
Wonderlye wyinkled
Lyke a roske pigges eare
Wyntled with here
Her lewde lyppes twayne
They flauer men sayne

Lyke

Elinour Rumming.

Lyke a roppe rayne
A gummy glayze
She is vglye fayze
Her nose some dele hoked
And camoufye croked
Peuer stoppinge
But euer dropping
Her skin lose and flacks
Grained like a sacke
With a croked backe

Her even gowndys
Are full vnswondy
For they are blered
And she graye heared
Jawed lyke a Jetty
A man would haue pity
To se how she is gumbed
Fingered and thumbed
Gently ioynted
Gresed and annoynted
Up to the knockels
The bones her buckels,
Together made faste
Her youthe is farre pale
Foted lyke a plane
Legges like a crane
And yet she wyl set
Lyke a lolly set

Elinour Rumming.

In her furred flocket
And gray russet rocket
With simper the cocket
Her huke of Lyncole grene
It hadde bene hers I wene
More then fortye yere
And so it dothe appeare
And the grene bare thredes
Looke lyke sere wedes
Withered lyke Haye
The woll woene awayne
And yet I dare saye
She thinketh her selfe gaye
Upon the holye daye
When she dothe her araye
And girdeth in her getes
Stitched and pranked with pletes
Her kirtell Bristowe red
With clothes vpon her heade
That they way a sowe of leade
Whythen in a wonder wise
After the Sarazins gife
With a whim wham
Knit with a trim frant
Upon her brayne panne
Like an Egyptian
Capped aboute
When she goeth oute

Her

Elinour Rumming.

Her selfe for to shewe
She driueth downe the Dewe
With a paire of heles
As brode as two wheles
She hobbles as a Gose
With her blauket hose
Her shene smered with talow
Cresed vpon dyzt
That bandeth her skyzt

Primus passus.

And this comelye dame
I vnderstande her name
Is Elynoure Rumminge
At home in her wonnyng
And as men say
She dwelt in Sothzay
In a certaine stede
By syde Lederhede
She is a sonnishe gyf
The deuell and she be sib.

But to make by my tale
She bzueeth noppv ale
And maketh therof poozte sale
To travellers, to tinkers
To sweters, to sminkers
And all good ale dzynters
That wyl nothinge spare
But dzyneke tyll they stare

R. II.

And

Elinour Rumming.

And bringe them selfe bare
With no we a way the mare
And let vs slep care
As wise as an hare
Come who so wil
To Elinour on the hill
With fil the cup fill
And sit there by still
Carelye and late
Thither commeth Kate
Ciaye and Sare
With their legges bare
And also theyr fete
Hardely full vnswete
With their heles dagged
Theyr hyrtelles all to iagged
Theyr smockes all to ragged
With fitters and fatters
Bynge dyshes and platters
With all theyr mighte runnyng
To Elynoure rumminge
To haue of her tunnyng
She leaneth them of the same
And thus beginneth the game
Some wenches come vnbraised
With theyr naked pappes
That flippes and flappes
It wygges and it wagges

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Elinour Rumming

Lyke sawny saffron bagges
A sorte of foule drabbes
All scurvy with scabbes
Some be flye bytten
Some skewed as a kyttent
Some with a sho cloute
Wynde their heades aboute
Some haue no herelace
Theyr lockes about their face
Theyr tresses vntruste
All full of vnluste
Some looke strawrye
Some caurye maurye
Full vntidye tegges
Lyke rotten egges
Suche a lewde sorte
To Elynoure resorte
From tyde to tyde
Abyde abyde
And to yon shall be toulde
Howe her ale is sould
To maute and to molde

Secundus passus

Some haue no monye
That thither comye
For their ale to paye
That is a shrewde a ray
Elynoure swears naye

Elinour Rumming

Ye shall not beare awaye
My ale for noughte
By him that me boughte
With hey dogge haye
Hauz these dogges awaye
With gette me a staffe
The swyne eate my drasse
Strike the hogges with a clubbe
They haue dronk vp mi swilling tub
For be there neuer so much prese
These swine go to the hye dese
The sowe with her pygges
The boze his taile wrygges
Against the hye bench.
With so, ther is astench
Gather vp thou wench.
Seest thou not what is fall
Take vp drit and all.
And beare out of the hal
God geue it il preuing.
Clenly as euel cheuing
But let vs turne plain,
Ther we lest againe
For as ill a patch as that.
The hens run in the mashfat
For they go to roust
Straight over the ale soust
And donge whan it commes

Elinour Rumming

In the ale tunnes
Then Elinour taketh.
The mash bol and shaketh
The hennes donge away.
And skommeth it in a tray
Where as the yest is.
With her maungy fistis
And sometime she blens.
The donge of her hennes
And the ale together.
And sayth gossip come hither
This ale shalbe thicker
And floure the more quicker
For I may tel you
I learned it of a Jewe
Wham I began to brew
And I haue founde it trew
Drinke now while it is new
And ye may it broke
It shall make you loke
Yonger then ye be
Peres two or thre
For ye may proue it by me
Behold she sayd and see
How bright I am of ble
Ich am not cast away
That can my husband saye
Whan we kysse and playe

Elinour Rumming

In luste and in likynge
He calleth me his whiting
His mullinge and his nitting
His nobbes and his connye
His sweting and hys honny
With baffe my preyty bonny
Thou arte worthe good and monny
This make I my falyze fanny
Iyll that he dreanye and dzonnye
For after all oure sport
Than will he rout and snort
Then sweetely together we ly
As twis pygges in a sty.

To cease me someth best
And of this tale to reast
And for to leaue this letter
Because it is no better
And because it is no swetter
We wyl no farther ryme
Of it, at this time
But we wyl turne playne
Where we left agayne. ①

Tertius passus.

In stede of coine and monny
Somme bynge her a conny
And some a pot with honni
Some a salt, and some a sponne
Some their hose, some ther thone
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Elinour Rumming

Some ran a good trot
With a skyllet or a pot
Some fyll their pot full
Of good Lemster woll
An huswife of truste
Whan she is a thurst
Suche a webbe can spyn
Her thyrste is full thyn

Some go straghte thither
Be it flaty or slider
They holde the hye waye
They care not what men saye
Be that as be maye
Some lothe to be espyde
Some start in at the backe syde
Ouer the hedge and pale
And all for the good ale

Some renne tyll they swete
Bryng with them malt or whete
And dame Elinoure entreat
To byle them of the best

Than cometh an other gest
She swered by the rode of rest
Her lippes are so drye
Without drynke she must dye
Therefore fyll it by and by
And haue here a pecke of ry
A none cometh another

Elinour Rumming

As dyne as the other
And wyth her dothe bryng
Bele, salt, or other thing
Her harness girdle, her wedding
To paye for hir scot (ringe
As cometh to her lot
Som bringeth her husbādes hood
Because the ale is good
A nother brought her his cap
To offer to the ale tap
With flare and with towe
And some brought soure dowe
With hey and with howe
Syt we dowe a rowe
And dryncke tyll we blowe
And pype tirlve tyzlowe
Some layde to pledge
They hatchet and their wedge
Their hekell and their rele
Their rock, their spinnig whele
And some went so narrow
They laid to pledge their wharrows
Their rikskin and theyz spindell
Theyz nedel and their thimbell
Here was scante thryfte
Whan they made such thryfte
Their thrust was so great
They asked neuer for meate

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Elinour Rummung

But drinke still drynke
And let the cat winke
Let vs washe oure gommies
From the dry crommes

Quartus passus.

Some for very nede
Lay down a skain of threde
And some a skain of yarne
Bothe Beanes and pease
Small Chaffer dothe ease
Sometime, now and than
Another there was that ran
With a good brassepan
Her coloure was full wan
She ran in al the haste
Unbrased and vnlaste
Lawnye swart and swallows
Lyke a cake of tallowe
I sweare by all hallowe
It was a stare to take
The Denill in a brake.

And than came haltpyge Jone
And broughte a gambone
Of bakon that was reastye
But Lorde as she was testye
Angrye as a waspye
She began to yane and gaspy
And bad Elynoure go bet

And

Elinour Rumming

And fyll in good meate
It was dere that was farre set
Another broughte a spycke
Of a bacon flicke
Her tonge was verve quicke
But she spake somewhat thicke
Her felowz did stammer and stut
But she was a foule slut
For her mouthe comed
And her bellye groned
None sayne she had eaten a fyest
By Christe sayde she thou lvest
I haue as swete a breathe
As thou with shamesfull deathe
Then Elinour sayd, ye callettes
I shall breake your palettes
Withoute ye now cease
And so was made the dronken peace
Than thider came droncken Ales
And she was full of tales
Of tidinges in Wales.
And of saint James in Gales
And of the Portyngales
With lo gossip I wis
Thus and thus it is
There hath ben greate warre
Betwene temple barre
And the crosse in cheape

And

Elinour Rumming

And there came and heape
Of mil stones in a route
She speaketh thus in her snoute
Sneuelynge in her nose
As thoughe she had the pose
Lo here is an olde sippet
And ye wil geue me a sippet
Of your stale ale
God sende you good sale
And as she was dzyngyng
She fell in a wyngyng
With a barlye hooche
She pytte where she stoode
Than began she to wepe
And forthwith fell on slepe
Elynoure tooke her vp
And blessed her wyth acup
Of newe ale in cornes
Ales founde therein no thornes
But supped it vp at ones
She found therein no bones

Quintus passus.

Now in cometh another rabel
Fyrst one with a ladell
A nother with a cradell
And with a syde sadel
And there began a fabel
A clatterynge and a babell

Of

Elinour Rumming.

Of soles silly
That had a sole with willy
With iast you, and gap gillye
She coulde not lye stillye
Then came in a genet
And sware by saint Bennet
Foranke not this fennet
A draughte to my paye
Clynoure I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assaye.
And haue here a pilch of gray
I weare skinnes of Conye
That causeth I loke so donny
Another than dyd hyche her
And broughte a pottel pycher
A tonnel, and a bottel
But she had lost the stoppel
She cut of her sho sole
And stopped therwith the hole.

Amonge all the blommer
Another brought a skommer
A frying pan and a slice
Elynoure made the pryce
For good ale eche whit.

Then starte in mad hys
That had lytle lout
She semed some deale seke
And brought vp a peny cheke

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Elinour Rumming

To dame Elinoure

For a draughte of lycour.

Than Margery milke duche

Her kirtell she did vp tucke

An ynche aboue her kne

Her legges that ye might se

But they wer sturpy and stubbled

Mighty pestels and clubbed

As fayre and as white

As the fote of a kite

She was somewhat foule

Croke necked lyke an Owle

And yet she broughte her fees

A cantel of Ester chese

Was well a fote thicke

Full of magottes quicke

It was huge and greate

And mightye stronge meate

For the deuill to eate

It was tarte and punyete

Another sorte of fluttres

Some broughte walnutes

Some apples, some pearres

Some brought their clippinge theres

Some broughte thys and that

Some broughte I wote neare what

Some broughte theyr husbandes hat

Some podynges and lynkes

Some

Elinour Rumming.

Some trypes that stinkes
But of all thys thronge
One came them amonge
She seemed halfe a leche
And began to preach
Of the tewe-day in the weke
Whan the mare doth keke
Of the vertue of an vnset leke
Of her husbandes breke
With the feders of a quaille
She could to bourde on sayle
And with good ale barme
She could make a charm
To healepe with all a scytche
She seemed to be a wytche
Another brought. ii. goslings
That wer noughty frossings
Some brought the in a wallet
She was a cumlye callet
The goslinges were vntide
Elinour began to chide (broue
They be wrethocke thou haste
They ar thyze shakynge nought

Sextus passus.

Maud ruggv, thither skipped
She was vglye hipped
And vglye thicke lipped
Like an Onion sided

Like

Like
She
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Elinour Rumming.

Like tan ledder hided
She had her so guided
Betwene the cup and the wall
That she was there with all
Into a palsey fall
With that her hed shaked
And her handes quaked
Ones heade wold haue aken
To se her naked
She dranke so of the dregges
The dropsy was in her legges
Her face glistering lyke glasse
All foggye fat she was
She had also the goutte
In all her ioyntes aboute
Her bzeith was soure and stale
And smelled all of ale
Suche a bedfellowe
Wold make one cast his crow
But yet for all that
She drancke on the mashe fat
There came an olde rybibe
She halted of a kybe
And had broken her thyn
At the threschold cummyng in
And fell so wyde open
That one myght se her token
The deuil there on be wroken

And

What

Elinour Rummyng

What nede all this be spoken
She yelled lyke a calfe
Kysse by on gods halfe
Sayde Elynoure rummyng
I be shewe the for thy cummyng
As she at her id plucke
Quake, quake, sayde the duche
In that lampatrams lap
With fye, couer the shap
With sum flip flap
God geue it yll happe
Sayde Elynoure for shame
Lyke an honest dame
Up she stearte, halfe lame
And skantlye coude go
For payne and for wo
In came another dant
With a gosse and a gant
She had a wide wrelant
She was nothyng pleasaunt
Pecked lyke an Oliphant
It was a bullifant
A gredy cozmerante
A nother brought her garlik bedes
A nother brought her bedes
Of Jet or of coale
To offer to the ale pole
Some brought a wimble

Some

Elinour Rumming

Some brought a thymble
Some brought a silke lace
Some brought a pincase
Some her husbandes gowne
Some a pillowe of downe
Some of the napery
And ali this thyfte they make
For the good ale sake

A straw said bele stande vtter
For we haue egges and butter
And of pigeons a payre.

Than sterte forth a filgigge
And she brought a boze pigge
The flesh thereof was ranke
And her breath strongly stanke
Yet o she wente she dranke
And gate her greate thancke
Of Elynoure for her ware
That she thither bare
To paye for her share
Nowe trulve to my thynkyng
This is a solempne drynkyng

Septimus passus.

Soft quod one high stibill
And let me with you bittill
She sate downe in the place
With a soze face
They woꝛmed aboute

L.ii.

Care

Elinour Rumming,

Garnished was her snoute
With here and there a pascul
Lyke a scabbed muscull
This ale sayde she is nopp
Let vs sippe and sopp
And not spil a dropp
For so mote I hopp
It colet well my copp

Dame Elynoure sayde she
Haue here is for me
A cloute of London pinnes
And with that she begynnes
The pot to her plucke
And dranke a good lucke
She swinge by a quarte
At ones for her part
Her paunche was so puffed
And so with ale stuffed
Had she not hyed a pace
She had defoyled the place

Than began the sport
Amonge that drunken fort
Dame Elynoure sayde they
Lende here a cocke of hay
To make all thyng cleane
We wote well what we meane
But sye amonge all
That sate in that hall

There

Elinour Rummynge

There was a pricke me deintie
Sate lyke a saintye
And began to paintye
As thoughe she woulde faintye
She made it as koy
As a lege demoy
She was not halfe so wise
As she was peuysh nyle
She sayde neuer a worde
But rose from the borde
And called for oure dame
Elynoure by name
We supposed I wox
That she rose to pisse
But the verye grounde
Was for to compounde
With Elynour in the spence
To paye for her expence
I haue no penny nor grote
To pay sayd she, god wot
For washinge of my throte
But my bedes of amber
Bere them to your chaumber
Then Elynour dyd them hide
Wythin her beddes syde
But some than sat righte sad
That nothyng had
There of they? one

Elinour Rumming

Peyther gelt nor pawne
 Suche were there mennye
 That had not a pennye
 But whan they shoulde walke
 Were fayne with a chalke
 To scoze on the balke
 Or scoze on the tayle
 God geue it yll hayle
 For my fyngers ytche
 I haue wrytten to mych
 Of this mad mummyng
 Of Elynoure Kummynge
 Thus endeth the gest
 Of this worthe feft.

Quod Skelton Laureat.

*Laurratiskeltonidis in despectu
 malignantium disticon.*

Quamuis infans, quamuis marcescis inanis
 Iuui di cantamus, hec loca plena locis

Bien men souient.

Omnes feminas, que uel uinis bibule sunt, uel que
 scordida labe squaloris, aut quamspuria seditatis
 macula, aut uerbosa laquatita te notantur, poeta in-
 uitat ad audiendum hunc libellum. &c.

Ebria

Vvhy come ye not to Court.

E Brie, squalida, sordida femina, perdis querbis
Huc currat, properet ueniat sua facta libellus
Ite uolubabit: pean sua pleetra sonando
Materiam risus cantabit carmine iuoco.

F I N I S.

Quod Skelton Laureate.

Here after folovveth a litle E

vvhiche hath to name, vvhie co

ye not to Court Compyled by

Mayster Skelton Poete

Laureate.

The relucet mirrour for all Prels

Presidents as well spirituall as temporall

sadly to loke vpon deuised in

Englysh by Skelton.

All noble men of this take hede and

leue it as your Crede.



Dhastye of sentence

To fearce for none offence

To scarce of your expence

To large in negligence

To slacke in recompence

L.iiii.

To haut in excellence
To lyght intellygence
And to lyght in credence
Where these kepe resydence
Reason is banished thence
And also dame prudence
With sober patience
All noble men. &c.

Than without collusion
Marke well thys conclusion
Through such abusyon
And by suche illusion
Unto great confusion
A noble man may fall
And his honoure appall
And yf ye thynke thys shal
Not rubbe yow on the gall
Than the deuyl take all. &c.

*Hec vates ille, de quo loquuntur
in ille*

Vvhy come ye not to
Court.



For age is a page
For the court full vnnecete
For age can not rage
For baste her sweete sweete
But whan age seeth that rage
Dothe aswage and refrayne

Than wpll age haue a corage
To come to court agayne

But

Helas, sage ouerage
To madly decaves
That age for dottage
Is recouered now a dayes
Thus age graunt domage
Is nothyng set by
And rage in a rerage
Doth renne lamentably.

So

That rage must make pillage
To catche that catche mape
And wyth suche forage
Hunte the boskage
That hartes wyl runne awaye
Bothe Hartes and hindes
With all good mindes
Fare well, than haue good day

Than

Vvhy come ye

Th in haue good day a de w
For defaute of rescew
Some men may happely rew
And they? heades mew
The time dothe faste ensew
That bales begin to brew
I drede by swete Jesu
This tale will be to 'trew
In fayth dicken thou crew.

In fayth dicken, thou crew. &c.

Dicken, thou crew doutles
For truelye to expresse
There hath be much erces
With banketyng Braynlesse
With ryoting rechles
With gambaudyng thryftles
With spend, and waste witles
Treating of truce restlesse
Pratyng for peace peasslesse
They countring at Cales
Wrange vs on the Wales
Cheife Councelour was cateles
Gronyng grouching graceles
And to none entent
Dur talwod is all bzent
Dur fagottes are all spent
We may blow at the cole

Dur

not to Court.

Our mare hath cast her sole
And mocke hath lost her shoo
What may she do thertoo
An end of an old song
Do right and no wrong
As right as a rammes horne
For thrift is threde bare worne
Our shepe are shrewdye shorne
And trouthe is all to tozne
Wisdomie is laught to scozne
Fauel is false forsworne
Fauel is nobly borne
Hauel and Haruy haster
Jacke Trauell and Cole crafter
We shall heare moze hereafter
With polling and shaupnge
With borowng and craupng
With reupng and raupng
With swearing and starupng
There bayleth no reasonyng
For wil doth rule al thyng
Wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl, wyl,
He ruleth alway styl
Good reason and good skyll
They may garlicke pill
Cary sakes to the mil
Or pescoddes they may shil
Or els go roste a stone

There

Vvhy come ye

There is no man but one
That hath the strokes alone
Be it blacke or white
All that he dothe is right
As right as a Cammocke croked
Thys bil wel ouer looked
Clerely perceiue we may
There went the hare awaye
The hare, the For, the Gray,
The hart, the hinde, the bucke
God send vs better lucke.

God send vs better lucke, &c.

TWit Andrezw, twit Scot
Ge henie, ge scoure thy pot
For we haue spent our shot
We shall haue a tot quot
From the Pope of Rome
To weaue all in one lome
A webbe of Lylse wulce

Opus male dulce.

The deuill kysse his cule
For whiles he doth rule
All is warse and warse
The deuill kysse his arse
For whether he blesse or curse
It can not be muche worse
From Baumberow to bothabar

Wile

not to Court.

We haue cast vp oure war
And made a worthy truse
Wyth gup leuel suse
Our mony madly sent
And moze madly spent
From Croydon to Kent
Wote ye whither they went
From winchelsy to Kye
And all not worthe a flye
From wentbridge to Hull
Our army wareth dull
With turne all home agayne
And neuer a scot slayne
Yet the good Erle of Surray
The french men he doth fraye
And bereth them day by day
With all the power he maye
The frenchemen he hath fainted
And made their hertes attainted
Of cheualry he is the flour
Our Lord be his succoure
The french men he hath smated
And their courage abated
That they are but halfe men
Like fores in their den
Like cankerd cowardes all
Like heons in a stone walle
They kepe them in their holdes

Lyke

Vvhy come ye

Lyke hen herted cokoldes

But yet they ouer shoote vs
With crownes and with scutus
With Scutes and crownes of golde
I dzede we are bought and solde
It is a wonders warke
They shoote all at one marke
At the Cardinals hat
They shote all at that
Out of their stronge towne
They shote at him with crownes
With crownes of gold enblased
They make him so a mased
And his eyen so dased
That he ne see can
To know God noz man
He is set so hye
In his Ierarchy
Of frantike frenesy
And folysh fantasy
That in the chambze of stars
All matters there he mars
Clapping his rod on the borde
No man dare speake a word
For he hath all the saying
Without any renaying
He rolleth in his recordes

He

not to Court.

He saith, how say ye my lordes:
Is not my reason good
Good euin good Robin hood
Some say yes. And some
Sit still as they were dome
Thus thwarting ouer thome
He ruleth al the roste
With bragging and with bosse
Borne vp on euery syde
With pompe and with pryde
With trompe vp alleluya
For dame Philargerya
Hath so his hart in hold
He loueth nothyng but gold
And Asmodeus of hell
Maketh his membres swel
With Dalyda to mell
That wanton damsell

A dew Philosophia
A dew theologia
Welcome damie Simonia
With dame Castrimergia
To drynke and for to eate
Sweet Spocras & swete meate
To kepe his fleshe chaste
In lente for a repaste
He eateth Capons stewed

Jeslaunt

Vvhy come ye

Fesaunt, and Partriche mewed
Hennes, chickens and pigges
He soyne and he frigges
Spareth neyther mayd ne wyfe
This is a postels lyfe

Helas my hart is soze
To tell of bayne gloze
But now vpon this stoz
I wyll no further rime
Tyll another time

Tyll another time.

VWhat newes what newes
Small newes that true is
That be worth two kues
But at the naked stewes
I vnderstande holwe that
The sygne of the Cardinall hat
That Anne is now hit vp
With gup whose gup, nowe gup
Gup William Trauillian
With fast you I say I tellan
Wyll ye beare no coles
A mainy of marefolles
That occupy their holes
Full of pocky moles.
What heare ye of Lancastre
They were not payd theyr hyre

They

not to Court

They are fell as any fyre
What heare ye of Cheshyre
They haue layde all in the myre
They grudge and sayde
Their wages were not payde
Some sayde they were afrayde
Of the Scottishe hoste
For all their crake and boiste
Wilde fire and thunder
For all this worldly wonder
A hundred myle a sunder
They were whan they were next
That is a true text

What heare ye of the Scottes
They make vs all sottes
Poppynge folyshe dawes
They make vs to pyll strawes
They play their old pranks
After huntly bankes
At the streame of Banokes burne
They did vs a shrewde turne
Whan Edward of Barnaruan
Lost all that his father wanh

What here ye of the lord dakers
He maketh vs Jacke rakers
He sayes we are bat crakers
He calleth vs England men

D.i.

Stronge

Vvhy come ye

Stronge harted lyke an hen
Foz the scottes and he
So well they do agree
With do thou foz mee
And I shal do foz thee
Whiles the red hat doth endure
He maketh him self cocke sure
The red hat with his lure
Byngeth al thinges vnder cure
But as the world nowe goose
What heare ye of the Lord Kose
Nothyng to purpose
Not worth a cockly fose
Their hertes be in their hose
The Erle of Northumberland
Dare take nothing on hand
Our barons be so bolde
Into a mouse hole they wold
Kunne away and creep
Like a mainy of shep
Dare not loke out a dur
Foz drede of the maystife cur
Foz drede of the bouchers dog
Wold wirry them like an hog
Foz and this curre do gnar
They must stande all a far
To holde vp their hand at the bar
Foz all their noble bloude

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not to Court.

He pluckes them by the hood
And shakes them by the eare
And bryng them in suche feare
He baiteth them lyke a beare
Lyke an ore oz a bul
Their wittes he sayth are dul
He saith they haue no brayne
Their estate to maintaine
And make to bowe their knee
Befoze his maiestee.

Judges of the kinges lawes
He countes them folles & dawes
Bergeauntes of the copse cke
He sayeth they are to seke
In pleating of their case
At the commune place
Or at the kinges benche
He wzingeth the such a wzenche
That all our learned men
Dare not set theyr penne
To plete a true triall
Withyn westminster hall
In the chauncery where he sittes
But suche as he admittes
None so hardy to speake
He saith, thou huddy peake
Thy learnyng is to lewd

Vvhy come ye

Thy tounge is not well thewde
To seeke before our grace
And openly in that place
He rages and he raues
And calles them cankerd knaues
Thus royally he doth deale
Under the kinges bzode seale
And in the checker he the checkes
In the ster chābre he nods & becks
And beareth him there so stout
That no man dare rout
Duke, Earle, Baron, nor Worde
But to his sentence must accorde
Whether he be knyght or squyer
All men folow his desyre
What say ye of the scottish kyng
That is a nother thing
He is but an yonglyng
A tall worthy striplyng
Her is a whispring & a whipling
He should be hither brought
But and it were well sought
I trow all will be nought
Not worth a shittel cocke
Nor worth a soure calstocke

There goeth many a lye
Of the duke of Albany

That

not to Court.

That of should go his head
And brought in quicke or dead
And all Scotland oures
The maintenance of two houres

But as some men sayn
I drede of some false trayn
Subtelly wrought, shalbe
Under a fained treate
But within monethes three
Men may happely see
The trechery, and the pranks
Of the Scottishe banks

What heare ye of Burgonions
And the Spanyardes Ontonse
They haue slain our Englishmen
Aboue three score and ten
For al your amitee
No better they agree
God saue my Lord Admirrell

What heare ye of Nuttrell
There wyth I dare not mel
Yet what heare ye tell
Of our graund counsell
I could say some what
But speake ye no more of that
For drede of the red hat
Take peper in the nose
For than thynne head of gorse

¶.iii.

¶

Vvhv come ye

Of by the hard arse
But there is some trauars
Betwene some and some
That makes our sire to glum
It is some what wrong
That his berde is so long
He morneth in blacke clothing
I pray god saue the kyng
Where euer he go or ride
I pray God be his guide
Thus will I conclude my stile
And fall to rest a while

And so to rest a while. &c.

Once yet agayn
Of you I wold fraine
Why come ye not to courte
To which court?
To the kinges court
Or to Hampton court?
Say to the kinges court
The kynges court
Should haue the excellencc
But hampton court
Hath the preeminence
And pokes place
With my Lordes grace
To whose magnificence

not to Court.

As all the confluence
Sutes and supplications
Embassades of all nations
Straw for law canon
Or for the law common
Or for lawe ciuill
It shall be as he wyl
Stop at law tancrete
An abstract or a concrete
Be it soure be it sweete
His wisdom is so discrete
That in a fume or an hete
Warden of the flete
Set him fast by the fete
And of his royal poure
Whan him lyst to loure
Than haue him to the toure
Saunz aulter remedy
Haue him forth by and by
To the marshally
Or to the kinges benche
He diggeth so in the trench
Of the court royall
That he ruleth them all
So he dothe vndermynde
And such sleighes dothe synde
That the kinges mynde
By him is subuerted

¶.iiii.

And

Vvhy come ye

And so streatly coarted
In credensing his tales
That all is but nutshales
That any other sayth
He hath in him such faith

Now, yet al this might be
Suffred and taken in gree
If that, that he wrought
To any good end wer brought
But all he byngeth to nought
But God that me deare bought
He beareth the king on hand
That he must pyl his land
To make his cofers ryche
But he layeth al in the dyche
And vseth such abusyon
That in the conclusion
All commeth to confusion
Perceiue the cause whye
To tell the trouth plainlye
He is so ambitious
So shameles, and so vicious
And so superstitious
And so much obliuious
From whēs that he came
That he falleth in Acisiam
Which truely to expresse

not to Court.

Is a forgetfulness
Or wylful blindnes
Wherwith the Sodomites
Lost their inward sightes

The gomozians also
Were brought to deadly wo
As scripture recorder
A cecitate cordis
In the latyn syng we
Libera nos domine

But this mad Amalecke
Like to Amamelek
He regardeth Lordes
No more than pot shordes
He is in suche elacion
Of his exaltacion
And the supportacion
Of our soueraine Lordes
That God to recorde
He ruleth al at will
Without reason or skyll
Howbeit they be pyrrordvall
Of hys wretched originall
And his base progeny
And his gresy genealogy
He came of the sanke roiall
That was cast out of a bouchers
Hall.

¶ v.

But

Vvhy come ye

But howe euer he was borne
Men would haue the lesse scozne
If he could consider
His byrth and rowme together
And call to his mynde
How noble and how kynde
To hym he hath founde
Our souerayne lord, chief ground
Of all thys prelacy
And set hym nobly
In great aucthorite
Out from a low degre
Which he can not see
For he was parde
No doctour of deuinitie
Nor doctoz of the law
Nor of none other saw
But a poze maister of arte
God wot had little part
Of the Quatriniats
Nor yet of triuials
Nor of philosophye
Nor of philology
Nor of good pollicy
Nor of Astronomy
Nor acquainted worth a fly
With honourable halp
Nor with royal Ptholomy

For

not to Court.

For with Albumasar
To treat of any star
First or els mobil
His latin tounge doth hobbyl
He doth but clout and cobbel
In tulkis facultie
Called humanitie
Yet proudly he dare pretend
How no ma can him amend
But haue ye not heard this
How an one eyed man is
Well sighted, when
He is amonge blynd men.

Than our proces for to stable
This man was ful vnable
To reche to such degree
Had not our Prince be
Royall henry the eyght
Take him in such conceyte
That he set him on heyght
In exremplysieng
Great Alerander the king
In wryting as we finde
Which of his royal minde
And of his noble pleasure
Transcending out of measure
Thought to do a thyng

That

Vvhy comerye

That pertaineth to a kyng
To make by one of nought
And made to him be brought
A wretched poore man
Which his living wan
With planting of Leekes
By the dayes and by the weekes
And of this poore bassal
He made a kyng royal
And gaue him a realme to rule
That occupied a shewel
A mattoke, and a spade
Before that he was made
A kyng, as I haue told
And ruled as he wold
Such is a kynges power
To make within an hower
And worke such a miracle
That shalbe a spectacle
Of renowne and worldly fame
In likewise now the same
Cardinall, is promoted
Yet with lewd conditions noted
As hereafter bene noted
Presumpcion and vaine glorie
Enuy, wrath, and lechery
Couetes, and gluttony
Slouthfull to do good

Now

not to Court

Now frantike, now starke wode
Should this man of such mode
Rule the swerde of myght
How can he do right
For he wyll as soone smyght
His freend, as his foe
A prouerbe longe ago

Set by a wretche on hye
In a trone triumphantly
Make him a great estate
And he wil play checke mate
With royall maiestee
Count hym self as good as he
A prelate potenciall
To rule vnder Bellpall
As ferce and as cruell
As the feende of hel
His seruauntes meniall
He dothe reusle and bzall
Lyke Mahound in a play
No man dare him with saye
He hath dispyght and scozne
At them that be wel bozne
He rebukes them and rayles
Ye horsongs, ye bassayles
Ye knaues, ye churles sonnes
Ye ribaunds, not worth two plums

Vvhy come ye

He rainbeaten beggers retagged

He recrayed ruffins all ragged

With stoupe thou hanel

Kenne thou sauel

Thou penish pie pecked

Thou losel long necked

Thus daily they be decked

Taunted and checked

That they are so wo

They wot not whether to go.

No man dare come to the speche

Of this gentel Iacke bzeche

Of what estate he be

Of spiritual dignitie

Noz duke of hye degree

Noz Marques, Earle, noz Lord

Which shrewdly doth accoꝝd

Thus he boꝝne so base

All noble men shoud out face

His countinaunce lyke a kayser

My Lord is not at layser

Sir ye must tary a stound

Tyl better layser be found

And sir, ye must daunce attendaunce

And take pacient sufferance

Foz my Lordes grace

Hath now no tyme noꝝ space

To speake with you, as yet

And

not to Court

And thus they shal syt
Chuse them syt or flit
Stand, walke, or ride
And his laiser abide
Parchaunce half a yere
And yet neuer the nere

This daungerous dowlsipere
Like a kinges pere
And within this. xvi. yere
He wold haue ben right fayn
To haue ben a chaplajn
And haue taken right great pain
With a poze knight
What so euer he hight
The chiefe of his owne counsel
They can not well tell
Whan they with him shoulde mel
He is so fierce and fel
He rayles and he rates
He calleth them doddy pates
He grinnes and he gapes
As it were Jacke Papes
Such a mad Bedlem
For to rule this realme
It is a wonderous case
That the kinges grace
Is toward him so minded
And so farre blinded

Vvhy come ye

That he can not perceiue
How he doth him disceyue
I doubt least by Soztery
Or such other loselery
As witch craft, or charming
For he is the kinges derlyng
And his sweete hart rote
And is gouerned by this mad koothe
For what is a man the better
For the kynges letter
For he wil tere it a sunder
Wherat much I wonder
How such a hoddypoule
So boldly dare controule
And so malapertly withstand
The kynges owne hand
And setteth not by it a mite
He sayth the kyng doth wyrt
And wyrteth he wot not what
And yet for all that
The kyng his clemency
Despenseth with his demerits

But what his grace doth thinke
I haue no pen nor ynke
That therewith can mel
But wel I can tel
How Fraunces Petrarche

That

not to Court.

That much noble clerke
Writeth how charlemaine
Could not him self refrayne
But was raiſht with a rage
Of a lyke dotage
But how that came aboute
Kede ye the ſtozy out
And ye ſhal finde ſurely
It was by nicromancy
By carectes and conſuracion
Under a certayne conſtellation
And a certayne ſumigacion
Under a ſtone on a gold ryng
Wrought to Charlemain y kyng
Whiche conſtrayned him forcebly
For to loue a certayne body
Aboue all other inordinatlye
This is no fable nor no lie
At Acon it was brought to paſſe
As by mine auctoz tried it was
But let my maſters mathematical
Tel you the reſt, for me they ſhall
They haue the ful intelligence
And dare vſe the experience
In there obſolute conſcience
To practique ſuch abolete ſcience
For I abhor to ſmatter
Of one ſo deuillyſhe a matter

P.i.

But

Vvhy come ye

But I wil make further relation
Of this Hagogicall colation
How master Gaguine the cronicle
Of the feates of war
That were done in Fraunce
Maketh remembraunce
How kyng Lewes of Late
Made by a great estate
Of a poze wretched man
Wherof much care began
Johannes Balua was his name
Whine auctor writeth the same
Promoted was he
To a Cardinals dignitie
By Lewes the kyng aforesayd
With him so wel apayd
That he made him hys chaunceler
To make all, or to mar
And to rule as him liste
Tyl he checked at the fiste
And agayne all reason
Comunitted open treason
And against his lord souerain
Wherfore he suffred pain
Was heded drawen and quartered
And dyed stinkyngly martred
Loe yet for all that
He were a cardinals hat

not to Court.

In him was small fayth
As mine auctor sayth
Not for that I meane
Suche a casuelty should be seene
Or suche chaunce should fal
Vnto oure Cardinal.

Almightye God I trust
Hath for him discusse
That of force he muste
Be faythfull, true and iuste
To oure moste royal kynge
Chief rote of his makynge
Yet it is a wylpe mouse
That can bylde his dwelling house
Within the cattes eares
Withouten drede or feare
It is a nice reconding
To put al the gouernynge
All the rule of this land
Into one mans hand
One wise mans head
May stand somewhat in stede
But the wittes of many wyse
Much better can deuise
By their circumspection
And their sad direction
To cause the commune weale
Longe to endure in heale

Vvhy come ye
Christ kepe king Henry the eyght
From trechery and disceipt
And graunt him grace to know
The Faucon from the Crow
The wolfe from the Lambe
From whens that maistife came
Let him neuer confounde
The gentil greyhound
Of this matter the ground
Is easy to expound
And sone may be perceyued
How the world is conueyd

But harke my frend one worde
In earnest oz in boorde
Tel me now in this stede
Is maister Newtas dead
The kinges french secretary
And his vntrue aduersary
For he sent in wryting
To fraunces the french kynge
Of our masters counsell in meri this
That was a perillous rekenyng

Nay nay, he is not dead
But he was so payned in the head
That he shall neuer eat more bzed
Now he is gone to a nother stede
With

not to Court

With a Bul vnder lead
By way of commission
To a straunge iurisdiction
Called Diminges Dale
Farre beyonde portyngale
And hath his pasporte to pas
Ultra sauro matas
To the deuill syr Sathanas
To Pluto and syr Bellial
The deuills vicare generall
And to his colledge conuentuall
As wel calodemonial
As to cacademoniall
To purney for our Cardinall
A palace pontificall
To kepe his court prouinciall
Upon articles iudiciall
To contend and to strue
For his prerogatiue
Within that consistory
To make sommons peremptorye
Before some prothonotory
Imperial or papal
Upon this matter mysticall
I haue told you part, but not all
Here after perchaunce I shall
Make a large memoriall
And a further rehersall

P.iii.

And

Vvhy come ye

And moze paper I thinke to blot
To the court why I came not
Desiring you aboue all thing
To kepe you from laughyng
Whan ye fall to redyng
Of this wanton scrowle
And pray for Melchias soule
For he is wel past and gone
That wold god euery chone
Of his affinitie
Were gone as wel as he
Amen, amen, say ye
Of your inward charitie,
Amen.

Of your inward charitie.

If were greate ruthe
For wytyng of truthe
Any manne shoulde be
In perpleritie
Of displeasure
For I make you sure
Where trouth is abhord
It is a playne recorde
That there wantes grace
In whose place
Dothe occupye
Full vngraciously
Fals flattery

Fals

not to Court.

Fals trechery
Fals byberye
Subtyle Sym Sly
Wylth mad folpe
For who can best lye
He is best set by
Than farewell to thee
Welthfull felicitie
For prosperitie
Awayne than wyl flee
Than muste we agree
With pouertye
For misery
With penurye
Miserably
And wretchedly
Hathe made Asary
And oute crye
Folowynge the chafe
To dryue away grace
Yet sayest thou percase
We can lacke no grace
For my Lordes grace
And my Ladyes grace
With trey deuse ale
And ale in the face
Some haute and some bace
Some daunce the trace

R.iiii.

Ever

Vvhy come ye

Euer in one case
Marke me that chafe
In the Tennis play
Foz sinke quater trey
As a tal man
He rod, but we ran
Hay the gye and the gan
The graye goose is no swan
The waters ware wan
And beggers they ban
And they cursed datan
De tribu dan
That this worke began
Palam et clam
With Balak and Balam

The golden ram
Of flemmyng dam
Sem, Japheth, oz cam
But how come to pas
Your cupboorde that was
Is turned to glasse
From siluer to brasse
From golde to pewter
Or els to a newter
To copper, to tyn
To leade, oz Alcumyn
A goldsmyth your Mayre

But

not to Court.

But the chese of your sayze
Might stand now by potters
And suche as sel trotters
Pytchars potshordes
This shrewdly accordes
To be a cupborde for Lordes

My lord now and sir knyghte

Good euen and good nyghte

For now sir Tristram

He muste weare buckram

Of Canuas of Cane

For silkes are wane

Our royals that shone

Our nobles are gone

Amonge the Burgontons

And spanyardes Dnyons

And the Flanderkyngs

Gyl sweates and Cate spinnes

They are happy that wyntes

But Englande may well say

I fe on this winnyng alway

Now nothing, but pay pay

With laughe and lay downe

Borough, Citie and towne

Good Sprynge of Lanam

Must counte what became

Of his clothe makynge

He is at such takynge

R. b.

Though

Vvhy come ye

Though his purse war dul
He must tar for his woul
By nature of a new writ
By Lordes grace nameth it
A quia non satisfacit
In the spight of his teeth
He must pay agayne
A thousand or twayn
Of his gold in store
And yet he payde before
An hunderd pound and more
Which pincheth hym sore
By Lordes grace wil bryng
Downe thys hye sprynge
And brynge it so lowe
It shal not euer flow

Suche a prelate I trolo
Were worthy to row
Thow the streytes Marocke
To the gybbet of Baldock
He wold dy by the streames
Of .ix. kynges realme
Al riuers and wels
Al waters that swels
For with vs he so mels
That within England dwels
I would he were somewhere els

For

not to Court

For els by and by
He will drynke vs so dry
And sucke vs so nye
That men shall scantly
Haue penny or halpennye
God saue hys noble grace
And graunt him a place
Endlesse to dwel
With the deuill of hel
For and he were there
We need neuer feare
Of the seendes blacke
For I vnder take
He wold so brag and crake
That he wold than make
The deuils to quake
To shudder and to shake
Lyke a fier drake
And with a cole rake
Bruse them on a brake
And binde them to a stake
And set hel on fyre
At his owne desire
He is such a grym fyre
And such a potestolate
And suche a potestate
That he wold breke the braynes
Of Lucifer in his chaines

And

Vvhy comerye

And rule them eche one
In Lucifers trone
I would he were gone
Foz amonge vs is none
That ruleth, but he alone
With oute all good reason
And all oute of season
Foz I folam Reason
With him be not geson
They grow very ranke
Upon euery banke
Of his herbers greene
With my lady bright and sheene
On their game it is seen
They play not al cleen
And it be as I weene

But as touching discretion
With sober direction
He kepeth them in subiection
They can haue no protection
To rule nor to guide
But all must be tryde
And abide the correction
Of him wil ful affection
Foz as for wyte
The deuill speed whitte
But bzainsicke and bzaynlesse
Whistles

not to Court.

Wittles and reachlesse
Careles and shamelesse
Thriftles and gracelesse
To gether are bended
And so condiscended
That the commune welth
Shal neuer haue good helth
But tattered and tugged
Kagged, and rugged
Shauen and shorne
And all threde bare woꝛne
Such gredines
Such nedines
Miserablenes
With wretchednes
Hath brought in distress
And much heauines
And great dolour
England the Flour
Of relucēt honour
In old commemoracion
Most royal English nation
Now all is out of faction
Almost in desolation
I speake by protestacion
God of his miseracion
Send better refozmacion
Lo, soꝛ to do shamfully

He

Vvhy come ye

He iudgeth it no foly
But to write of his shame
He saythe we are to blame
What a frensi is this
No shame to do amys
And yet he is a shamed
To be shamefully named
And oft prechours be blamed
Bycause they haue proclaimed
His madnes by writing
His simplenes resiting
Remording and bittng
With chiding and with fittng
Shewyng him goddes lawes
He calleth the preachers dawes.

And of holy scriptures lawes.
He counteth them for gylawes
And putteth them to scilence
And with wordes of violence
Like Pharaο, void of grace
Did Moyses soze manase
And Aron soze he thzet
The word of God to let

This maumet in likewise
Against the church doth rise
A he preachoure he doth dispise
With crakyng in such wise

not to Court

So bragging all with boſt
That no preachour almoſt
Dare ſpeake for hys lyfe
Of my lordes grace, nor his wyſe
For he hath ſuche a bul
He may take whome he wul
And as many as him likes
May eat pigges in lent for pykes
After the ſectes of heretikes
For in lent he wil eate
Al maner of fleſhe meate
That he can any where ge it
With other abuſions great
Wherof to trete
It wold make the deuſl to ſwet
For all priuiledged places
He brekes and defaces
All places of religion
He hath them in deriſion
And maketh ſuch prouiſion
To drie them at diuiſion
And finally inconcluſion,
To bring them to confuſion
Saint Albons to recorde
Wherof this bngacious Lords
Hathe made him ſelf abbot
Againſt their willes god wot
Al this he doth deale

Under

Vvhy come ye

Under strength of the great seall
And by his legacy
Which madly he doth applye
Vnto an extrauagancye
Pyked out all good law
With reasons that ben raw
Yet whan he toke first his hat
He said he knew what was what
Al iustice he pretended
Al thinges should be amended
Al wronges he wold redresse
Al iniuries he wold repres
Al periuries he wold oppresse
And yet this graceles else
He is periured him selfe
As plainlye it dothe appere
Who list to enquire
In the registry
Of my Lord of Cantorbury
To whome he was professed
In thre pointes expressed

The first to do him reuerence
The second to owe him obedienc
The third with whole affection
To be vnder his subiection
But now he maketh obiection
Under the protection
Of the kinges great seale

That

not to Court.

That he setteth neuer a deale
By his former othe
Whether god be pleased or wroth
He maketh so proud pretence
That in his equipolens
He iudgeth him equualent
With God omnipotent
But yet beware the rod
And the stroke of God

The Apostel Peter
Had a poze miter
And a poze cope
Whan he was create Pope
Fyrst in Antioche
He did neuer approche
Of Rome to the see
With suche dignitie

Sainct dunstan what was he
Nothing he saieth lyke to me
There is a diuersitie
Betwene him and me
We passe hym in degre,
As legatus a latere

Ecce sacerdos magnus

That wyll hed vs and hange vs
And straightly strangle vs
That he maye fang vs
Decre and decretall

D.i.

Const.

Vvhy come ye

Constitution prouinciall
For no lawe canonicall
Shal let the pzeest pontificall
To sit in cansa sanguinis
Now god amende that is amiss
For I suppose that he is
Of Jeremy the whisking rod
The flayle, the scourge
Of almighty God

This Paman Sirus
So fel and so irous
So ful of melancoly
With a flap before his eye,
Men wene that he is pocky
Or els his surgions they lye
For as far as they can spy
By the craft of surgery
It is *manus domini*
And yet this proud Antiochus
He is so ambitious
So elate, and so vicious
And so cruel harted
That he will not be conuerted
For he setteth God a parte
He is now so ouerthwart
And so payned with panges
That al his trust hanges
In Balthasoz, which healed

Domine

not to Court

Domingos nose, that was wheled
That Lumberdes nose mean I
That standeth yet a wy
It was not healed alderbest
It standeth somwhat on the west
I meane Domingo Lomelyn
That was wonte to win
Muche mony of the kyng
At the cardes and haferding
Balthasor that healed domingos pose
From the puskilbe pocky pose
Now with his gummes of araby
Hath promised to hele our cardinals ese
Yet sum surgions put a dout
Lest he wil put it clean out
And make him lame of his nether lyme
God send hym sorow for his synnes
Sum men might aske a question
By whose suggestion
I toke on hand this warke
Thus boldly for to barke
And men liste to harken
And my wordes marke
I wyl answer lyke a clerke
For truly and unfayned
I am forcebly constrained
At Juinals request
To wyght of this glorious gest

Vvhy come ye

Of this vaine glorious beaſt
His fame to be encreaſt
At euery ſolempne feaſt

Quia difficile eſt

Satiram non ſcribere?

How maſter doctour, how ſaye ye

What ſo euer your name be

What though ye be nameleſſe

Ye ſhall not eſcape blameleſſe

For yet ſhal ſcape ſhameleſſe

Maſter doctour in your degre

Your ſelf madly ye ouer ſee

Blame Iuuinall & blame not me

Maſter doctour diricum

Omne, nimi uicium. &c.

As Iuuinall doth record

A ſmall defeate in a great Lorde

A lytle cryme in a greate eſtate

Is muche moze inordinate

And moze horrible to beholde

Than any other a thouſand fold

Ye put to blame ye worſt nere whome

Ye may weare a cockes coome

Your fond hed in your furred hood

Hold ye your tounge ye can no good

And at moze conuenient time

I may fortune for to rime

Somewhat of your madneſſe

For

not to Court,

For small is your sadnesse
To put any man in lacke
And say yll behynde hys backe
And my wordes marke trulye
That ye cannot byde thereby
For *smigma non est smamomum*
But *de absentibus nil nisi bonum*
Complaine or do what ye will
Of your complaint it shal not skill
This is the tenor of my bil
A dausocke ye be, and so shalbe still

Sequitur Epitoma

de morbilloso Thoma

Nec non obsceno

de poliphemo. &c.

Porro perbelle dissimulatum
illum pandulobum tantum legatum
Tam formldatum nuper prelatum
Sen. Naman sirum nunc longatum
insolitudine iam commoratum
Neapolitano morbo grauatum
Malagmate, cataplasmati statum
Pharma copoli ferro foratum
Nihilo magis alleuiatum
Nihilo melius aut medicatum
Relictis famulis ad famulatum
Quod tollatur infamia

O. i. i. i.

Sed

Vvhy come ye

Sed maior patet insania
Amodo ergo Ganea
Abhorreat ille Ganeus
Dominus male Cretecus
Aptius Dictus Tetricus
Phanaticus freneticus
Graphicus sicut Metricus
Antumat.

Hoc genus dictaminis
Non egit examinis
In centilo quio nec centimetro
Honorati Grammatici Mauri.
Decasticon uirulentum in galcratum,
Licaonta marinum, &c.
Progh dolor, ecce maris lupus &
nequissimus, ursus
Carnificis uitulus Britonumque
dubulcus iniquus
Conflatus, uitulus, uel Oreb uel
Salmane, uel zeb.
Gardius, & crudelis Asaph que
Datan reprobatus
Blandus & Acchitiphel, regio
scelus omne Britannum
Ecclesias, qui namque Thomas
Confundit ubique
Non sacer iste, Thomas
Sed duro corde, Goleas

Quon

not to Court.

Quem Testat Malus
sathane caret (obsero culus
Fundens Asfaltum (precor)
hunc uersum lege cautum
Asperius nichil est misero

Apostropha an Londini ciues (citando
mulum asino aureo galurato) in
occursum aguile. &c.

EXitat eu asinus mulum
(mirabile, uisu
Calcibus O uestro ciues
occurrite Asello
Qui regnum regemque regit
qui uestra gubernat
Predia diuitias, nummos
gasas spoliando.

Dixit alludens, immo illudens perodo
xam de asino aureo galurato.
xxxiii.

Hec uatis ille, de quo loquitur nulle,

FINIS.

Here after folowveth a litle boke
called Colyn Clout compiled by
Master Skelton Poete
Laureate.

*Quis consurgat mecum aduersus
malignantes? aut quis stabit mecum
aduersus operantes iniquita
tem? Nemo domine.*



Wat can it auaille
To dzyne forth a snayle
Or to make a sayle
Of an herynges taile
To ryme or to rayle
To wryte or to indyte
Cyther for delite
Or els for despite

Or bookes to compile
Of diuers maner style
Wyce to reuile
And sinne to exple
To teache or to preche
As reason wyll reach
Saye thys and saye that
His head is so fat
He wotteth neuer what
For wherof he speaketh

Colin Cloute

He cryeth and he creaketh
He pryeth and he peketh
He chydes and he chatters
He prates and he patters
He clytters and he clatters
He medles and he smatters
He gloses and he flatters
Or if he speake plaine
Than he lacketh bryne
He is but a foole
Let him go to scoole
A threeroted scoole
That he may downe sye
For he lacketh wit
And if that he hit
The nayle on the head
It standeth in no stede
The Deuill they say is dead
The Deuill is dead,

It may wel so be
Or els they wold see
Otherwise and flee
From worldly vanitie
And foule couetousnes
And other wretchednes
Fickell falsenesse
Varyablenesse

D. v.

With

The boke of

With vnstabilenesse

And if ye stand i dout
Whobrought this ryme about
My name is Colyn Clout
I purpose to shake out
All my conning bagge
Lyke a clarkely hagge
For though my rime be ragged
Tattered and iagged
Kudely rayne beaten
Kusty and moothe eaten
If ye talke well therewyth
It hath in it some pith
For as farre as I can see
It is wrong with eche degree
For the tempozalty
Accuseth the spiritualty
The spirituall agayn
Doth grudge and complain
Upon tempozall men
Thus eche of other blother
The tone against the tother
Alas they make me shoder
For in hoder moder
The churche is put in faulte
The pzelates ben so haut
They say and loke so hye

As

Colin Cloute

As though they wold flye
Aboue the sterre sky

Lay men say in dede
How they take no hede
Their sely shepe to fede
But plucke away and pul
The fleeces of their wull
Whnethes they leue a locke
Of wull amonge their flocke
And as for theyr connyng
A glumming and a mumyng
And make therof a iape
They gaspe and they gape
Al to haue promotion
There is their whole deuotion
With money, if it will hap
To catch the forked cap
Forsooth they are to lewd
To say so all be shrewd

What trow ye they say more
Of the byshoppes loze
How in matters they be raw
They lumber forth the law
To herke Jacke and Cyl
When they put vp a bil
And iudge it as they will

For

The boke of

For other mens skill
Expounding out their clauses
And leaue their owne causes
In their principal cure
They make but lytle sure
And meddels very light
In the churches right
But Ire and venire
And sol fa, so a lamire
That the pzenentire
Is like to be set a fire
In their iurisdiccions
Through tempozall afflictions
Men say they haue prescriptions
Against þ spiritual contradictions
Accompting them as fictions
And whiles the heades doe this
The remnaunt is a mis
Of the clergy all
Both great and small
I wot neuer how they warke
But thus the people carke
And surely thus they say
Byshoppes if they may
Smal houses wold kepe
But slumbze forth and slepe
And assay to crepe

with

Colin Clout.

Within the noble walles
Of the kinges halles
To fat their bodies full
Their soules lame and dul
And haue ful litle care
How euil their shepe fare

The tempozality say plain
How bishoppes disdain
Sermons for to make
Or such labour to take
And for to say trouth
A great part is ful slouth
But the greatest part
Is for they haue but smal art
And right sclender cunnyng
Within their heades winning
But this reason they take
How they are able to make
With their gold and treasure
Clerkes out of measure
And yet that is a pleasure
How be it some there bee
Almost two or thre
Of that dignity
Full worshipful Clerkes
As appeareth by their werkes
Like Aaron and Ure

The

The boke of

The wolfe from the doze
To wary and to kepe
From their gostly shepe
And their spirituall lammes
Sequestred from rammes
And from the berded Cotes
With their hery cotes
Set nought by gold ne grotes
Their names if I durst tel.

But they are lothe to mel
And lothe to hang the bel
About the cattles necke
For dzed to haue a checke
They are fain to play, deuꝝ de ck
How be it they are good men
Much harted lyke an hen
Their lessons forgotten they haue
That Becket them gaue
Thomas manum mittit ad forcia
Spernit damna spernit opprobria
Nulla Thomam frangit iniuria
But now euery spirituall father
Men say they had rather
Spende muche of their share
Than to be combred with care
Spende, nay but spare
For let see who that dare

Shoe

Colin Clout.

Shoe the mockish mare
They make her winch and kicke
But it is not worthe a leeke
Boldnesse is to seeke
The churche for to defende
Take me as I intende
For lothe I am to offende
In thys that I haue pende
I tell you as men say
Amend when ye may
For vs que ad montem fare
Men say ye cannot appare
For some say ye hunt in parkes
And Hanke on hobby Larkes
And other wanton warkes
Whan the night darke.

What hath laymen to doe
The gray gosse for to shoe
Lyke houndes of hell
They cry and they yell
How that ye sell
The grace of the holygost
Thus they make their host
Through euery cost
How some of you do eat
In Lenton season fleshy meat
Fesauntea Partriche and cranes

Men

The boke of

Men call you therfore prophanes
Ye picke no shrympes no2 pranes
Saltfish, Stockfish no2 Herring
It is not for your wearing
No2 in holy Lenton season
Ye wil neither Beanes ne Peason
But ye looke to be let loose
To a pygge or to a Goose
Your george not ended
Without a Capon stewed
Or a stewed Cocke
Under her surfled smocke
And her wanton wodicocke

And how when ye geue orders
In your prouinciall borders
As at sicientes
Some are in sufficientes
Some parum sapientes
Some nichil intelligentes
Some ualde negligentes
Some nullum sensum habentes
But bestially and vntaught
But whan they haue once caught
Dominus uobiscum by the hed
Than renne they in euere stede
God wot with droken nolles
Yet take they cures of soules

And

Colin Cloute

And two teth neuer what they rede
pater noster noz Crede
Construe not worth a whistle
Nether gospel noz pistle
They? Mattins madly sayde
Nothing deuoutly praid
Their learning is so small
Their pzymes and houres fal
And lepe out of their lippes
Lyke sawdust o2 dry chippes
I speake not now of al
But the moſte parte in general
Of ſuche vagabundus
Speaketh totus Mundus
How ſome ſyng let abundus
At euery ale ſtake
With welcome hake and make
By the bread that God brake
I am ſozy for your ſake
I ſpeake not of the god wiſe
But of their Apoſtles lyfe
Cum ipſis Vel illis
Qui manent in Villis
Eſt Vxor Vel ancilla
Welcome Jacke and Gilla
My pretie Petronylla
And you wil be ſtilla
You ſhall haue your wylle

The boke of
Of such water noster pekes
All the worlde speakes.

In you the fault is supposed
For that they are not apposed
By iust examinacion
In conning and connerlation
They haue none instruction
To make a true construction
A priest without a letter
Without his vertue be greater
Doutlesse were much better
Upon him for to take
A Martocke or a Kake
Alas for very shame
Some can not declayne their name
Some cannot scarfly rede
And yet wyll not drede
For to kepe a cure,
And in nothing is sure
This dominus Vobiscum
As wyse as Tom a thym
A chaplayne of truste
Layth all in the dust

Thus I Colin Clout
As I go about
And wandryng as I walke

Colin Cloute

I heare the people talke
Men say for syluer and Golde
Misers are bought and sold
There shall no clergy appose
A myter nor a Crosse
But a full purse

A straw for goddes curse
What are they the worse
For a simoniake,
Is but a hermoniake
And no more ye make
Of Symony men say
But a childes play

¶ Ouer this the forsayd laye
Report how the Pope maye
A holy anker call
Out of the stony wall
And hym a bysshopp make
If he on him dare take
To kepe so hard a rule
To ryde vpon a Mule
With golde all be trapped
In purple and paule be lapped
Some hatted and some capped
Kychely be wrapped
God wot to theyr great paynes
In Kitchettes of fine raynes

The boke of

Whyte as moztowes mylke
Their tabertes of fine silke
Their stirops of mixt golde begarred
There may no cost be spared
Their Moyles Golde doth eate
They? neyghbours dye for meat.

What care they though Gill sweat
Or Jacke of the Poke
The pore people they poke
With Sommons and Citacions
And excommunications
Aboute churches and market
The byshop on his carpet
At home full soft doth syt
This is afeareful syt
To heare the people iangle
How warely they wangle
Alas why do ye not handle
And them all mangle
Full falsly on you they lye
And shamefully you ascry
And say as vntruly
As the butter fly
A man might say in mocke
Ware the Wethercocke
Of thee steple of Poules
And thus they hurt their soules

Colin Clout

In sclaundering you for truth
Alas it is great ruth
Some say ye sit in trones
Like prynces aquilonis
And shryne your rotten bones
With pearles and precious stones
But how the commons grones
And the people mones
For preestes and for lones
Lent and neuer payde
But from day to day delaid
The commune welth decayd
Men say ye are tunge tayde
And therof speake nothing
But dissimuling and glosing
Wherfore men be supposing
That ye geue shrewd counsel
Against the commune wel
By pollyng and pillage
In cities and village
By tarryng and tollage
Ye haue monks to haue h-culerage
For coueryng of an old cottage
That committed is a collage
In the charter of doctage
Tenure par service de cottage
And not par service de socage
After olde segnyours

And

The boke of

And the learning of litle to tenours
We haue so ouerthwarted
That good lawes are subutered
And good reason peruerted

Religious men are sayne

For to turne agayne

In secula seculorum

And to forsake their corum

And vacabundare perforum

And take a fyne meritozum

Contra regulam morum

Aut blacke monacorum

Aut canonicorum

Aut Bernardinorum

Aut crucifixorum

And to syng from place to place

Lyke apostataas

And the selfe same game

Begon and now with shame

Amongest the sely Punnes

My lady now the runni's

Dame Sybly our abbesse

Dame Dorothe and lady Belle

Dame Sare our Wyzoress

Out of theyr cloyster and quere

With an heauye cheere

Must cast by theyr blacke bayles

And

Colin Clour

And set vp their fucke sayles
To catch wind with theyr ventailes
What Colin there thou shailles
Yet thus wyth yll hayles
The lay see people rayles

And all they laye
On you prelates and say
Ye do wrong and no righte
To put them thus to flight
So Matins at midnight
Boke and chalis gone quite
Plucke away the leades
ouer theyr heades
And sel away theyr bels
And al that they haue els
Thus the people tels
Hayles lyke rebels
Redeshrewdy and spels
And wyth foundations mels
And talke lyke titiualles
How ye breake the deades willes
Turne monasteris into water milles
Of an abbey ye make a graunge
Pour workes they say are straunge
So that theyr founders soules
Haue lost theyr beade roules
The mony for theyr masses

Spent

The boke of

Spent among wanton lasses
The Diriges are forgotten
Their founders lye there rotten
But where they? soules dwel
Therwith I wil not mel
What could the Turke do more
Wyth all hys false lore
Turke, Sarazen oz Jew
I report me to you

O merciful Jesu
you support and rescite
My stile for to directe
It may take some effect
For I abhorre to wyte
How the lay see dispite
You prelates that of ryght
Should be lanternes of light
ye liue they say in delyte
Drowned in delicie
in gloria et diuiciis
Into honorable honore
in gloria et splendore
Fulgurantes haste
Viuentes parum caste
Pet swete meat hath soure sauce
For after *gloria laus*
Christ by crueltie

Was

Colin Cloute

Was nayled vpon a tree
He payed a bitter pencion
For mans redemption
He dranke eisel and gall
To redeme vs withall
But swete Iocras ye dlynke
With let the Cat winke
Ich wot what eche othet thynk
How be it per assimule
Some men thinke that ye
Shall haue penaltie
For your iniquity
Nota what I say
And beare it wel away
If it please not the ologys
It is good for astrologis
For Ptholme told me
The sunne somtime to bee
In Ariete
Ascendent a degree
Whaa Scorpion descending
Was so then pretending
All fatall for one
That shall sit on a trone
And rule all thinges alone
Pour teeth whet on this bone
Amongest you euery chone
And let Collyn Cloute haue none

The booke of

Maner of cause to mone
Lay salue to your owne soze
For els as I sayd before
After gloria laus
May come a soure sauce
Soze therfore am I
But trouth can neuer lye

With language thus poluted
Holy church is bnted
And shamefully confuted
My pen now wyll I sharpe
And wrest vp my harpe
With sharpe twinkling trebels
Agaynst al such rebels
That labour to confound
And bring the church to y ground
As ye may daily see
Howe the Lave fee
Of one affinitee
Consente and agree
Agaynst the Churche to be
And the dignitee
Of the byshoppes fee
And eyther ye be to bad
Or els they are mad
Of this to report
But vnder your suppozte,

Colin Clout

Tyll my dying day
I shall bothe wyte and say
And ye shall do the same
How they are blame
You thus to diffame
For it maketh me sad
How that the people are glade
The church to depzaue
And some there are that raue
Presuming on their wit
Whan there is neuer a whit
To maintaine argumentes
Against the sacramentes

Some make epilogation
Of highe predestitation
And of residenation
They make interpretation
Of an awoquard faction
And of the prescience
Of diuine essence
And what Apostatis
Of Christes manhodels
Such logike men wyl chop
And in their fury hope
Whan the good ale sop
Dothe daunce in their foze top
Both women and men

The boke of

Such ye may wel know and ken
That agayn presthode
Their malice spred abroad
Railing hainously
And disdainously
Of priestly dignities
But their malignities

And some haue a smache
Of Luthers sacke
And a brenning sparke
Of Luthers warke
And are somewhat suspect
In Luthers sect
And some of them barke
Clatter and Carpe
Of that Heresy art
Called wicleuista
The Deuelishe dogmatista
And some behustians
And some bee Arrians
And some be pollegians
And make much varians
Betwene the clergy
And the temporaltie
Hew the church hath to mickel
And they haue to litel
And bring him in materialities

And

Colin Clout

And qualified qualities
Of pluralities
Of tryalties
And of tot quottes
They commune like scottes
As comineth to their lottes
Of prebendaries and deanes
How some of them gleanes
And gathered by the store
For to catch more and more
Of persons and vicaries
They make many out cries
They cannot kepe theyr wiues
From them for theyr lyues
And thus the losels strines
And lewdly sayes by Christ
Agaynst the sely priest
Alas and wel awaye
What ayles theym thus to save
They mought be better aduised
Then to be disgised
But they haue enterprised
And shamefullpe surmised
How prelacy is sold and bought
And come bp of nought
And where the prelates be
Come of low degre
And set in maiesty

And

The boke of
And spirituall dignitie
Farwel benignitie
Farwell simplicitie
Farwel humilitie
Farwel good charitie

We are so puffed wth pryde
That no man may abide
Your high and lordly lokes
We cast vp then your bokes
And vertue is forgotten
For then ye wyl be wroken
Of euery light quarel
And cal a Lord a iauel
A knight a knaue to make
We bosse, ye face, ye crake
And vpon you take
To rule king and kayser
And if you maye haue layser
We bryng all to nought
And that is all your thought
For the Lordes temporall
Their rule is very small
Almost nothing at al
Men say how ye appal
The noble blo^od royal
In earnest and in game
We are the lesse to blame

Colin Cloute

For Lordes of noble bloude
If they wel vnderstand
How conning might them auaunce
They would pype you another daunce
But noble men borne
To learne they haue scoone
But hunt and blow an horne
Leape ouerlakes and dikes
Set nothing by politikes
Therefore ye kepe them bace
And mocke them so the ir face
This is a petious case
To you that ouer the wheele
Lordes must couch and knele
And breake theyr houe at the knee
As daily men may see
And to remembraunce call
Fortune so turneth the ball
And ruleth so ouer all
That honour hath a great fall.
Shal I tel you moze, ye shal
I am loth to tel all
But the communalte ye call
Idols of Babilon
De terrazabuloe
De terra Septalym
For you loue to go trim
Brought vp of of pooze estate

Myth

The boke of

Wyrth pryde inordinate
Sodaynly vpstarte
From the dong cart
The Mattookes and theshule
To reygne and to rule
And haue no grace to thynke
How they were wont to drynke
Of a lether bottell
With a knauish stoppel
Whan mamockes was your meate
With mould bzead to eat
He would none other geate
To chew and to gnaw
To fil therwith your maw
Lodged in the strawe
Couching your drousy heades
Somtime in lousy beddes
Alas this is out of minde
He grow now out of kynde
Many one haue but winde
And make the commons blinde
But *Qui se existimat scire*
Let him wel beware
Least that his fote slip
And haue such a trip
And falle in such decay
That all the world myght say
Come down on the diuels way

¶

Colin Clout

Yet ouer all that
Of byshops they chat
That though ye roud your heare
An ynche aboue your eare
And aures patentēs
And parum intendentes
And your coursers be trapped
Your eares they be stopped
For maister adulator
And doctour assentator
And blandior blandiris
With mentoz mentiris
They folow your desyres
That ye can not espie
And so they blere your eye
How the male doth wyte

Alas for gods will
Whye sytte ye Prelates styl
And suffer all this vll
Ye Bysshoppe of estates
Shoulde open the bzod3 gates
For your spirituall charge
And confort at large
Like lanternes of light
In the peoples sight
In pulpettes antentike
For the wele publike

Del.

Sucha

The boke of

Of p^ri esthed in this case
And alwayes to chafe
Suche manner of sismatikes
And halfe heretikes
That wold inforicate
That wold conquinat
That wold contaminate
And that would violate
And that would derogate
And that would abrogate
The church is high estate
After this manner rates
The whyche shoulde be
Bothe franke and free
And haue their liberty
And of antiquity
It was ratefyed
And also gratefyed
By holy sinodals
And buls papals
As it is res certa
Conte ygned in magna Carta.

But maister Damian
Or some other man
That clerkely is, and can
Wel scripture expound
And textes grounde.

Colin Clout.

His benefice worth ten pound
Or skant worth twenty marke
And yet a noble clerke
He must do this werke
As I know a part
Some maysters of Art
Some doctours of law
Some learned in other law
As in diuinitie
That hath no dignitie
But the poore degree
Of the vniuersitie
Or elsse frere Fredericke
Or els frere Dominike
Or frere Hugulinus
Or frere Agustinus
Or frere Carmelus
That gostly can heale vs
Or elsse if we maye
Get a frere Graye
Or elsse of the order
Upon Grenewiche boordes
Called obseruaunce
And a frere of Fraunce
Or elsse the poore scot
It muste come to his lot
To shote forth his shot
Or of Babuell beside Bery

Q. ii.

To

'The boke of

**To possell vpon a kpye
That woulde it shoulde be noted
How scripture shoulde be coted
And so clerke promoted
And yet the frere doted
Men say**

**But your auctorite
And your noble fee
And your dignitie
Shoulde be imprinted better
Then all the Freres letter
For yf ye wolde take payne
To preache a worde or twayne
Though it were neuer so playne
With clauses two or thre
So as they mighte be
Compendiously conueyed
Those wordes shoulde be more weid
And better peceyued
And thankfully receyued
And better shoulde remaine
Amonge the people playne
That wolde your wordes retayne
And reherse them agayne
Than a thousand thousand other
That blaber, barke and blother
And make a Walshmans hole**

Colin Cloute

Of the text and of the glose

For protestation made
That I will not wade
Farther in this brooke
Nor farther for to looke
In deuising of this boke
But answer that I may
For my self alwaye
Either analogice
Or els rathagorice
So that in diuinitie
Doctors that learned be
Nor bachelers of that facultie
That hath taken degre
In the vniuersitie
Shall not be objected for me.

But doctour bullatus

Parum litteratus

Dominus doctoratus

At the brode gatus

Doctour daupatus

And bachelor bacheleratus

Dronken as a mouse

At the ale house

Taketh his pillion and his cap

At the good ale tap

Q.iii.

For

Vvhy come ye

Foz lacke of good wyne
As wyse as Robin swine
Under a notaries signe
Was made a diuine
As wyse as waltoms calfe
Must preache a goddes halfe
In the pulpyt solempnly
More meet in a pilloze
Foz by saint Willare
He can nothing smatter
Of logike nor scole matter
Neyther silogisare
Nor of emptimentare
Nor knoweth his eloquence
Nor his predicamence.

And yet he will mel
To amend the Gospel
And wil preach and tel
What they do in hel
And he dare not wel neuen
What they do in hauen
Nor how far temple bare is
From the seven starres

Nowe will I goe
And tel of other moe
Semper protestandoe

Colin Clout

De non impugnandoe
The foure orders of fryers
Thoughe some of them be lyers
As limiters at large
Wyll charge and discharge
As many a fryer God wot
Preaches for his grote
Flatterynge for a new cote
And for to haue hys fees
Some to gather cheese
Lothe they are to lese
Cyther Corne or Mault
Sometime Meale and Hault
Sometime a bacon flicke
That is three fingers thicke
Of larde and of greace
Their consent to encrease

I put you out of doubt
This cannot be brought about
But they their tonges file
And make a pleasaunte stile
To Margerye and to Maude
Howe they haue no fraude
And somtyme they prouoke
Bothe Gyll and Jacke at noke
Their duties to withdraw
That they ought by the lawe

Q, liii.

Their

The boke of

Their curates to content
In open time and in Lente
God wot they take great payne
To flatter and to sayne
But it is and old sayd saw
That neede hathe no lawe
Some walke aboute in melottes
In gray russet and hery cotes
Some wil neyther golde ne grotes
Some pluck a partrich in remotes
And by the barres if her tayle
Wyl know a Kauen from a rayle
A quail, the raile, and the old rauen
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.
And by dudum their clementine
Againste Curates repine
And say propzely they are **Sacerdotes**
To shryue, assoyle and reles
Dame margeries soule out of hel
But when the frier fel in the wel
He could not sing him selfe therout
But by the helpe of **Christian clout**

Another clementine also
How frere Fabion, with other mo
Exiit de paradiso
When they again thether shall come
De hoc petimus consilium

And

Colin Clout

And through all the world they go
With Dirige and placebo.

But now my minde ye vnderstand
For they muste take in hand
To preach and to withstand
Al maner of abiections
For bishops haue protections
They say to do corrections
But they haue no affections
To take the sayd directions
In such maner of cases
Men say they beare no faces
To occupy such places
To sow the sede of graces
Their hartes are so faynted
And they be so attaynted
With coueitous and ambition
And other supersticion
That they be deafe and dum
And play scylens and glum
Cant say noth ing but mumm.

They occupy them so
With singing placebo
They wil no farther go
They had leuer to please
And take their wordly ease

A. v.

Than

The booke of

Than to take on hand
Mozshyp to wythstande

Suche temporal war and bate
As nowe is made of late
Against holy churche estate
Or to mayntayne good quarelles
The lay men call them barelles
Full of glotony
And of hipocrisye
That counterfaytes and painte
As they were very saintes
In matters that them lyke
They shew them politike.

Pretending grauntie
And sygnorytie
With all solempnitie
For their indempnitie
For they will haue no lesse
Of a peny, nor of a crosse
Of their prediall landes
That cometh to their handes
And as farre as they dare let
Al is fythe that cometh to
Building royally
Their mancions curiously
With turrettes and with toures

With

Colin Clout.

With halles and with boures
stretching to the starres
With glasse windowes & barres
hangyng about the walles
Clothes of golde and palles
Arras of ryche arape
freshe as floures in Maye
Myth dame Dyana naked
Howe lustye Venus quaked
And howe Cupide shaked
His darte and bente hys bowe
for to shote a Crowe
At her tyzly tyzlowe
And howe Paris of Troye
Daunced a lege de moy
Made lustye sporte and ioye
With dame Helyn the Queene
With such stozyes by deen
Their chambres wel be seen
With triumphes of Cesar
And of his Pompeyus war
Of renoune and of fame
By them to get a name

Howe all the world stares
How they ryde in goodly chares
Conueyed by Olyphantes
With Lauriat garlantes

And

The boke of

And by byrcornes
With their semely hoznes
Upon these beastes riding
Naked boyes striding
With wanton wenches winkyng
How truly to my thinkyng
That is a speculation
And a mete meditacion
For prelates of estate
Their courage to abate
From worldly wantonnes
Their chambze thus to dres
With such parfetnes
And all such holynes
How be it they let down fall
Their churches cathedral

Squire knight and Lord
Thus the church remord
With all temporal people
They runne against the steeple
Thus talkyng and tellinge
Howe some of you are mellynge
Yet softe and sayre for swellng
Beware of a queanes yelling
It is a besy thing
It is a besy thing
For one man to rule a kyng
Alone and make rekenyng

Colin Clout

To gouerne ouer all
And rule a realme royall
By one mannes wit
Fortune may chaunce to flit
And whan he weneth to syt
Yet may he mysse the quylshon
For I red a pzeoposition
Sum regibus amicare
Et omnibus dominare
Et supzate pzanare
Wherfore he hathe good vze
That can him selfe assure
How fortune wyl endure
Than let reason you support
For the communalte
That they haue great wonder
That ye kepe them so vnder
Yet they meruayle so muche lesse
For ye playso at the chesse
As they suppose and gesse
That some of you but late
Hath played so checkmate
With Lordes of great estate
After such a rate
That they shall mel nor make
Nor vpon them take
For king nor kayser sake
But at the pleasure of one

That

The booke of
That ruleth the rest alone.

Helas, I saye Helas
Howe maye this come to passe
That a man shall heare a masse
And not so hardy on his head
To loke on god in forme of bread
But that the paryshe clerke
There vpon must herke
And graunt him at his askyng
For to see the sacryng

And how may this accorde
No man to our souerayne Lorde
So hardy to make sute
Nor to execute
His commaundement
Without the assent
Of our president
Nor to expresse to his person
Without your assentacion
Graunt him his licence
To pzeace to his presence
Nor to speake to him secretly
Openly nor pzeuely
Without his president be by
Or els his substitute
Whome he wyl depute

Neither

Colin Cloute

Neither Earle ne duke
Permitted by saint Luke
And by sweet saint Marke
This is a wonderous warke
That the people talke this
Some what there is amis
The deuill cannot stop their mouthes
But they will talk of such vnouthes
All that euer they ken
Against all spirituall men.

Whether it be wronge or ryghte
Or els for dispighte
Or howe euer it hape
Theyr tounge thus do clap
And thzough such detraction
They put you to your action
And whether they say truely
As they may abide therby
Or els that they do lye
We know better than I
But now, debetis scire
And groundlye and true
In your conuenire
Of this premenire
Or els in the myze
They say they wil you ease
Therfore stand sure and fast.

The boke of

Stand sure and take good toting
And let be al your moting
Your gasing and your toting
And your parcial promoting
Of those that stand in your grace
But olde seruauntes ye chase
And put them out of their place
Make ye no murmuracion
Though I write after this facion
Though I Colyn Clout
Among the whole route
Of you that clearkes be
Take vpon me
Thus copiously to write
I do it not for no despite
Wherefore take no disdain
At my stile rude and playne
For I rebuke no man
That vertuous is, why than
Wreke ye your anger on me
For those that vertuous be
Haue no cause to say
That I speake out of the way.

Of no good byshop speake
Nor good prest of the clarge
Good frere nor good Chanon
Good Punne, nor good Canon

Good

Colin Clout

Good Monke, noꝝ good Clerke
Noꝝ of no good werke
But my recountyng is
Of them that do amis
In speaking and rebelling
In hindering and disauailing
Holy church our mother
One against another
To vse such dispising
Is all my whole wytyng
To hinder no man
As neare as I can
For no man haue I named
Wherfore should I blamed
He ought to be ashamed
Against me to be greued
And can tell no cause why
But that I wyte trulye

¶ Then if any ther be
Of high oꝝ low degree
Of the spiritualty
Oꝝ of the temporaltye
That doth thinke oꝝ wene
That his conscience be not cleene
And feleth hym selfe sycke
Oꝝ touched on the quicke
Such grace god them send

¶

¶

The boke of

Them self to amend
For I wyll not pretend
Any man to offende

Wherfoze as thinketh me
Great ydcottes they bee
And lytle grace they haue
This treatise to depzaue
For wil heare no preaching
For no vertuons teaching
For wil hane no resiting
Of any vertuons wytyng
Wil know none intelligence
To refourme their negligence
But liue stil out of sacion
To their owne damnacion
To do shame, they haue no shame
But they wold no man should theim
They haue an euil name (blame
But yet they wil occupy the same

With them the worde of God
Is counted for no rod
They count it for a railing
That nothing is awayling
The preachers with euil hailing
Shal they daunt vs prelates
That be their pyrmates;

Colin Cloute

Not so hardy on their pates
Harke how the losel prates
With a wide welaunte
Auaunt sy? Guy of gaunt
Auaunte lewde preeft auaunt
Auaunt sy? doctoure dyuers
Prate of thy mattens and thy masse
And let oure matters passe
How darest thou daucke mel?
How darest thou losell
Alligate the gospel
Against vs of the counsel
Auaunt to the deuill of hel

Take him warden of the Flete
Set him faste by the fete
I say lyuetenaunt of the toure
Make this lurden for to loure
Lodge him in litle ease
Fede him with Beanes and Pease
The kinges bench or Marshalls
Haue him thether by and by
The villaine preacheth openly
And declareth sure villany
And of our fre simplenesse
He sayes that we are rechlesse
And full of wylfulnesse
Shameles, and merciles

The boke of

In corrigible and insaciate
And after this rate
Against vs doth prate

At Paules crosse or els where
Openly at Westminster
And saynt Mary spittel
They set not by vs a whistel
At the Austen fryers
They count vs for lyers

And at saynt Thomas of Akers
They carpe vs lyke crakers
How we wyl rule al at will
Without good reason or skyll
And say how that we be
Full of parcialitie
And how at a pronge
We turne right to wrong
Delay causes so longe
That right no man can song
They say many matters be boze
By the right of a rammes hozne
Is not this a shamefull scozne?
To be teared thus and tozne.

How may we thus indure
Wherfoze we make you sure

Colin Clout

Ye preachers shalbe yalwe
Some shalbe sawde
As noble Ezechias
The holy prophet was
And some of you shall dye
Lyke holy Jeremy
Some hanged some slayn
Some beaten to the brayne
And we wil rule and rayne
And our matters maintaine
Who dare say there agayne
O who dare dysdaine
At your pleasure and wil
For be it good or be it yll
As it is, it shalbe stil
For al master doctour of ciuil
Or of oluine, or doctour dryusl
Let him cough, roughe or sneusl
Kenne God, renne deuil
Kenne who may renne best
And let take all the rest
We set not a nut shel
The way to heauen or to hel,

Allo, this is the gise now a dayes
It is to drede men sayes
Least they bee saducies
As they be sayd sayne

The boke of

Which determineth playne
We shoulde not rise agayne
At dreadful domes days
And so it semeth they play
Which hate to be corrected
When they bee infected
For wyll suffer this boke
By hooke ne by crooke
Printed for to be
For that no man shoulde see
For rede in any scrolles
Of their drunken nollles
For of their noddie polles
For of theyr sely soules
For of some witles pates
Of diners great estates
As well as other men
Now to withdraw my pen
And now a while to rest
We semeth it for the beste.

The fore castel of my ship
Shall glide and smothely slip
Out of the waues wode
Of the stormye floude
Shote anker and lye at rode
And sayle not farre a brode
Till the crosse be clere

That

The boke of

That the lode starre appere
My thyp now wyl I pere
towarde the port salu
Of our sauour Iesu
Such grace that he vs sende
To rectify and amend
Thinges that are amis
Whan that his pleasure is,

In opere imperfecto

in opere semper perfecto

Et in opere plusquam perfecto

¶ Here after folowveth a

Litle boke of Philip Sparow

row compiled by ma

ster Skelton Poet

Laureate.

La ce bo
Who is there who
Di le st,

Dame Margery

Fa re my my

Wherfore and why why

For the soule of philip sparow
That was late slaine at Carow
Amonge the Punnes blake

For

Phillip sparovve

For that sweet soules sake
And for al sparowes soules
Set in our bead roules
Pater noster qui
With an Ave mari
And with the corner of a creed
The more shalbe your meed.

Whan I remembre agayne
How my philip was slaine
Neuer halfe the paine
Was betwene you twayne
Pyramus and Thisbe
As than befell to me
I wept and I wayled
The teares down hayled
But nothing it auailed
To call Pphilip agayne
Whom Gib our cat hath slayne.

Gib I say our cat
Morrowed her on that
Which I loved beste
It cannot be exprest
My sorowful heaupnes
But al without redyes
For within that stound
Half slumbryng in a sounde
I fell downe to the ground

phillip sparovve

Unneth I kest mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skyes
But when I did behold
My sparow dead and cold
No creature but that wold
Have rewed vpon me
To behold and see
What heauines did me pange
Wherwith my hādes I wrange
That my senowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and so strained
That no life welnye remained
I sighed and I sobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my sparowes life
O mayden, widow and wife
Of what estate ye be
Of hye or low degre
Great sorow then ye might se
And learne to wepe at me
Such paynes did me froat
That mine harte did beat
My visage pale and dead
Wanne, and blue as lead
The panges of hateful death
Wel nye stopped my breathe.

Phillip sparowve

Heu heu me

That I am woe for thee

Ad cum cum tribularetur clamaui

Of god nothing els craue I

Bit Philips soule to kepe
From the marces deepe
Of Acherontes wel

That is a floud of hel

And from the greate Pluto

The prince of endles woe

And from foule Alecto

With visage blacke and blo

And from Medusa that mare

That lyke a seende doth stare

And from Megeras edders

From rufflinge of philips fethers

And from her firy sparklinges

For burning of his winges

And from the smokes soure

Of Proserpinas boure

And from the dennes darke

Wher Cerberus doth barke

Whom Theseus did afray

Whom Hercules did out fray

As Famous Poetes saye

For that hel hounde

That lyeth in chaynes bound

With gastly heades thre

phillip sparovve

To Iupiter pray wee
That Phillip preserved maye bee
Amen say ye wyth me,

Do mi nus
Helpe now sweet Iesus
Leuau oculos meos in montis
Wold God I had xenophontis.

D Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuise
Moderately to take

Thys sorow that I make
For Philyp sparowes sake
So feruently I shake
I fele my body quake
So vrgently I am broughte
Into careful thought
Like andromaca hectors wife
Was weary of her lyfe
When she had lost her toy
Noble Hector of Troy
In like maner also
Increaseth my deadly woe
For my sparow is gone
It was so pretty a foole
It wold syt on a scoole
And learned after my scoole
For to kepe his cut.

Walt

Phillip sparovve

With Phillip kepe your cut.

It had a velvet cap

And wold lye vpon my lap

And seke after smal wormes

And sotime white bread crömes

And many times and ofte

Betwene my brestes soft

It wold lye and rest

It was prope and prest

Sometime he wold gaspe

When he saw a waspe

A flye or a gnat

He would fly at that

And pretely he would pant

When he saw an ant

Lord how he wold pry

After the butter fly

Lord how he wold hop

After the gressop

And whan I, sayd, phyp phip

Then he wold leape and skip

And take me by the lip

Alas it wyl me sloe

That Phillip is gone me fro

Si in i qui ta tes

Alas I was enil at ease

Deprofundis clamati

When I saw my sparow dye.

Powe

Phillip Sparowve

Rowe after my dome
Dame Sulpicia at Rome
whose name registred was
For euer in tables of bras
Because shee did pas
In poesie to endyte
And eloquently to write
Though she wold pretend
My Sparow to commend
I troe she could not amende
Reporting the vertues al
Of my Sparow royal
¶ For it would come and go
And fle so to and fro
And on me it wold leape
Whan I was a sleape
And his fethers shake
Wher wyth hee wold make
Me often for to wake
And for to take him in
Upon my naked skin
God wot we thought no syn
What though he crept so low
It was no hurt I troe
He did nothinge perdee
But spt vpon my knee
Phillip though hee were nise
In hym it was no vise

Phillip

phillip sparowye

Phillip had leaue to go
To pike my litle too
Phillip myght be bold
And do what he wold
Phillip wold seke and take
All the flees blake
That he could there espye
With his wanton eye

D pe ra

La sol fa fa

Cōfitebor tibi domine toto corde meo

Alas I wold ride and go

A thousand mile of ground
If any such might be founde
It were worth an hundreth pound
Of kyng Cresus golde
Or of Artalus the old
The ryche prynce of pargame
Who so list the stozy to see
Cadinus that his sister sought
And he should be boughte
For gold and fee
He should ouer the see
To wete, if he coude byng
Any of the sprynge
Or any of the bloude
But who so vnderstode

phillip sparowve

Of Medias arte
I wold I had a parte
Of her crafty magike
My sparow thā shoulde be quicke
Wyth a charme or twaine
And play with me agayne
But al this is in vaine
Thus for to complaine

I toke my sampler ones
Of purpose for the nones
To sow wyth stiches of silke
My sparow white as mylke
That by representacion
Of his image and facion
To me it might I importe
Some pleasure and comfort
For my solace and sporte
But whā I was sowing his beke
He thought my sparow dyd speake
And open his pretty bill
Saying, maid ye are in wil
Again me for to kil
He pricke me in the head
With that my nedle ware red
He thought of Phylpps bloude
Mine here right bytode
And was in such a fraye
My speche was taken awaye

These

phillip sparovve

I kest downe that there was
And sayd alas, alas
How commeth this to pas
My fingers dead and cold
Could not my sampler hold
My nedle and threde
I threue awaye for drede
The best now that I may
Is for his soule to pray.

CA porta inferi

Good Lord haue mercie
Upon my sparowes soule
Written in my bede roule

CAu di ui bo cem

Japhet cam and Sem
Ma gni fi cat

Shew me the right path

TO the hilles of armonye
Wherfore the birdes yet cry

Of your fathers bote

That was sometime a flote

And now they lye and lote

Let some poetes wyte

Deucalions floud it highte

But as verely, as ye be

The naturall sonnes thre

Of Noe the Patriarke

That made that great arc

Wherin

phillip sparowve

Wherin he had apes and owles
Beastes, byrdes and foules
That if ye can fynde
Any of my sparowes kynde
God sende the soule good rest
I woulde yet haue a nest
As prety and as prest
As my sparow was
But my Sparow dyd pas
All sparowes of the wood
That were since Noes floud
Was neuer none so good
King Philip of Macedony
Had no such Philip as I
No no sir hardely.

That vengeaunce I aske & cry
By way of exclamacion
On al the whole nacion
Of Cattes wilde and tame
God send them sorow and shame
That Cat specially
That slew so cruelly
My litle prety sparow
That I bzought vp at Carow.

O cat of churlythe kynde
The seend was in thy minde
Whan thou my byrd vntuynde
I wolde thou haddest ben blynd

S.i.

The

phillip sparovve

The leopardenes sauage
The lyons in their rage
Might catche the in their pawes
And gnaw the in theyr iawes
These serpentess of Libany
Might sting the venemously
The dragons with their tanges
Might poison thy liuer and lunges
The manticores of the mountaynes
Mighte feed them on thy braines

Melanchates that hound
That plucked Arleon to the grounde
Caue him his mortal wound
Chaunged to a deere
The story doth appere
Was chaunged to an harte
So thou foule cat, that thou arte
The selfe same hounde
Might the confound
That his owne Lord bote
Mighte bite a sunder thy throte
Of Inde the greedy gripes
Might teare out all thy tripes
Of Arcady the beares
Might plucke away thine eares
The wilde wolfe Licaon
Bite a sondre thy backe bone
Of Ethna the brenning hyl

That

phillip sparovve

That day and night brenneth thy ll

Set in thy taylor a blase

That al the world may gase

And wonder vpon thee

From Decton the greete sea

Unto the Isles of Orchadye

From Tilbery fery

To the playne of Salisberye

So trayterously my byrd to kyl

That neuer ought the euil will

Was neuer bird in cage

More gentil of corage

In doing his homage

Unto his soueraine

Alas I say agayne

Deate hath departed vs twayne

The false cat hath the slaine

Fare well Phillip a dewe

Our Lorde thy soule rescue

Farewell without restore

Farewell for euer more

And it were a Jew

It wold make one reu

To se my sorow new

These vilanus false cattes

Were made for mile and rattes

And not for byrdes small

Alas my face waxeth pale

Su.

Tellinge

phillip sparovve

Telling this pyteous tale
How my byrd so fayre
That was wont to repayre
And go in at myspayre
And crepe in at my goze
Of my gounne before
Flickering with his winges
Alas my hert it stynges
Remembzing pretty thynges
Alas myne hart it sleeth
My Philips doleful death
Whan I remembre it
How pretely it wold sit
Many tymes and oft
Upon my finger aloft
I played with him tittel tattel
And fed him with my spattell
With his bil betwene my lips
It was my pretty Philips
Many a pretty kusse
Had I of his swete mulle
And now the cause is thus
That he is slayne me fro
To my great payne and wo
Of fortune, this the chaunce
Standeth an barpaunce
Oft time after pleasaunce
Trouble and greuaunce

phillip sparovve

oman can be sure
way to haue pleasure
wel perceiue ye may
ow my disport and playe
rom me was taken awaye
Byb our cat sauage
that in furious rage
aught Phillip by the head
nd slue him there starke dead.
rie cleyson Christ cleyson.
rye leyson.

F Or Phillip sparowes soule
Set in our bead roule
Let vs now whisper
Pater noster.
Lauda anima mea dominum.
To weep with me loke y^e ye contr
all maner of byrds in your kynd
see none be left be bynd
To moorning loke that ye fawol
With dolorous songes funerall
some to sing, and some to say
some to weep and some to praye
euery bird in his lay
The Goldfinch the wagtaile
The iangling Jaye to rayle
The flecked Pye to chatter

phillip sparowe

Of this dolorous matter
And Robyn red breste
He shalbe the preest
The Requiem masse to syng
Lofly warbeling
With helpe of the red sparowe
And the chattering swallow
This hearse for to halow
The Larke with his long toe
The spinke & the Martinet also
The shouelar with his brode becke
The doterell that folish pecke
And also the mad coote
With a balde face to foote
The felde fare and the snyte
The crowe and the kyte
The rauen called rolfe
His playne songe to solfe
The partryche, the quayle
The plouer wyth vs to wayle
The wodhackle y singeth churre
Horsly as hee had the murre
The lusty chaunting nightingale
The poppingaye to tel her tale
That toteth oft in a glasse
Shal rede the Gospel at masse
The mauis with her whistell
Shal rede there the pistell.

But

phillip sparovve

But with a large and a longe
kepe fust playne songe
Our chaüters shalbe y Cuckoue
he Culuer, the stockedoue
With puwyt the Lapwing
he bersvles shal syng
The Bitter with his bumpe
The Crane with his trumpe
The Swan of Alexander
The Goose and the Gander
he dücke and the drake
shal watche atthys wake
The Pecocke so proude
Because hys voyce is loud
And hath a glorvous tale
He shal syng the grayle
The Owle that so foule
Must helpe vs to Houle
the Heron so gaunte
And the cormoraunte
Wyth the Fesaunt
And the gaglyng gaunte •
And the churlish Thoughe
the rout and the kough
the barnacle the buffard
With the wilde mallard
the diuendop to sleep
the water hen to weep

The

Phillip Sparowve

The puffin, and the tele
Money they shall dele
To poze folke at large
That halbe theyr charge
The semew, and the titmose
The wodcocke with the long nose
The thre still with her warblinge
The starling with her bzablinge
The rooke, with the Ospray
That putteth fil hes to asray
And the deinty curlew
With the furtill most true

At this Placebo.

We may not well forgo
The countring of the co
The storke also
That maketh his nest
In chimneyes to rest
Within those walles
No broken galles
Maye there abide
Of cokoldry syde
Or els Philosophy
Maketh a great lye

The Estridge that wil cate
An hors howe so greate
In the stede of meat
Such feruent heat

Phillip Sparovve

His stomake doth freat

He cannot wel fly

For syngge tunably

Yet at abrayde

He hath well assayed

To solf a above Cla

Fa lorell fa fa

Ne quando

Male cantando

The best that we can

To make him our belman

An let him ring the bells

He can do nothing els,

Chaunteclere our Coker

Must tell what is of the clocke

By the astrologye

That he hath naturally

Conceyved and caught

And was neuer taught

By Al bumazer

The astronomer

For by ptholomy

Prince of Astronomer

For yet by Haly

And yet he croweth dayly

And nightly the tydes

That no man abides

With partlot his hen

Whom

Phillip sparovve

Whome now and then
Hee plucketh by the hed
Whan he doth her tred

The bird of Arabye
that potenciallye
May neuer dye
And yet there is none
But one alone

A phenix it is
this herse that must blis
With armaticke gummes
that cost great summes
the way of thurification
to make fumigacion
Swete of reflareye
And redolent of ayze
This corse for sence
With great reuerence
As Patriarke or Pope
In a blacke cope
Whiles he senseth
He shal syng the verse

Libera me

In de la sol re

Softly bemole

For my sparowes soule

Plinni sheweth al

In his story natural

What

phillip sparovve

What he doth finde
Of the Phenix kinde
Of whose incineracion
There riseth a new creacion
Of the same facion
Without alteracion
Sauing that old age
Is turned into cozage
Of fresh youth agayne
This matter true and playne
Playne matter in deed
Who so lyst to rede

But for the Eggle doth fly
Hest in the sky
He shalbe thy se deane
The quere to demeane
As prouost principall
To teach them their Ordinall
Also the noble falcon
With the gersawcon
The tarsel gentil
They shall mozne softe and still
In theyr amisse of gray
The sacre with them shal say
Dirige for Philips soule
The Goshauke shal haue a roul
The querestrers to controule
The lanners and marlions

phillip spvroue

Shall stadi thei mourniggonnes
The hobby and the musket
The sifers and the crosse shall set
The kestrel in al this warke
Salbe holy water clarks
And now the darke cloudy night
Chaseth away phebus bryght
taking his course toward the weste
God sed my sparoes soule good rest

Requie eterna dona eis domine

Fa fa fa my re
A po2 ta in fe ri
Fa fa fa my my

Credo Videre bona domini

I pray god phillip to heuen may flie

Domine exaudi oracionem meam

to heaue he shal fro heue he came

Do mi nus vo bis cum
of al good praiers god sed him sum

Oremus.

De9 cui propreū est miserece & percere

On phillips soule have pity.

For he was a pretty cocke
And came of a gentill stocke
and wrapt in a maidens smock
And cherished full daintely
tyll cruel fate made him to dye

Alas

phillip sparovve

Alas for doleful destiny
But where to shuld I
Lenger moene or cry:
To Jupiter I call
Of heauen imperial
That Philip may fly
Aboue the sterresky
To treade the pzetwren
That is our Ladies hen
Amen, amen, amen
Yet one thing is behinde
That now commeth to mine
An Epitaphe I wold haue
For Phillips graue
But for I am a mayde
Tumerous, halfe a frayde
That neuer yet a sayde
Of Clycones well
Where the muses dwell
Though I can rede and spell
Recount report and tell
Of the talles of Caunterbury
Some sad stozyes, some mercy
As Palomon, and Arcet
Duke Theseus and partelet
And of the wise of bath
That worketh much scathe
Whan her tale is told

Amonge

phillip sparovve

Among huswives bold
How she contold
Her husbandes as she wold
And them to dispise
In the homeliest wise
Bying other wiues in thought
their husbandes to set at naught
And though that red haue
Of Gawen and syz Guy
And tel can a great peeces
Of the golden fleete
How Jason it won
Like a valiaunt man
Of Arturs round table
with his knightes commendable
And dame Gaynour hys Queene
was somwhat wanton
How syz Launcelote de lake
Many a speare brakelode
For his Ladyes sake
Of Tristrom and kynig Marke
And al the whole warke
Of bele I sold his wife
For whom was much strife
Some say she was lyght
And made her husband knyght
Of the common hall
That cuckoldes men call

And

phillip sparovve

And of sir Libius
Famed Discontus
Of quarter fylz Amunde
And how they were commond
To Rome to Charlemayne
Upon a great payne
And how they rode each one
On Bayard Mountalbon
Men se him now and then
In the forest Arden
What though I can frame
The storpes by name
Of Judas Machabeus
And of Cesar Julius
And of the loue betwene
Paris and viene
And of the duke of Hannyball
That made the Romaynes al
For drede and to quake
How Scipion did wake
The citie of Cartage
Which by his vnnmerciful rage
He beat down to the ground
And though I can expound
Of Hector of Troy
That was al theyr ioye
Whome Achilles slue
Wherfoze all Troy did rue

And

phillip sparowe

And of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Upon fayre Cressejde
And what they wrote and sayd
And of their wanton wils
Pandaer bare the byls
From one to the other
His maisters loue to further
Somtime a precious thyng
An ourthe or els a ryng
From her to him agayn
Somtime a pretty chain
Or a bracelet of her heare
Prayed Troylus for to weare
That token for her sake
How hartely he did it take
And much therof did make
And al that was in bayne
For shee dyd but fayne
The story telleth playne
He could not obtayne
Though his father wer a king
Yet there was a thyng
That made the male to wyng
She made him to sing
The song of louers laye
Musing night and daye
Mourninge al alone

Comfort

Phillip Sparovve

Comfort had he none
For she was quite gone
Thus in conclusion
She broughte him in abusion
In earnest and in game
She was much to blame
Disparaged is her fame
And blemished is her name
In maner half with shame
Troilus also hath lost
On her muche loue and cost
And now must kisse the post
Pandara that went betweene
Hath won nothyng I weene
But light for somer greene
Yet for a speciall land
He is named Troylous baud
Of that name he is sore
Whiles the world shal dure

Though I remember the fable
Of Penelope most stable
To her husband most true
Yet long time she ne knew
Whether he were on live or ded
Her wit stode her in sted
That she was true and fast
For anye bodely lust
To wlires her maker

L. i.

And

phillip Sparovve

And neuer wold him forsake

Of Marcus Marcellus

A proffes I could tel vs

And of Antecus

And of Iosephus

De antiquitatibus

And of Mardocheus

And of great Assuerus

And of Helca his Queene

Whome he forsoke with teene

And of Hester his other wife

With whom he led a pleasaunt life

Of kyng Alerander

And of kyng Cuander

And of Porcena the greate

That made the romains to share

Though I haue strol

A thousande newe and old

Of these historyous tales

To fil bougets and males

With bookes that I haue red

Yet I am nothyng speyde

And can but lytle skyle

Of Duid or Vergil

Or of Plutharke

Or of Fraunces Petrarche

Alcheus or Sapho

Or suche other Poetes

As

As

As

Phillip Sparovve

As Linus and Homerus
Enphorion and Theocritus
Anacreon an Arion
Sophocles and Philemon
Pindarus and Dimonides
Philiston & Phorocides
These Poetes of anncient tyme
They are to diffuse for me

For as I to fore haue sayd
I am but a ponge mayd
And cannot in effect
My stile as yet direct
With englysh wordes elect
Our naturall tonge is rude
And hard to be enneude
Wyth pollyshed tearmes lustye
Oure language is so rustye
So cankered and so ful
Of frowardes and so dul
That if I wold apply
To write ordinately
I wot not where to fynde
Termes to serue my mynde
Cowens englyshe is olde
And of no value is tolde
His matter is worth gold
And worthy to be enrold
In Chauser I am sped

L.ii.

His

phillip sparowve

His tales I haue red
His mater is delectable
Solacious and commendable
His englishe wel alowed
So as it is enprowed
For as it is employed
There is no englyshe boyd
At those dayes muche commended
And now men wolde haue ameded
His englishe where at they barke
And marre all they warke
Chaucer that famous Clarke
His tearmes were not darcke
But pleasaunt easy, and playne
No worde he wzote in bayne

Also Ihon Lydgate

Wrytteth after an hyer rate
It is diffuse to fynde
The sentence of his mynde
Yet wrytteth he in his kind
No man that can amend
Those maters that he hath pend
Yet some men finde a fault
And say he wrytteth to haunt

Wherefore hold me excused
If I haue not wel perused
Myne englysh halfe abused
Thoughe it be refused

phillip Sparovve

In woꝛth I shall it take
And fewer woꝛdes make
But foꝛ my Sparowes sake

Yet as a woman maye
My wit I shall assay
An Epytaphe to wyghte
In latyne playne and lyght
Wherof the Elegy
Followeth by and by

Flos Volucrum formose Valo

*Philippe sub isto
Marmore iam recubas*

Quis mihi carus eras

*Semper erunt niido
Radiantia sidera celo*

Impressusque meo

Pectore semper eris

Per me Laurigerum

Britanum Skeltonida Vaten

Hec cecinisse licet

Ficta sub imagine texta

Cuius eris uolucris

Prestanti corpore V rgo

Candida Nais erat

Formosior ista Ioanna est

Docta corinna fuit

Sed magis ista sapit

Bien men souient.

L.iii.

The

phillip sparouue

The commendacions.

B *Eat immaculati in uia*
O glo rio sa femina
Now mine hole imaginacion

And studious meditacion
As to take this commendacion
In this consideration
And vnder patient tolleracion
Of that most godly mayd
That Placebo hath sayd
And for her sparow prayd
In lamentable wyse

Now wyl I enterpryse
Thorough the grace diuine
Of the muses nine
Her beauty to commend
If Arethusa wyl send
Me enfluence to endite
And with my pen to write
If Apollo will promise
Melodiously it to deuise
His tunable harpe stringes
With armonye that synges
Of Princes and of kinges
And of all pleasaunt thynges
Of lust and of delyght
Thorough his godly might
To whome be the laud ascribed

That

phillip sparovve

That my pen hath enbided
With the aureat droppes
As verely my hope is
Of Thagus that golden floud
That passeth all the earthly good
And as that floud dothe pas
Al floudes that cuer was
With hys golden sandes
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography: and the streames
And the floudes in straunge remedies
Koght so she dothe excede
Al other of whom we rede
Whose fame by me shall sprede
Into Perce and Mede
From byrons Albion
To the toure of Babilon
I trust it is no shame
And no manne wyl me blame
Thoughe I register her name
In the courte of fame
For thys most goodly floure
This blossome of freshe colour
So Iupiter me succoure
She flozysbeth new and new
In beauty and vertue
*Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina*

L. Hill.

Retrie

phillip sparouye

Retribue seruo tuo uiuifica me.

Laba mea laudabunt te.

BUt enforced am I
Openlye to asky
And to make an out cry
Against the odious enuye
That euermore wyl lye
And saue cursedlye
With hys lether eye
And chekes dye
With bysage wan
As swarte as tan
His bones crake
Leane as a rake
Hys gummes rustye
Are full vnlustye
Hys harte with all
Bytter as gall
His liuer his longes
With anger is wronge
Hys serpentis tonge
That many one hath stonge
He frowneyth euer
He laugheth neuer
Euen noz morowe
But other mens sorowe
Causeth him to grin
And reioice therein.

phillip sparovve

No slepe can hym catche
But euer doth watche
he is so bete
With malice and frete
With anger and yre
his foule desire
Wyl suffer no sleep
In his head to creep
His foule semblaunte
Al displeasaunte
Whan other are glad
Than is hee sad
Franticke and mad
His tounge neuer styll
For to saye yll
Writhing and wringing
Biting and stingyng
And thus this elf
Consumeth him selfe
Hym selfe doth sloe
With payne and woe
Thys false enay
Sayth that I
Use gre ate follye
For to indite
And for to wryte
And spende my time
In prose and rime

Phillip sparowve

For to expres
The noblenes
Of my maystres
That causeth me
Studious to be
To make a relation
Of her commendacion
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne
And hath disdain
But yet certayne
I will be playne
And my stile dres
To this proffes

Nowe Whebus me ken
To sharpe my pen
And leade my fyste
As him best lyst
That I may say
Honoure alwaye
Of woman kynde
Trowthe dothe me bynde^e
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedel
To wypte and tel
How women excel
In noblenes

phillip sparovve

As my maystres
Of whome I thinke
With pen and ynke
For to compyle
Some goodly stile
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossom of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succour
She flourisheth new and new
In beautie and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina

Legem pone michi domine in viam iustis-
ficationum tuarum.

Quemadmodum desiderat cervus ad fontes
aquarum.

Howe shall I reporte
Al the godly sort
Of her fetures cleere
That hath none earthly peere
Her fauoure of her face
Ennewed with al grace
Confort pleasure and solace
Mine hart both so embrace
And so hath rauished me
Her to behold and se
That in wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne

Phillip Sparovve

To loke to her agayne
Alas what shoulde I sayne
It were a pleasaunte payne
With her eye to remayne
Her even grave and stepe
Causeth myne harte to leape
With her browes bente
She maye wel represente
Fayre Lucres as I weene
Or els fayre Polerene
Or els Caliope
Or els Penolope
For thys moste goodly floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina

O gloriosa femina
Memor esto Verbi tui seruo tuo
Servus tuus sum ego

The Indy Saphyre blawe
Her baynes doth ennew
The Orient pearle so cleare
The witnes of her lere
The lusty ruby ruddes
Resemble the Rose buddes
Her lippes soft and mery

Emblomed

phillip sparowve

Emblomed like the chery
It were an heavenly blyſſe
Her ſugred mouthe to kysſe
Her beauty to augment
Dame nature hath her lente
A warte vpon her cheke
Who ſo lyſt to ſeek
In her viſage a ſkar
That ſemeth from a far
Lyke to the radyant ſtar
Al with fauour fret
So propzely it is ſet
She is the violet
The daiſy delectable
The columbine commendable
This ieloſer amiable
This moſte goodly floure
This bloſſome of freſhe coloure
So Iupiter me ſuccoure
She flozyſheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O glorioſa femina
Bonitate feciſti cū ſeruo tuo domina
Et ex precordis ſenant preconia.

And whan I perceiued
Her wart and concealed
It can not be denaid
But

phillip sparovve

But it was wel conuaid,
And set so womanly
And nothing wantonly
But right conueniently
And full congruently
As nature could deuise
In moſte goodly wyſe
Who ſo lyſt behold
It maketh louers bold
To her to ſue for grace
Her fauour to purchaſe
The ſker vpon her chin
Enhached on her fayre ſkin
Whiter than the ſwan
It wold make any man
To forget deadly ſyn
Her fauour to wyne
For this moſt goodly flour
This bloſſome of freſhe colour
So Iupiter me ſuccour
She flouriſheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O:glorioſa femina

Defecit in ſalutate tuum anima mea
quid petis filio mater dulciſſima
ciſſima babe

Soft

A

phillip sparovve

Soft and make no din
For now I wil begin
To haue in remembraunce
Her goodly dalyaunce
And her goodly pastaunce
So sad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the lure
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hart
She made me soze amased
Upon her whan I gased
We thought mine hart was crased
My even were so dased
For this most goodly flour
The blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She flozysbeth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina

Quomodo dilexi legem tuam domina.

Recedant uetera noua sunt omnia.

And to amend her tale
Whan she lyst to auale
And with her fingers small
And handes soft as silke

Whiter

philip sparovve

Whiter then milke
 That are so quickly bayned
 Therewith my hand she strained
 Lord how I was payned
 Anneth I me refrayned
 How she me had reclaymed
 And me to her retayned
 Entzasyng ther with all
 Her goodly middle small
 With sides long and streyt
 To tel you what conceit
 I had then in a trice
 The matter wer to nyte
 And yet there was no vyce
 Nor yet no villany
 But only fantasy
 For this most goodly floure
 The blossome of fresh colour
 So Jupiter me succour
 She flozisheth new and new
 In beautie and vertue
 Hac claritate gemina
 O gloriosa femina
 Unquos odio habuit
 Non calumnientur me superbi.

B Et wherto hold I note
 How often dyd I note
 Upon her pretye face

A

Phillip Sparovve

It rayfed myne hart rote
To see her treade the groundes
With heles short and round
She is plainly expresse
Egeria the goddesse
And lyke to her ymage
Importured with corage
A louers pilgrimage
There is no best sauage
Ne no tygre so wood
But she wold chaunge his mood
Suche relucet grace
Is formed in her face
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She flozysmeth new and new
In beauty and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Mirabilia testimonia tua
Sicut nouelle plantacões in iuuentute sua
So goodly as she dresses
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heare so fyne
Lyke Phebus beames shyne
Where to should I disclose

U.t.

The

Phillip Sparowve

The garteryng of her hose
It is for to suppose
Howe that she can weare
Gorgiouslye her geare
Her freshe habilementes
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame floza queene
Of lusty somer grene
This moste goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Iupiter me succoure
She flozysbeth new and new
In beauty and vertew

Haec claritate gemina

O gloriosa femina

Clamavi in toto corde exaudi me

Mia tua magna est super me.

HEr kytel so goodly lased
And vnder that is braced
Such pleasures that I may
Neither wryte nor say
Yet thoughe I writ not with inke
No man can let me thinke
For thought hath libertie
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It cost me litle or nought

W. J. H.

phillip sparovve

Wold god mine homely stile
Were polliſhed with the file
Of Ciceros eloquence
To prayſe her excellence
The moost goodlye floure
This bloſſome of freſhe colour
So Jupiter me ſuccoure
She flozyſheth new and new
In beauty and vertue

Hac claritate gemina

O glorioſa femina

Principes perſecuti ſunt me gratis

Omnibus conſideratis. Paradifus uolup-
tatis, hec uirgo eſt dulciſſima.

Mypen it is vnable
My hand it is vnſtable
My reaſon rude and dull

To prayſe her at the full
Goodly maiſtres Jane
Sobze, demure Diane
Jane this maiſtres hight
The lode ſtar of delight
Dame Venus of all pleaſure
The wel of woꝛldly treaſure
She doth excede and paſſe
In Prudence dame Pallas
The moost goodly floure
This bloſſome of freſhe colour

phillip sparovve

So Jupiter me succoure
She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue

Hac claritate gemina

O gloriosa femina

R *Equiem eternam dona eis domine*
With this psalm. *Domine probasti me*
Shall saile ouer the sea

With tibi domine commendamus

On pilgrimages to saint Jamys

For shrympes, and for pranes

And for stalkynge cranes

And wher my pen hath offended

I pray you it may be amended

By discrete consideration

Of your wise refozmacion

I haue not offended I trust

It it be sadly discusst

It were no gentle guyse

This treatise to dispise

Because I haue writen and sayd

Honour of this fayre maye

Wherfore should I be blamed

That I haue named

And famously proclaimed

She is worthy to be enrold

With letters of golde.

Car elle vault.

phillip sparowve

P Er me Laurigerum Britonum
Skeltonida latens
Laudibus eximiis merito, hec remedita
puella est

Formosam poccini quam non formosior
Villa est

Formosam potius, quam commendaret
homerus

Sic iuuat interdum regidos recreare
labores

Nec minus hoc titulo tersa minerva
mea est.

Rien que plaire.

Thus endeth the booke of Phillip
sparow, & here foloweth an adicion
made by master Skelton.

The gyse now a dayes
Of some tanglyng iayes
Is to discommend
That they cannot amend
Though they wold spend
All the wyttes they haue
What ayle them to depraue
Phillip sparowes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrth and consolacion

Pillip sparovve

Made by protestacion
No man to miscontent
With Phillippes enterement

Alas that goodly mayd
Why should she be afraid
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorably reported
Should be set and sorted
To be matriculate
With Ladies of estate

I coniure the Phillip sparow
By Hercules that hel dyd harow
And with a venemous arow
Slewe of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures

O2 Onocentaures
O2 Hipocentaurius
By whose might and mayne
An hart was slayne
With hornes twayne
Of glittering gold
And the appels of gold
O: Hesperides withhold
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept
By marcial strengthe
He wan at lenght

And

phillip sparouve

And slue Gerton
With thre bodies in one
With mighty corage
Auaunted the rage
Of a Lyon sauage
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a rable
Of coursers and rounses
With leapes and bounses
And with mighty lugging
Wrestlyng and tuggynge
He plucked the bul
By the horned skul
And offred to Cornucopia
And so forth per cetera

Also by Ecates bower
In Plutus gastly tower
By the vglye Cumenides
That neuer haue rest nor ease

By the venemous serpent
That in hel is neuer brente
In Lerna the Grekes fen
That was engendred then

By Chimeras flames
And all the deadly names
Of infernal posty
Where soules fry and rosty

By the stigial flood

A.iii.

And

phillip sparovve

And the streames wood
Of Cocitus botumles wel
By the ferryman of hel

Caron with his beard hoze
That roweth with a rude oze
And with his fore top
Gideth his bote with a prop
I conture Phillip and cal
In the name of kyng Saul
Primo regum expresse

He had the Whistonesse
To wythcraft her to dres
And by her abusions
And damnable illusions
Of merueylous conclusions
And by her supersticions
And wonderful condicions
She raysted vp in that stede
Samuel that was deade

But whether it were so
He were, *idem in numero*
The selfe same Samuel
How be it to Saule dyd he tell
The Philistines shuld him ascrey
And the next day he shoulde dye
I wil my self discharge
To lettred men at large

But Philip I conture thee

Polio

phillip sparovve

Now by these names three
Diana in the woodes grene
Luna that so bryght doth shyne
Proserpina in hell
That thou shortly tell
And shew now vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perpleritie

Inferia phillippe Scroupe pulchra

Iohanna

*Instante persit, cur nostri canis
nis illam*

*Nunc pudet, est sero, minor est in
famia Vero.*

Than suche as haue disdayned
And of thys worke complayned
I pray God they be payned
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or three
That folowe as ye may see

*Luride cur liuor Voluctis pia funera
damnas*

*Talia te rapiant, rapiunt que fata
Volucrum*

*Est tamen inuidiu mors tibi
continua.*

W. b.

Skelton Laureate against a comely
Coyfrowne that curiously chauntyd
And curryshly cowntred, And madly in hys
Musikes mokyshly made, Agaynst the
yr. Musis of politike Poems and
Poettys matriculat.

Of all nacyns vnder the heuyn.
These frantike foolys I hate most of all.
For though they stüble in y sinnes seupn.
In peuryshnes yet they snapper and fall.
Whiche men the. viii. deadly sins call.
This peurysh proud this prender gest.
When he is well yet can he not rest.

A swete sager lose & sowre bayards hun.
Besumdele lyke in forme and shap
The one for a duke the other for dun.
A maunchet for mozell theron to snap.
His hart is to hy to haue any hap.
But for in his game vt carp that he can.
Lo Jak wold be a Gentylman

Wyth hey froly loly lo whip here Jak.
Alumbek sodylodym syllozym ben.
Curvowly he can both counter and knak
Of Martyn swart and all hys mery men.
Lord how perkyn is proud of his Pohen.
But ask wher he syndyth amög his monacordes.

An

Comely

tyd

hys

he

of all.

eupn.

ss.

22.

72.

62.

des.

An

An holy water clark a ruler of lordes.

He can not fynd it in rule nor in space.
He solfyth to haute hys Trybyll is to hy.
He braggyth of his byrth that borne was ful bace
Hys musyk withoute mesure to sharp is his my.
He trymmyth in his tenor to counter pirdewy.
His discant is bely it is withoute a mene.
To fat is his fantsy his wyt is to lene.

He lubyth on a lewde lewte roty bulle Joyse.
Kumbill downe tumbil downe hey go now now.
He sublyth in his syngering an vgly good noise.
It semyth ths sobbyng of an old sow.
He wold be made moch of & he wyll how.
Whele sped In spyndels & turning of tauellys.
Abungler, a brawler, a pyker of quarellys.

Comely he clappyth a payre of clauycordys.
He whysskelyth so swetely he makyth me to swet.
His descant is dashed full of discordes
A red angry man but easy to intrete.
An vscher of the hall Payn wold I get.
To poynte this proude page a place and a rome.
For Jak wold be a Gentilman that late was a
(grome

Jak wold Jet and yet Jyll sayd nay.
He counteth in his countenance to check w h best.
A malaperte medler that pryeth for his pray

A

In a dysh dare he rush at the rypest,
Dreming in dumpys to wrangill & to wress.
He findeth a propozcion in his prycke songe.
To dzyinke at a draught a larg and a long

Pay sape not with hym he is no smal sole
It is a solemne syze and a solayne.
For lordes and ladies lerne at his scole
He techyth them so wysely to solf and to fayne
That neither they singe wel prike sog nor plain
This docter dellias commensyd in a cart.
A master, a mynstrel, a fydler, a fart.

What though ye can cownter *Custodi nos.*
As wel it becomith yow a parysh towne Clarke.
To syng *Supitati dedit Egros*
Yet bere ye not to bold to bzaule ne to bark
At me, that medeled nothing with youre wark.
Correct first thy selfe, walk and be nought.
Deme what y list thou knowist not my thought.

A prouerbe of old say well or be still.
We are to vnhappy occasion to fynde.
Upon me to clater or els to say yll.
Now haue I shewyd you part of your proud mid
Take this in worth the best is behynde.
Wryten at Croydon by Crowland in the Clay.
On Candelmas eyn the Kalendas of May.

J I P I S.

*Contra alium Canticatem & Organisantem
Asinum, qui impugnabat Skeltonida
Pierium, Sarcasmos.*

*¶ Rponenda meis non sunt tua plectra camenis.
Nec quantum nostra fistula clara tua est.
Sepe licet liricos modularis arundine psalmos,
Et tremulos calamis concinis ipse n.odos:
Quamuis mille tuus digitus dat carmine plausus,
Nam tua q̃ tua uox est mage docta manus:
Quamuis cuncta facis tumida sub mente superbus,
Gratior est Phæbo fistula nostra tamen.
Ergo tuum studeas animo deponere fastum,
Et uiolare sacrum desine Stulte uirum.*

**Skelton Laureat vppon a deedmans
hed that was sent to hym from an honozable
gentil woman for a token, Deuysyd this gostly
meditacion in Englysh, Conuenable in sen-
tence Comendable, Lamentable, Lacrimable,
Profitable for the soule.**

**Poure vgly tokyn,
My mynd hath brokyn,
From worldly lust.
For I haue dyscuss,
We are but dust,
And dy we must.
It is generall
To be mortall.**

I haue well espyde
No man may hym hyde:
From deth holow eyed.
With sinnewes wyderyd,
With bonys shyderyd,
With hys woyme etyn maw,
And his gastly Jaw.
Gaspynge asyde,
Nakyd of hyde,
Neyther flesh not fell.

Then by my counsell,
Loke that ye spel,
Well thys gospels.
For wher so we dwell,
Deth wil vs qwell,
And with vs mell.

For all our pamperde pauchis
Ther may no fraunchys,
Nor worldly blys,
Redeme vs from this,
Oure days be datyd,
To be chek matyd,
With drawttys of deth,
Stoppynge oure bzeth,
Oure eyen synkyng,
Oure bodys styng,
Oure gummys grynnynge,
Oure soulys bynnynge.

To

To whom then shall we sew,
For to haue reskew,
But to swete Iesu,
On vs then for to rewe.

O goodly child,
Of Mary mylde,
Then be oure shylde.
That we be not exyld,
To the dyne dale,
Of botemles bale,
For to the lake,
Of fendys blake.

But graunt vs grace
To se thy face,
And to purchase,
Thyne heuenly place.
And thy palace,
Full of solace.
Aboue the sky,
That is so hy. Eternally.
To beholde and se.
The Trynity. Amen.
Mirres vous y.

VWomanhod wanton ye want.
Pour medeling mastres is manerles.
Plenty of yll of goodnes skant.
Ye rayll at ryot recheles.
To prayse youre porte it is nedeles.

For

Foz all your draffe yet and youre dreggys.
As well bozne as ye full oft tyme beggys.

Why so koy and full of skorne.
Myne horse is sold I wene you say.
My new furred gowne when it is woꝛne.
Put vp youre purs ye shall non pay.
By Crede I trust to se the day.
As proud a pohen as ye sprede.
Of me and other ye may haue nede.

Though angelyk be youre smylng.
Yet is youre tong an adders taylor.
Full lyke a Scorpyon styngyng.
All those by whom ye haue auayle.
Good mastres Anne there ye do shayle.
What prate ye praty pyggys ny.
I truste to quyte you oz I dy.

Your key is mete for every lok.
Your key is comen and hangyth owte.
Your key is redy wenet not knok.
Nor stand long wressyng there aboute.
Of youre doze gate ye haue no doute.
But one thyng is that ye be lewde.
Holde youre tong now all be shrewde.

To mastres Anne that farly swete.
That wonnes at the key intemmys strete.

The booke of three fool's
M. Skelton poete Laureate,
Gave to my Lord
Cardynall

The fyrst foole.

The man that doth wed a wyfe
For her goodes and her rycheſſe
And not for lygnage ſemynatyfe
Procureth doloure and dyſtreſſe
With inſynpte payne and heynneſſe
For ſhe wyll do hym moche ſorowe
Bothe at euyn and at mozo we.

The ſeconde foole

The darter ryght curſed of enuy
Hath rayned ſythe the worlde began
Whiche bryngeth man euidently
In to the bondes of Sathan
Wherefoze he is a dyſcrete man
That can eſchewe that euyl ſynne
Where body and ſoule is loſt in

The thyrd foole

Dyners by voluptuoſities
Of women the which be preſent
Be brought in to full great dyſtreſſe
Forgettyng vertues excellent
Of god the whych is permanent
And ſuffreth themſelſe to be bounde
In cordes as it were a hounde,

¶ i.

The boke of three fooles



Come hyther & take this
Boke & rede therein for
your lernyng with clere
yeu, and loke in this bo
ke & sheweth you folysh
fooles, wout wyt or vnderstanding
Pecunymous fooles that bee auaryce,
and for to haue good tyme, and to ly
ue meryly, weddeth these olde wyd
dred women, whych hath sackes full
of nobles, claryfye here your syghte, &
ye shal know what goodnes cometh
therby, and what Joye and gladnes
Some there be y habandoneth them
selfe for to gather togyther the donge
that yssuethoute of theyr asses arse,
for to fynde euermore grese, it is grete
foly trulye, but yet the yonge man is
more folysher, the whiche weddeth
an olde wyfe, for to haue her golde &
soluer. I say that he is a great foole
that taketh ane olde wyfe, for her
goodes and is much to blame

They

The booke of thre fooles

They tye whiche do so, procureth
all tribulations. For with her he shall
neither haue ioy, recreation, nor rest.
He nor ysitheth stryfes, and greate de-
bates, thoughte, payne, anguythe, &
melancoly. And yf he wolde accom-
plyshe the workes of maryage, hee
may not, for she is so debylete colde,
vnpropyce, vnnaturall, and vndyscur-
rente, for the coldenes that is in her.
The husbände of this olde wyfe hath
none espraunce to haue lygnage by
her, for he neuer loued her. The man
is a verie foole to make his demo-
raunce vpon such an olde wyfe, whan
he thinketh somtime vpon such thyn-
ges, he leseth his naturall wit, in cur-
synge hym selfe more then a. M. ty-
mes with the golde and the syluer, &
the cursed hasarde of fortune. And
whan he seeth his poore lyfe in suche
dystresse, his hert is all oppressed with
melancoly and dolour, but whan the
vnhap

The boke of three fooles

Unhappye man seeth that it is force
and that hee is constraineth to haue
paciencie, he putteth his cure to draw
to hym the money of the olde wyd-
dred woman in makynge to her glade
there. And when hee hath the money
and the bagge wth nobles, God knowe
eth what there he maketh, wythoute
thynkinge on them that gathereth it
And when he hath spent al, he is mo
re unhappyer then hee was before, yf
that the foole be unhappye, it is well
ryghte, for hee hath wedded auarice,
mother of all euylles, yf hee had taken
a wyfe that had ben fayre and yonge
after his complection, he had not fal-
len into so great an inconuenience. It
is wyrtten in auncient booke that hee
whiche weddeth a wyfe by auarice,
and not for to haue lygnage, hath no
cure of the honestie of matrymonye,
and thynketh full euyl on his consci-
ence, The Vnyon of maryage in de-
cayed

The pöke of three fooles

cayed, for vnder the coloure of good
and loyall maryage is wedded aua-
ryce as we se, euery day by experience
throughe the world And one wil haue
a wife, and that hee marke his to be
demaunded in maryage, they will
enquyre of his ryches and conninge.
And on the other syde he wyl demaun-
de great goodes with her, to noyssh
her with. For and her father and mo-
ther and frendes haue no greate ry-
ches, he wyl not of her. But, and she
be ryche hee demaundeth none other
thyng. It is written that one were
better haue his house in deserte, whe-
re as no mencion shoulde be of hym,
thenne to bide with suche wyues, for
they be replete wth all cursednes. And
the pore foole breketh his hearte, he lo-
seth his soule and corrouneth his bo-
dy. He selleth his youth vnto the olde
wife that weddeth her for anaryce,
and hath but noyse and discention,
in

The boke of thre fooles
in vlyng his lyfe thus in synne Con-
sydre you fooles what seruytude ye
put your self in, when ye wedde such
wyues. I pray you be chaste if that ye
wyl lyue without vnhap. My frends
whiche be not in that bande, put you
not therin, and yee shalbe well happy
Notwithstanding I defende you not
to mary but I exhorte you to take a
wyfe that ye may haue progeny by, &
solace bodely and gostly, and thereby
to wyne the ioyes of paradyse.

Of Enuye, the se-
conde foole.



Approche you folly the en-
uyous, the which can say
no good by them that ye
hate, come and se in this
Booke, your peruerse and euyl con-
dycions. O enuy that deuoureth the
condycions of men, and dyspypers of
honour. Thou makest to haue rauis-
shynge heartes famylshed, thou bre-
nest

The boke of thre fooles

nest the despyres, and sleeth the soule
in the ende, thou engendrest the darte
enuyponned with mischefe that whiche
traueyleth diuers folkes. Cursed
foole howe haste thou thy heart so re-
plete with cruelte, for if I haue tem-
porall goodes thou wilt haue enuye
therat, or if that I can worke well, &
that I apply mee vnto dyuers thyn-
ges the whiche be honest, or if that I
haue castels, landes, and tenementes
or if that I am exalted vnto honoure
by my science, or won it by my hardy-
nes truely and iustlye, or if that I am
beloued of dyuers persons whiche re-
claymeth mee good & vertuons, and
of a noble courage, thou wilt vilepen-
de me with thy wordes, thou wottest
neuer in what maner thou mayst ad-
nychell mine honour, Thy malicious
hert is hurt with a mortall wounde
in such wise that thou haste no ioye
nor solace in this world, for the darte
of

The booke of thre fooles
of Enuye perceth thy herte lyke a spe-
re. Thou hast wyldc lycoure, the whi-
che maketh all thy stomacke to be on
a flambe. There is no medicyne that
maye hele thy mortall wounde. I be-
ynge in a place, where as myne ho-
noure was magnifyed, thoughte for
to haue taken alyaunce wth an odyffe-
raūt floure, but all sodayniely I was
smyten with a darte of enuye be hin-
de my backe, wherthroughe all tho
that were on my partye turned theyr
backes vpon me, for to agree to one
of Venus Dissolate seruauntes, pro-
cedynge, frome a hearte, enuennied
with enuye. Wherfore I shall specy-
fy vnto you the condycyons of the
enuyous. who that holdeth hym of
the subgettes of enuye, she constytu-
eth to deuoure, and byte euery bodye:
guyng vnhappes and myseryes vn-
to her seruaūtes. Suche folkes doth
the innocente a thousande wronges.

They

The boke of thre fooles

They be replenysshed with so many
treasons, & they can not siepe in theyr
beddes, they haue no swete cantycles
nor songes. They haue theyr tonges
honyed with swete words vnder the
coloure of loue, they be lene, and infe-
cte of rygoure: these enuyous more
bytterer thenne the gall of the fylshe
Glaucā, wyth theyr even beholdinge
a trauers of stomackes chaufed syn-
tillously, and without these mouthes
as the vyne that is newe cut, they be
enuyzoned with rage and greate an-
guysshe, beholdynge euermore to de-
stroy some body. Conceyue the history
of Ioseph in your myrdes, the which
had vii. brethren that were enuyous
against him which was the yongeste
and solde hym vnto the marchauntes
of Egypte by enuy, & betrayed him.
The which were delybred of a longe
time to haue destroyed him. These
enuiuous neuer laughe, but whā some
good

The booke of thre fooles

good man hath domage vpon the see
or lande, or at the disfortune of some
body, he dlynketh his bloud as milke,
Notwithstandinge, his heart is euer
embraced with enuy, and as long as
he lyueth it shall gnawe his hert. Hee
resembleth vnto Ethna whiche bren
neth alwayes. As of Romulus and
Remus his brother, the whiche Ro-
mulus edefyed first Rome, and gaue
it to name Rome, after his owne na-
me. Neuertheles they were pastours
for they establyshed lawes in the citie
And Romulus punished euerye body
egally. He dyd Instytute lymittes or
markes about e the citie, and ordey-
ned that he that passed the lymyttes
shuld be put to death. His brother pas-
sed them, wherfore he was put vnto
death incontinente in the same place.
Wee rede also how Cayne slewe his
owne brother by enuye. Haue we not
ensample semblable of Atreus, of
whom

The boke of thre fooles

whom his brother occupied þ parke,
howe well that they were in the real-
me stronge and puyssaunte, for to de-
fende them. It was Thesius that ex-
pulsed his brother oute of the realme
by enuy, and was called agayne by-
cause that he had taken the parke, &
fynally was banyshed, and by enuye
and vnder the colour of peace he was
sent for. And when hee was commen
vnto a feast, he made his two chil-
dren for to be rested, and made theim
to drynke their bloude. O what hor-
roure was it to see his twoo children
dye that were so dyscrete? In lyke-
wise Ethiocles by his brethzen recey-
ued great enoynties by that cursed
enuye. O thou prudent man if thou
wilt be discrete, good, and wise
flye from enuy, and thou shalt
finde thy selfe sounde of
bodꝝ and soules.

The boke of thre fooles
Of the voluptuousnes corporall
The third foole.



Righte heartely I beseeche
you folyshe & Lecherous
people, that it will please
you for to come and make
a litell Collacion in this
Booke, and if there be any thinge,
that I can do for you, I am all yours
both body and goodes, for truelye I
haue an ardaunte desyre to doo you
some meditorious dede, bicause that
I haue euer frequented your seruyce.

Nowe herken what I haue found
you cautellous women. They that
the Pappes be sene all naked, their
heyre combed and trussed in dyuers
places merueylously be vnrasonable
fooles, for they dresse them like vo-
luptuous harlottes that make their
heyre to appere at theyr browes pa-
lo we as fine golde made in lytel tres-
ses for to drawe yonge folke to theyr
loue

The boke of thre fooles

loue. Some for to haue their goodes
presenteth to theim their beddes for
to take their carnall desires And af-
ter that they haue taken all their dis-
portes, they pill theim as an Onion,
The other for to haue their plesures
mōdayne cheseth theim that we loue
best & maketh sygnyfyauce to theim
sayeng y she is enamoured on theim
Thou art a verye Idyot so to aban-
done thy selfe vnto the vyle synne of
Lecherie, for thou lettest thy selfe be
wrapped therein, lyke as a calfe, or a
shepe is bounde in a corde. In suche
wise that ye can not vnbynde youre
selfe, O foole haue aspecte vnto that
whiche thou cōmyttest for thou put-
test thy pooze soule in great daunger
of Damnation eternall, thou puttest
thy goodes, thyne vnderstandinge,
and thy ioy, vnto dolorous perdition
and for all that yee bee in your word-
ly pleasures, yet it is mengled with
dis-

The booke of thre fooles

Dyſtreſſes, or in myſery, greate thoughte
or melancoly. I requyre thee leue thy
wordlye pleasures that endureth no
lenger then the Graſſe of the feelde
If you haue ioye one only momente
thou ſhalt haue twayne of ſorrow for
it. Wee rede of Sardanapalus that
for his lecherie and lybidinoſite fell
into hell, the whiche put him ſelfe in
the guiſe of a poore woman, his men
ſerue him ſo obſtinate in that vile
ſinne, ſlew him, and ſo fyniſhed hee
his dayes for folowinge of his plea-
ſaunce mondayne. The ſoueraigne
creator was more puiſſante thenne
this wretched ſinner, let vs not ap-
ply our ſelfe thereto ſith that hee pu-
niſheth ſinners ſo aſprely, but with
all our hertes enſaue we our ſelfe for
to reſiſt againſte that vile and abho-
minable ſinne of lecherie, the whiche
is ſo full of enſeccion and bytternes,
for it outtayneth the ſoule of man: fle-
from

The booke of thre fooles
frome the foolishe women that pyl-
leth the louers vnto the harde bones,
and you shal be beloued of **G O D**,
and also of the worlde.

En Parlement à Paris.

Iustice est morte & verité sommeille,
Droit & raison sont allez aux pardons
Les deux premiers : Nul ne les refuseille,
Et les derniers, sont corrompus par dons.

Out of Frenche into Latine.

*Abstulit atra dies Astream : cana fides sed
somno pressa iacet : ius iter arripuit.
Et secum ratio proficiens limite longo.
Nemo duas primas euigilare parat;
Atq; duo postrema absunt, & numera tantum
Impediunt, ne queunt q̄ remeare domum.*

Out of Latine into Englishe.

Iustice nowe is dead,
A roeth with a droulſe head,
As heuy as the leed
Is leyd downe to slepe,

Cur

And bidy the no kepe
 And ryght is euer fallow;
 Gon to seke halows
 With Reson to gidder
 No man can tell whether
 No man woll vnder take
 The fyrst twayne to a wake;
 And the twayne laste
 Be withholde so faste
 Wyth mony, as men sayne
 They can not come agayne,

Epithaphe.

This tretise debyled it is
 Of two knaues somtyme of dis.

Though this knaues be deade
 Full of myschiefe and queed
 Yet where so euer they ly
 Theyr names shall neuer dye.

¶ *Compendium de duobus Versipellis.*
 John Jayberd & Adam ali. a knaue
 De q³ illorū notissima Vilitate.

¶ A deuoute frentale for old John Clarke,
 sometyme the holy patriarke of dis.

sequitur trigentale
Tale quale rationale
Licet parum curiale
Tamen satis est formale
Ioannis Clerc hominis
Cuiusdam maltimonijs
Ioannes Iayberd qui vocatur
Clerc cleribus nuncupatur
Obijt sanctus iste pater
Anno domini. M.D. Sexto
In parochia de dis
Non erat sibi similis
In malicia Vir insignis
Duplex corde & bilinguis
Senio confectus
Omnibus suspectus
Nemini dilectus
Sepultus est amonge the wedes
God forgeue hym his mysdoedes

De Dulce melos
penetrans Celos.

Carmina cum cannis
Cantemus festa Ioannis
Clerke obijt Vere
Iayberde nomen quæ dedere
Dis populus natus
Clerke cleribus est quæ vocatus

*Hic vir caldens
Nequam vir ceu Iebuseus
In christum domini
Fremuit de more cameli
Rectori proprio
Tam verba retorta loquendo
Vnde resultando
Quæ acheronta boando tonaret
Nunquam sincere
Solitus sua crimina flere
Cui male lingua loquax
Quæ dicax mendax quæ fuere
Et mores tales
Resident in nemine quales
Carpens vitales
Auras turbare sodales
Et cines socias
Asinus mulus velut & bos
Omne suum studium
Rubium pictum per amictum
Discolor & victum
Faciens semper maledictum
Ex intestinis ouium
Quæ bouum quæ caprorum
Tendens ad quæ forum
Fragmentum colligit horum
Dentibus exemptis
Mastigat cum quæ polentis*

Lange.

*Lanig
Aut
Quid
Iohn
Cui d
Socia*

*Ja
Pen
A die
I fat
Frat
Foz
By t
Dyd
I p
And
At t
On
To
Mi
Foz*

*Ecce
Sub
Asi
Th
W*

*Lanigerum caput caput
Aut vacce mugientis
Quid petis hic sit quis
John Iayberd. Nicolas de die
Cui dum vixerat is
Sociantur iurgia vis lis*

*Iam Iacet hic Starke deed
Neuer a toth in his heed
A dieu. Iayberd. a due
A faith dikkon thou crue*

*Fratres orate
For this knauate
By the holy Kode
Dyd neuer man good
I pray you all
And pray shall
At this trentall
On knees to fall
To the fote ball
With fill the blak bowle
For Iayberdes sowle*

*Bibite multum
Ecce sepulcrum
Sub pede stultum
Asinum & mulum*

*The deuill kis his culum
Mit hey holwe Rumbelowe*

P. II.

Rum-

Rumpopulorum
Per omnia secula seculorum.
Amen.

Requiem: &c.

Per fredericum hely
Fratrem de monte carmeli
Qui condunt sine sale
Hoc deuotum Trigintale
Vale Iayberd, valde male.

Finis.

Adam vddersale. alias dictus
Adam all. a k naue his Epitaph.
Foloweth deuoutly,
He was somtime the holy
baillyue of dis.

Of dis.

Adam degebat
Dum vixit falsa gerebat
namque extorquebat
Quicquid natiuus habebat
Aut liber natus. Rapidus
Iupus inde vocatus.
Ecclesiam que satus
De belial iste Pilatus
Sub pede calcatus
Violauit nunc violatus
Perfidus iratus

Num.

Numquam fuit ille beatus
Vddersall stratus
Benedictus est spoliatus
Improbis inflatus
Maledictus iam laceratus
Sis tibi baccatus
Baliens predominatus
Hic fuit ingratus
Porcus velut insatiatus
Pinguis crassatus
Velut aggas fit reprobatus
Crudelis quæ cæcus
Baratro peto sit timulatus
Belsabub his soule sane
Qui iacet hic like a knave.
Iam scio mortuus est
Et iacet hic like a best.

Anima eius,
De malo in peius Amen.

De dis hec semper erit camena,
Adam Vddersall sit anathema.

Auctore Skelton Rectore de Dis.

Finis. &c. Apud Trumpiton scripter
per Curatum eiusdem quinto die Ia-
nuarij Anno domini secundum com-
putat Anglie M.D. Vj.

I. ij.

Adam

*Adam adam vbi es. Genesis & vbi nulla requies.
vbi nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat. Iob.*

De Finis.

*Diligo rustincum cum portant bis duo quonintum
Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos.*

1. Canticum dolorosum.

Lamentatio vrbis Norvvicen.

*O lachrimosa lues nimis O quàm flebile fatum
Ignibus exosis vrbis veneranda ruis
Fulmina sue Iouis sue vltima fata vocabant
Vulcani rapidis ignibus ipsa peris
Au decus au patrie specie pulcherima dudum
Vrbis Norwicensis labitar in cineres
Vrbis tibi quid referam? breuiter tibi pauca reponam,
Prospera raro manent, vtere sorte tua.
Perpetuum mortale nihil, sors omnia versat,
Vrbis miseranda vale, sors miseranda tua est.
inifiranda.*

Skelton.

*Vilitissimus Scotus dundas allegat caudas
contra, Angligenas Cauuatos Anglos, spurcissime
Scote quid effers? Effrons es, quoque sons: mendax,
tua spurea quæ bucca est.*

*Anglicus a tergo
Caudant gerit.*

*Est canis ergo.
Anglice caudate*

Cape

Cape caudam

Ne cadat a te.

Ex causa caude

Manet Anglica

Gens siue laude.

Skeltō nobilis Poetā,

Gup Scot. ye blot,

Laudate Caudate

Set in better

I hy pentameter

This dundas

This Scottishe as

he rymes and ratles

That Englishmē haue tasles.

Skeltonus laureatus,

Anglicus natus,

Prouocat musas

Contra Dundas

Norpacissimum Scotum,

Vndique notum,

Rusticè solum

Vapidè potum,

Skelton Laureat

After this rate

Defendeth with his pen

All Englysh men. Agayn dundas

That Scottishe asse

Shake thy tayle Scot lyke a cur,

Foz thou beggest at euery mannes dur.

*Diffamas patriam qua non
est meliōr vsq̃m*

*Cum cauda plaudis dum
possis ad hostia putes*

*Mendicans mendicus eris,
mendax quæ bilinguis,*

*Scabidus. horribilis, quæ
vermes sex quæ pedales*

*Corrodunt misere, miseres
genus est maledictum.*

Tut Scot I sey
Go shake thy dog hey
Dundas of Galaway
With thy versyfyng rayles
How they haue tayles.
By Iesu Christ, fals scot y lvest,
But behynd in our hose
We bere there a rose
For thy Scottyshe nose,
A spectacle case
To couer thy face
With tray deur ase
A tolman to blot
Arough foted Scot
Dundas sir knaue
Why doste thou depzaue,
This Royall Reame,
Whose radiant beams
And relucen light
Thou hast in despite
Thou donghyll knyght
But thou lakest might
Dundas, dronken, and drowly
Skabed scurvy and lowly
Of vnhappy generacion
And most vngacious nacion.
Dundas that dronke alle
That ratis and rankis

That

That prates and pranks
On huntley bankes
Take this our thanks
Dunde bar,
Walke Scot
Walke sot
Kaye not to far.

Admonitio Skeltonis vt omnes
Arbores Viridi Laureo concedant.

*Fraxinus in siluis, altis in montibus Ornus
Populus in fluuijs, Abies patulissima, Fagus
Lenta salix, platanus pinguis, Ficulnea Ficus,
Gladiifera & quercus, Pirus, Esculus, Ardua pinus,
Basamus exudans, Oleaster, Oliua Minerue,
Iuniperus, Buxus, Lentiscus cuspide lenta
Botrigeria, & domino, Vitis gratissima, baccho,
Ilex & sterilis, Labrusta parosa colonis,
Mollibus exudans fragrantia thura sibeis
Thus redolens, Arabis panter, notissima mirrha,
Et vos O Corili fragiles, humilesq, Mirice
Et vos O Cedri redolentes, vos quoq, Mirti.
Arboris omne genu Viridi concedite Lauro.*

Prenes en gre. The Laurelle.

*Diligo rusticum cum portant bis duo quointum
Et cantant delos est mihi dulce melos*

1. Canticum dolorosum.

I.v.

In

M. D. XVIII.

*In Bedell quondam Belial incarnatum,
deuotum Epitaphium.*

*Is mal' eccæ Bedel, non mel, sed fel, sibi des el.
Perfidus acchitephel: Luridus atquæ lorell:
Nunc olet iste Ie bal. Nabal. S. Nabal ecce Ribaldus
Omnibus exosus atquæ perosus erat.
In platea quæ cadens Animam spirauit olet,
Presbiteros Odiens sic sine mente ruit
Discite Vos omnes quid sit violare sacros
Presbiteros, quia sic corruit iste canis.
Cocitus cui sic petus per Tartara totus
Sit peto promotus Cerberus hiuncquæ voret
At mage sancta tamen mea musa precabiturum atros
Hos limures q̃ eat sic bedel ad superes
Non eat, immo ruat, non scandat sed mage tendat,
In quæ caput preceps mox acheronto petat.*

Bedel. Quanta malignatus est Inimicus in sancta. psal. 73.

*{ Mortus est asinus
{ Qui vixit multum
{ Hic iacet barbarus
{ The deull kys his calum. Amen.*

*Hanc volo transcribas, transcriptam mox quæ remittas
Pagellam: quia sunt qui mea scripta sciunt*

Igitur

Redde. { Igitur quia sunt qui mala cuncta frenuitur
Igitur quia sunt qui bona cuncta preuenitur
Nec tamen ex paueo de fatuo labio,
Nec multum paueo de scolido Rabulo.

Poeta Skelton Laureatus

Libellum suum metricè Aloquitur.

Ad dominum properato meum mea pagina
percy, qui Northumbrorum iura paterna gerit. Ad
nutum celebris tu prona repone Leonis, queque suo
patri tristia iusta. Ast ubi perlegit dubiam sub mēte
volutet, fortunā cuncta quæ male fida rotat, qui leo
sit felix & nestoris occupet Annos, ad libitum
cuius ipse paratus ero.

¶ Skelton Laureat vpon the doulours dethe and
muche lamentable chaūce of the most honorable
erle of Northumberlande.

I Waple, I wepe, I sobbe, I sigh fulsore
The dedely fate. the dolefulle desteny
Of hym that is gone, alas without restoze
Of the bloud royall descending nobelly
Whose lordshyp doutles, was dayne lamentably
Thorow treson, again him compassed & wrought
Drew to his pzince, in word, in dede, & thought.

Of

Of heuenly poems. D. Clyo calde by name
In the colege of musis goddes hystoriall
Adres the to me whiche am both halt & lame
In elect vterauce to make memoꝝpall
To the for souccour to the for helpe I call
Mine homely rudnes & dryghnes to expell
With the freshe waters of Clyconys well.

Of noble Actes Aunciently enrolde
Of famous pryncis and lordes of astate
By thy report ar wont to be extold
Regestringe trewly euery foꝝmare date
Of thy bountie after the vsuall rate
Kynndell in me suche plenty of thy nobles
These soꝝowfulle dities that I may shew expres.

In sesons past who hath herde oꝝ sene
Of foꝝmar writyng by any presidente
That vilane hastarddis in their furious tene
Fulfylled with malice of froward entente
Confetered togeder of coninion concente
Falsly to see theyꝝ moſte ſtraguler good lord
It may be regestrede of shamefull recorde.

So noble a man so valiaunt lord & knyght
Fulfilled with honoꝝ as all the wold both ken
At his comaundemēt which had both day & nyght
Knyghtes & squyers: at euery season when

He calde vpon them, as mensall household men
Were not these comons vncurteis karlis of kind
To do their owne lord: god was not i their mynd

And were not they to blame I say also
That were a bouthe him his one seruants of trust
To suffre him slayn of his mortall fo
Fled away from hym let hym ly in the dust
They bode not till the rekenyng were discust
What shuld I flatter what shuld I glose or paint
Fy fy for shame their hartes were to faint.

In Englād & fraunce which gretly was redouted
Of whō both Flaunders & Scotlād stode in drede
To whom great estates obeyed & lowted
Amayny of rude villayns made hym for to blede
Unkyndly they slew him, that holp thē oft at nede
He was their bulwark their paues & their wall
Yet shafully they slew hym y shame met thē befall

I say ye comoners why wer ye so stark mad
What frantyk frensy fell in your brayne
Where was your wit & reson ye should haue had
What wilful foly made yow to ryse a gayne
Your naturall lord: alas I can not sayne
Ye armyd you with will, & left your wit behynd
Well may you be called comones most unkynd.

He

He was your chesstepne your shelde your chesdes
Kedy to assyst you in euery time of nede (fence
Your worshyp depended of his excellence
Alas ye mad men to far ye did excede
Your hap was vnhappy to ill was your spede
What moued you againe him to war oz to fyght
What ayde you to sle your lord again all ryght.

The ground of his quarel was for his soueraĩ lord
The well concerning of all the hole Lande
Demandyng suche duties as nedes most acord
To y right of his prĩce which shold not be wĩ stād
For whose cause ye slew him wĩ your owne hand
But had his noble men done wel that day
Ye had not bene able to haue sayd hym nay

But ther was fals packing oz els I am begylde
How be it the mater was euident and playne
For if they had occupied their spere & their shilde
This noble man doutles had not bene slayne
But men say they wer lynked wĩ a double chaine
And held with the comones hader a cloke
Which kindeled y wild fyr y made al this smoke.

The commons Kenyed ther fares to pay
Of them demaunded and asked by the kyng
With one voice importune they plaĩly sayd nay
They busket thē on a bushmet thē selfe in baile to
(hzing

Againe the kyngs plesure to wrestle or to wring
Bluntly as bestis with bolste and with crye
They sayd they forsed not, nor carede not to dy.

The nobelnes of þ north this baltāt lord & knight
As man that was Innocent of trechery or traine
Presed forth boldly to withstand the myght
And lyke marciall Hector he saught thē a gayne
Vigorously vpon them with might & with maine
Trustyng in noble men y were with him there
But al they fled from hym for falshode or fere.

Barones, knyghtes, squiers and all
To gether with seruantes of his famuly
Turned their backe, and let their master fal
Of whome they counted not a flye
Take vp whose wold for ther they let him ly
Alas his gold, his fee, his Annual rent
Upon suche a sort was alle bestowd & spent.

He was enuironed aboute on euery syde
With his enemyes, y wer starke mad & wode
He while he stode he gaue them woundes wyde
Alas for ruth what thoughe his mynd wer gode
His corage manly, yet ther he shed his blode
Al left alone alas he foughte in vayne
For cruelly among them ther he was slayne.

Alas for pite that percy thus was spylt

The

The famous Erle of Northumberland
Of knyghtly prowes the sword pomel & hylt
The myghty Lyon doubtted by se and Lande.
A dolorous chaunce of fortunes froward hande
What man remembryng howe shāfully he was
Fro bitter weping him self cā restrain. (Claine

O cruell Mars thou dedly God of war
O dolorous te wisday dedicate to thy name
Whē thou shoke thy sworde so noble a mā to mar
O ground vngacious unhappye be thy fame
Which wert endyed with rede bloud of the same
Most noble erle: O foule mysfuryd ground
Where on he gat his finall dedely wounde.

O Atropos of the fatall systers. iiii.
Goddess most cruel vnto the lyfe of man
All merciles in the is no pite
O homicide which sleest, all that thou can
So forcibly vpon this erle thou ran
That with thy sword enharpit of mortall drede
Thou kit a sonder his perlyght vitall threde.

My wordes unpullyst be nakide and playne
Of Aurret poems they want ellumynynge
But by them to knowlege ye may attayne
Of this lordes dethe and of his murdyng
Which whils he lyued had fupson of euery thing

At

Of knights of squyers chyl lord of toure & towne
Tyl fykkell fortune began on hym to frowne

paregall to dukes with kynges he might cōpare
Surmountinge in honor al erlis he did excede
To all countreis aboute hym reporte me I dare
Lyke to Eneas benigne in worde and dede
Valiant as Hector in euery marciall nede
Prudent, discrete, circumspect and wyse
Tyll the chaunce ran agayne hym of fortunes
(duble dysse.

What nedeth me for to extoll his fame
With my rude pen enkantered all with rust
Whose noble actes shew worshiply his name
Transendyng for myne homly muse. that muste
Yet somwhat wright supprised w herty lust
Truly reportyng his right noble estate
Immortally whiche is immaculate.

His noble blode neuer destayned was
Trew to his pryncce for to defend his ryght
Doblenes; hatyng, fals maters to compas
Treytozy and treason he banysht out of syght
W truth to medle was al his holl delyght
As all his cōtrey can testyfy the same
To sle suche a lorde alas it was great thame.

If the hole quere of the musis nyne

Z.i.

Im

In me all onely wer set and compysed
Embryethed with the blast of Influence deuynne
As perfytylly as could be thought or deuised
To me also all though it were promysed
Of Laureat Phebus holy the eloquence
All were to lytell for his magnificence

O yonge Lyon but tender yet of age
Grow and encrease remembre thyn estate
God the assyst vnto thyn herytage
And geue the grace to be moze fortunate
Agayn rebellyones arme the to make debate
And as the Lyone whiche is of bestes kynge
Vnto thy subiectes be curteis and benygne

I pray God sende the prosperous lyfe and long
Stable thy mynde constant to be and fast
Kyght to mayntayn & to resyst all wronge
All flaterynge faytors abhor & from the cast
Of foule detraction God kepe the from the blast
Let doubledelyngin the haue no place,
And be net lyght of credence in no case.

With heuy chere, with dolorous hart and mynd
Eche man may sorow in his inward thought
This lords death whose pere is hard to fynd
Al gife Englonde & Fraunce were thorow laught
Al kynges, all prynces, al dukes, well they ought
Both

Both temporall and spiriſtual for to complayne
This noble man that cruelly was ſlayne.

More ſpecially Barons and thoſe knyghtes bold
And al other Gentilmen with him enterteyned
In fee: as menyall men of his houſhold
Whom he as lord worſhypply mainteyned
To ſorrowful weping they ought to be coſtreined
As oft as they call to theyr remembraunce,
Of ther good lord the fate and dedely chaunce.

Perleſe prince of heuen Emperoryall
That with one word formed al thing of noughte
Heuen, hell, and erthe, obey vnto thy call
Which to thy reſeblaunce wonderly haſt wrought
All makynd, whom thou full dere haſt bought
With thy blond precious our ſynaice thou did pay
And vs redeemed, from the fendys pray

To the pray we as prince Incomparable
As thou art of mercy and pyte the well
Thou bring vnto thy Joye eternable
The ſoull of this lord from all daunger of hell
In endles blys with the to bide and dwell
In thy palace, aboue the orient
Where thou art lord, and God omnipotent.

¶ Quene of mercy ¶ lady full of grace

3. li.

Prayer

Mayden most pure & goddes moder dere
To sorowful hartes cheif comfort and solace
Of all women O flowre without pere
Pray to thy son aboue the sterre is clere
He to vouchesaf by thy mediacion
To pardon thy seruant & brynge to saluacion

In Joy triumphaunt the heuenly gerarchy
With all the hole sorte of that glozious place
His soull mot receyue in to theyr company
Thowow bounty of hym that formed all solace
Wel of pite, of mercy, and of grace
The father, the sonn, and the holy ghost
In Triniteate one God of myghts moſte.

*Non sapit humanis qui certam ponere rebus
Spem cupit est hominum Raraque ficta fides*

*Tetrasticon Skelton Laureati ad magistrum Rukshaw
Sacre Theologie egregium professorem*

*Accipe nunc demum doctor celeberrime Rukshaw
Carmina: de calamo quæ occidere meo,*

*Et quaquā placidis non sunt modulata carmenis
Sunt tamen ex nostro pectore prompta pio.*

Vale feliciter, virorum,
Laudatissime.

FINIS.

*Elegia in Serenissimæ principis &
domine domine Margarete nuper Comitisse
de Darby Strenuissimi Regis Henrici*

Septimi matris funebre ministerium. Per

Skelonida Laureatum Oratorem Regium.

XVI. mensis Augusti. Anno

salutis. M. D. XVI.

Aspirate meis eligis pia turma sororum
Et Margaretam collacrimate piam
Hac sub mole latet Regis celebrima mater
Henrici magni quem locus iste fouet
Quem locus iste sacer celebri celebrat poliandro
Illius en genitrix hac tumulatur humo
Cui cedat tanaquil (titus hæc super astra reportat)
Cedat pennelope carus Ulixis amor
Hec Abigail velut Hester erat pietate secunda
En tres iam procures nobilitate pares
Pro domina precor implora pro principe tanta
Flecte deum precibus qui legis hos apices
Plura referre piget calamus torpore rigescit
Dormit Micenas, negligitur probitas
Nec iuuat aut modicum prodest nunc Ultima

Versu

*Facta recensere (mortua mors reor est)
Queris quid decus est? decus est modo dicier*

Z ii.

hircum

Cedit honos hirco, cedit honor que capro
Falleris ipse Charon iterum surrexit abyron
Et stigios remos despicit ille tuos
Viuitur ex voto: mentis precordia tangunt
Nulla sepulcra ducum nec monumenta patrum
Non regum non vlla hominum labentia fato
Tempora nec tociens mortua turba ruens.
Hunc statuo certe peritura parcere carta
Ceu Iuuenalis ouat eximius satirus.

Disticon execrationis in fagolidoros

Qui lacerat, violat, ve rapit presens Epitoma
Hunc laceretq3 voret Cerberus absq3 mora.

Calon. Agaton. cum
Areta. Re. in. Pa.

Hanc tecum statuas dominam (precor) ô sator orbis,
Quo regnas rutilans rex sine fine manens:

Orator Regius Skeltonis Laureatus
in singulare meritissimumq; praeconium nobilissimi principis Henrici Septimi nuper strenuissime Regis Anglie hoc Epitaphium edidit. Ad sinceram contemplationem reuerendi in Christo patris ac domini Dompni Iohannis Islip Abbatis Westmonastericij optime meriti Anno domini, M. D. XII. pridie domini Andree Apostoli, &c.

Tristia melpomenes cogor mode plectra sonare
Hos elegos foueat Cinthius ille meos
Si quas fata mouent lacrimas: lacrimare. Vides
Iam bene maturum si bene mente sapis
Flos Britonum, regum speculum Salamonis Imago
Septimus Henricus mole sub hac tegitur
Punica dum regnat (redolens rosa digna vocari
Iam iam Marcescit ceu leuis Umbra fugit)
Multa nouercantis fortuna multa fauentis
Passus: & infractus tempus Vtrumque tulit
Nobilis anchises Armis metuendus Atrides
Hic erat: hunc Scottus rex timuit Iacobus
Spiramenta anime vegetans dum Vescitur aura
Francorum populus conticuit pauidus
Inmensas sibi diuicias cumulaſſe quid horres
Ni cumulaſſet opes forte Britannie Iuas

Virgine

*Vrgentes casus tacita si mente volutes
Vix tibi sufficeret aurea ripa thagi
Ni sua te probitas consulta mente laborans
Rexisset satius: Vix tibi tuta salus
Sed quid plura cano? meditans quid plura voluto
Quisquæ vigil sibi sit mors sine lege rapit
Ad dominum qui cuncta regit pro principe tanto
Funde preces quisquis carmina nostra legis.*

*Vel magis si placeat hunc
Hunc timuit Iacobus
Scottorum dominus
Qui sua fata luit
Quem leo candidior
Rubeum necat ense Leonæ
Et iacet vsque modo
Non tumultus humo.*

*Refrigerij sedem quietis beatitudinem
Luminis habeat claritatem.*

AMEN.

*Eulogium pro suorum Temporum
Condicione Tantis principibus
non indignum per Skeltonida
Laureatum Oratorem
Regium.*

Hic pia Calliope pperam mea casta puella
Et mecum resona carmina plena deo
Septimus Henricus britonum memorabilis heros
Anglica terra tuus magnanimus priamus
Attalus hic opibus rigidus Cato, clarus Aestes
Sub gelido clausus marmore iam recubit
Hic honor omnis opes, probitas sic gloria regum
Omnia nutabunt mortis ad nuperium
Anglia num lacrimas: rides: lacrimare quid obstas?
Dum vixit lacrimas: dum moritur iubilas
Cauta tamen pensas, dum vixerat Angligenenses
Vibrabant enses. bella nec vlla timent
Vndique bella fremunt nunc vndique prelia surgunt
Noster honor solus filius ecce suus
Noster honor solus qui pondera tanta subire
Non timet: intrepidus arma gerenda vocat
Arma gerenda vocat (superi sua cepta secudent)
Ut quatiat pallos egida sepe rogat
Sors tamen est versanda diu sors vltima belli
Mirmidonum dominus mater silente ruit
Et quem non valuit validis superare sub armis

Mars? tamēn occubuit insidijs Paridis
Nos incerta quidem pro certis ponere rebus
Arguit & prohibet delius ipse pater
Omnia sunt hominum dubio labencia fato
Marte sub incerto militat omnis homo
Omne decus nostrum nostra & spes vnica tantum
Iam bene qui regnat hunc Iouis Vmbra tegat
Vt quamuis mentem labor est inhibere Volentem
Pauca tamen liceat dicere pace sua
Pace tua liceat mihi nunc tibi dicere pauca
Dulce meum decus & sola Britannia salus
Summa rei nostre remanet celeberrime princeps
In te precipuo. qui modo Sceptra geris
Si tibi fata fauent precor atque precabor
Anglia tunc plaude sui minus ipse Vale.

Policronitudo Basileos.

Tetrasticon veritatis.

Felix qui bustum torniaſti
Rex tibi cuprum
Auro ſit ectus fueras
Fueras ſpoliatus
Nudus proſtratus
Tanta eſt rabioſo cupido
Vndique Nummorum
Rex pace precor requieſcas. Amen.

FINIS.

*In the fleete made by me VWilliam
Cornushe otherwise called Nyshewbete
chapelman vvith the molte famose
and noble Kyng Henry the V II. his Reygne
the. X I X. yere the moneth of Iuly A treatise bi-
tene Trowth, and Information.*

**A. B. of. Chow. C. for. T. was. P. in. P
Prologue.**

The hoole content.

**The knowlege of God, passyth comparison
The deuill knowith all il thing, cosented oꝝ done
And man knoweth nothing, saue only by reason
And reason in man, is diuerse of operation
How can then man be parfite of cognicion
For reason shall so reason that somtyme among
A man by informatio may ryghtewilly do wꝛog
Gospell.**

**The auctorised gospel and reaso holdeth theris
Whose litterall sence agreith to the fore seying
Qui ambulat in tenebris nescit quo vadit
Now moꝛalyse ye farther & peple the contriuyng
I meane, bytwene trowth and sofele conueyng
Who gothe in the darke, must stumble amonge
Blame neuer a blynd man, thou he go wꝛonge.**

Example.

**A Iuge to the Jury nedes must geue credence
Now what yf they purpose fals maters to copase
The**

The iudge must procede yet in him non offence;
For as they geue verdit, the iugement must passe.
But wher the faulte is, *non dormit Iudas*
For by fals informacion many tymes amonge
Right shalbe reweled & y righteouse shal do wrong
Euell information.

But woo to suche informers who they be
That maketh their malice y mater of the power
And cruelly without conscience right. or pity
Disgorgeth theyr venome vnder that colowre
Alas not remembryng their soules doloure
When, *dies illa, dies ire*, shalbe their songe
Ite maledicti, take that for your wronge.

Aparable betwen informacion & Musike
The examples.

Musike in his Melody requiereth true soundes
Who setteth a song, should geue him to armony
Who kepeth true his tuenes may not passe his sodes
His alteraciōs & prolaciōs must be pricked treuly
For musike is trew though minstrels maketh
maystry

The harper careth nothig but reward for his sōg
Merily sōndith his mouth whē his tōg goth all of
The Harpe. (wrong.

A harpe geueth sounde as it is sette
The harper may wrest it vntunablie
If he play wrong good tunes he doth lette
Or by mystunynge the very trew armonye
A Harpe well playde on shewyth swete melody

A harper wth his worst maye tune the harpe w^{ro}g
Mys tunyng of an instrument shal hurt a true

A songe.

(songe

A songe that is trewe and ful of swetnes
May be euyl songe and tunyd amysse
The songe of hym selfe yet neuer the les
Is true and tunable, and syng it as it is
Then blame not the song, but marke wel this
He that hath spit at an other mans songe
Will do what he can to haue it song w^{ro}ge.

A claricorde.

The claricord hath a tunely kynde
As the wyze is wrested hye and lowe
So it tuenyth to the players mynde
For as it is wrested so must it nedes shewe
As by this reson ye may well know
Any Instrumēt mystunyd shal hurt a trew sōg
Yet blame not the claricord y^e w^{re}ster doth w^{ro}g.

A trompet.

A trompet blowen hye with to hard a blast
Shal cause him to vary from the tunable kynde
But he that bloweth to hard must suage at y^e last
And fayne to fall lower with a tēperat wynde
And then the trompet the true tune shal fynde
For an instrument ouer wynded is tuned w^{ro}g
Blame none but the blower, on him it is longe.

True counsell.

Who plaieth on the harpe, he should play trew
Who syngeth a songe, let his voyce be tunable

Who

Who wresteth the claricoorde mystrunynge eschew
Who bloweth a tröpet let his wind be mesurable
For instrumentes in them self be ferme & stable
And of trouth, wold trouth to euery manes söge
Tune them then truly for in thē is no wronge.

Colours of Musyke.

In Musyke I haue learned iiii. colours as this
Blake, ful blake, verte, and in lyke wyse redde
By these colours many subtyll alteraciōs ther is
That wil begyle one tho in cunig he be wel sped
With a pryke of Indicion fro a body that is dede
He shal try so his nombze wth swetnes of his song
That the eare shalbe pleased, and yet he al w^{ro}g.

The practiser

I poze man vnable of this science to skyll
Haue litel practyse I haue by experience
I meane but trouth and of good will
To remembre the deers, that vseth such offence
Not one sole, but generally in sentence
By cause I can skyll of a litle songe
To try the true coorde to be knowen fro the w^{ro}g

Treuth.

Yet treuth was drownde he not sanke
But still dyd fleete a boue the water
Informacion had played hym suche a pranke
That with power the poze had lost his mater
By cause that trouthe begane to clater
Informacion hath taught hym to solfe his songe
Paciens pafforce, content you wth wronge

Truth.

I assayde theis tunes the thought the not swete
The concordes were nothyng Musically
I called Masters of Musike cunyng and discrete
And the first pynciple whose name was tuballe
Guido Boice John de Purris, vitryars & them al
I prayd them of helpe of this combrous songe
Pricked with force and litted with wronge

True answere.

They sayd I was hoore I myght not synge
My boice is to pore it is not awdible
Information is so curyous in his chauntynge
That to bere the trew plain song, it is not possible
His proportions be so hard w^{ch} so highe a quatryble
And y^e playn song in the margyn so craftely bound
That y^e true tunes of tuball cā not haue y^e ryght

Truthe.

(sounne.)

Well quod treuth, yet ones I trust verely
To haue my voyce and synge a gayne
And to flete out treuth and clarify truly
And ete suger candy adaye or twayne
And then to the deske to synge true and playn
Information shall not alwaye entune hys song
My parts shalbe true, whē his cōtreuers shalbe

Information.

(wrong.)

Information hym enbolded of the monacorde
Fro cōsonaunts to cōcordes he Musyd his mastery
I assayde the Musyke both knyght and lord
But none wold speke, the sounde bord was to hie
The kept I y^e plain keyes y^e marred al my melody

Info.

Enfozmacion draue a crochet y pass al my song
With propozcion parforce, dzeuen on to longe.

Dialogue.

Sufferance came in, to syng a parte
Go to quod trowth, I pray you begyne
Pay sofft quod he, the gyle of my parte
Is to rest a longe rest or I set in
Pay by long restyng ye shall nothing wynde
For infozmacio is so crafty & so hye in his songe
That yf ye fal to resting infayth in wilbe wrong

Trevveth.

Infozmacion wil teche a doctoz his game
From superacute to the noble dyapason
I a sayd to acute and when I came
Enfozmacion was mete for a doble dyatessaron
He song by a pothome y hath two kyndes in one
With many subtel semetnes most-met for his sog
Pacience parforce, content you with wronge

Trowth.

I kepe be rounde and he by square
The one is bemole & the other bequare
If I myght make tryall as I could and dare
I should shew why these. ij. kyndes do varye
But God knowyth al, so doth not kyng Harry
For yf he dydde thanchaunge shold this. iiii. song
Pytye, for pacience, and consience, for wronge

Nenyssvvhete Parabolam

FINIS.

Finis.

SKELTON. LAV-
reate Oratoris Regis tertius.

Against venemous tongues enpoysoned
with sclaunder and falle des-
tractions. &c.

Quid detur tibi aut quid apponatur tibi ad lin-
guam dolosam? Psalm. C. xlij.

Deus destruet te, in finem euellet te, & emigra-
bit te de tabernaculo tuo. & radicem tuam de
terra viuentium. Psal. lxvii.

ALl maters wel pondred, & wel to be regarded
How shuld a fals lying tunge the be rewarded
Such tungen shuld be tozne out by y harde rootes
Hoyning like hogges that groynis and wrote.

Dilexisti omnia verba precipitationis lin-
gua dolosa. vbi. f. &c.

For as I haue rede in volumes olde
A fals lying tunge is harde to withholde.
A sclaunderous tunge, a tunge of a skolde
Workech more mischiese than can be tolde.
That if I wist not to be controlde
Yet somwhat to say I dare well be bolde
Do y some delite for to lye, thycke and threfolde.

A a j.

Ad

Ad sannam hominem redigit comite & gra-
phice.

Foz ye said, that he said, that I said, wote ye what
I made (he said) a windmil of an olde mat.

If there be none other mater but that,

Than ye may comaunde me to gētil Tok wat.

Hic notat (purpuraria arte) intextas literas
Romanas in amictibus post ambulonum an-
te & retro.

Foz before on your brest, & behind on your back,
In Romaine letters I neuer founde lack.

In your crosse rowe, noz Christ crosse you spede,
your Water noster, your Ave, noz your Crede.

Who soeuer that tale vnto you tolde,

He saith vnruly, to say, that I would

Controlle the cognisaunce of noble men:

Either by language, or with my pen.

Pedagogium meum de sublimiori Minerua
constat esse. ergo. &c.

My scole is more solem, & somewhat more haute
Than to be founde in any such faute.

Pedagogium meum male sanos maledicos (si-
bulis, conplosisq; mantibus) explodit. &c.

My scoles are not for vnrhystes vntaught,

Foz frantick faitours half mad, & half straught
But my learning is of an other degre,

To taunt theim like liddzours, lewde as thei
Laxent ergo antemnam elationis sue inflat

VCERO

vento vanitatis. li. ille. &c.

For though some be ligger, and list for to rayle,
Yet to lie vpon me they can not preuaile.
Then let them vale a bonet of their prond sayle.
And of their taunting toles rest with il hayle.

Nobilitati ignobilis cedat vilitas. &c.

There is no noble man wil iudge in me,
Any such foly to rest or to be.

I care muche the lesse what euer they say,
For tungen vntayde be renning a stray.

But yet I may say safely, so many wel lettred
Embrawdred, enlaid together, and fettred.

And so litle learning, so lewdly allowed:

What fault find ye herein but may be allowed?

But ye are so full of vertibilite,

And of frenetyke folabilite.

And of melancoly mutabilite.

That ye would coarte, and enforce me.

Nothing to write, but hay the gy of thre.

And I to suffre you lewdly to ly,

Of me, with your language full of vilany.

Sicut nouocla acuta fecisti dolum, vbi. f.

Malicious tungen, though they haue no bones,

Are sharper the swordes, sturdier then stones.

Lege philostratum de vita tyanei Apollonij.

Sharper then raysores, that shaue & cut thyrotes.

Dore stinging the scorpions y stang Pharaotis

Venenum aspidum sub labiis eorum. Ps.

More benemous and much more vtrulent,
Then any poysoned tode, or any serpent.

Quid peregrinis egemus exemplis, ad dome-
stica recurramus. &c. li. ille.

Such tungen vnhappy hath made great diuision.
In realmes, in cities, by suche fals abusion.
Of fals fiekil tungen, suche cloked collusion.
Hath brought nobil pꝛinces to extreme cōfusiō.

Quicquid loquantur vt effeminantur ita ef-
fantur. &c.

Somtime women were put in great blame,
Men said they could not their tungen atame.
But men take vpon theim now all the shame.
With skoldig & sklauderig make their tūgs lame
Nouarum rerum cupidissimi. captatores. dela-
tores. adultores. inuigilatores. deliratores. &c.
id genus li. ille.

For men be now traitlers and tellers of tales,
What tidings at Totmā, what newis in wales?
What shippis are sailing to Scaldis malis
And all is not woꝛth a couple of nut shalis
But lering and lurking here and there like spies.
The deuil tere thet tūges & pike out their ies.
Then ren they wlc singes, and blow them about.
With he wꝛate suche a bil withouten dout.
With, I can tel you what such a man said,
And you knew all, ye would be ill apayd.

De more vulpino gannientes ad aurem, fictas
fabellas fabricant. li. ille.

In auspicatum. male ominatum. infortunatū
se fateatur habuisse horoscopum quicumque
maledixerit vati Pierio. S. L. &c.

But if that I knewe what his name hight,
For clatering of me, I would him sone quight.
For his false lying, of that I spake neuer,
I could make him shortly repent him for euer.
Although he made it neuer so tough,
He might be sure to haue shame ynough.

Cerberus horrendo baratri latrando, sub an-
tro. Te rodātq; voret lingua dolosa (precor)
A fals double tunge is more fiers and fell,
The Cerberus y cur couching in y kenel of hel
Wherof hereafter, I thinke for to write,
Of fals double tungen in the dispite.

¶ Recipit se scripturum opus sancte, laudabile,
acceptabile, memorabileq; & nimis honorificādū.

¶ Disperdat dominus vniuersa labia dolosa & lin-
guam magniloquam.

Why were ye Calliope,
embzawdzed with letters of golde?

Skelton Laureate Orato. Reg.
maketh this aunswere. &c.



Calliope
As ye may se
Regent is she
Of poetes al
Whiche gaue to me
The high degre
Laureat to be.

Of fame royall
Whose name enrolde
With silke and golde
I dare be bolde
Thus for to were

Of her I holde
And her houtholde
Though I ware olde
And somdele sere
Yet is she fayne
Voyde of disdayn
Me to retayne
Her seruiture.
With her certayne
I wyll remayne
As my souerayne
Most of pleasure.

Maulgre touz malheureux.

Latinum carmen sequitur.

Cur tibi contexta est aurea Calliope?


Responsio eiusdem vatis.

CAndida Calliope vatum regina, coronans
Pierios lauro, radiante intexta sub auro,
Hanc ego Pierius, tanto dignabor honore
Dum mihi vita manet, dum spiritus hos regit artus
Quamquam conficior senio marcescoq; sensim
Ipse tamen gestare sua hæc pia pignora certo,
Assensuq; suo placidis parebo camenis
Inclita Calliope & semper mea maxima cura est.

¶ Hæc Pierius omni Spartane liberior.

CALLIOPE,
Musarum excellentissima,
speciosissima, formosissima,
Heroicis preest versibus.

FINIS.

 *Imprinted at London in Flete-*
strete, neare vnto S. Dunstones
churche by Thomas
Marthe.